THE BEAUTIES OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

VOL. II.

THE

BEAUTIES

OF THE

ENGLISH DRAMA;

DIGESTED

Alphabetically according to the Date of their Performances.

Conſiſting of the moſt celebrated

Paſſages, Soliloques, Similies, Deſcriptions,

AND OTHER

POETICAL BEAUTIES

Contained in the Works of

SHAKESPEARE	ADDISON	STEELE	SMOLLETT
JOHNSON	ROWE	DAVENANT	PHILIPS
DRYDEN	YOUNG	RAWLEY	MASON
LEE	MALLETT	LILLY	PROWDE
OTWAY	FRANCIS	HILL	HAVARD
BEAUMONT	MILLER	HOME	DENNIS
FLETCHER	SHIRLEY	CONGREVE	DUNCOMBE
MASSINGER	CHAPMAN	SAVAGE	MURPHY
LANSDOWN	GLOVER	WHITEHEAD	CUMBERLAND
DENHAM	MIDDLETON	S. JOHNSON	BROOKE
SOUTHERN	C. JOHNSON	MILTON	KELLY, &c. &c.

With a copious Index to the Subjects, and a Liſt of the Plays made uſe of in the Work.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoſter-Row. 1777.

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FACE.

READ o'er the volume of his lovely face,
And find delight writ there with Beauty's pen:
Examine every ſeveral lineament,
And what obſcure in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.

SHAKESPEARE's Romeo and Juliet.

How much her grace is alter'd on the ſudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale ſhe looks,
And of an earthly cold? obſerve her eyes.

SHAKESPEARE's Henry VIII.

I have great comfort from this fellow;
Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him;
His complexion is perfect gallows.

Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging,
Make the rope of his deſtiny our cable,
For our own doth little advantage:
If he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable.
SHAKESPEARE's Tempeſt.

So ſweet a face, harmleſs, ſo intent
Upon her prayers, it froſted my devotion
To gaze on her; 'till by degrees I took
Her fair idea, thro' my covetous eye
Into my heart, and knew not how to eaſe
It ſince of th' impreſſion:
Her eye did ſeem to labour with a tear
Which ſuddenly took birth, but o'er weigh'd
With its own weight, ſwelling, dropt upon her boſom,
Which, by reflection of her light, appear'd
As nature meant her ſorrow for an ornament;
After, her looks grew chearful, and I ſaw
A ſmile ſhoot graceful upward from her eyes,
As if they had gain'd a victory over grief;
And with it many beams twiſted themſelves,
Upon whoſe golden threads the angels walk
To and again from Heaven.
SHIRLEY's Brothers.

FACTION.

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,
The buſy, buzzing, talking, hardened knave;
The quaint ſmooth rogue, that ſins 'gainſt his reaſon,
Calls ſaucy loud ſedition, public zeal:
And mutiny, the dictates of his ſpirit.
OTWAY's Orphan.

Seldom is Faction's ire in haughty minds
Extinguiſh'd but by death, it oft like flame
Suppreſs'd, breaks forth again, and blazes higher.
MAY's Henry II.

Whe

What profits all the plowman's skill and pain,
If tares and brambles choke the rising grain?
What force have laws to make the people blest,
If factious spirits do the state molest?
Phillips's Humphrey Duke of Glocester.

FAIRIES.

They dance their ringlets to the whistling winds,
The honey-bag steal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from their sleeping eyes.
Shakespeare's Midsummer's Night's Dream.

Puck. How now, spirit, whither wander you?
Fair. Over hill, over dale,
Thro' bush, thro' briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thro' flood, thro' fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall, her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see,
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some few drops here,
And hang a pearl in ev'ry cowslip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob of spirits, I'll begone,
Our queen and all her fairy elves come here anon.
Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night,
Take heed the queen come not within his sight.
Now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fair. Or I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd and knaviſh ſprite,
Call'd Robin Goodfellow. Are you not he
That fright the maidens of the villageree,
Skim milk, and ſometimes labour in the quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs houſewife's churn:
And ſometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Miſlead night-wand'rers, laughing at their harm?
Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Puck,
You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merry wand'rer of the night;
I jeſt to Oberon and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a filly foal;
And ſometimes lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab,
And when ſhe drinks, 'gainſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wiſeſt aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And rails or cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole choir hold their hips and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze and ſwear,
A merrier hour was never waſted there. *Ibid.*

Come now a roundel and a fairy ſong:
Then for the third part of the midnight; hence;
Some to kill cankers, in the muſk-roſe buds,
Some war with rear-mice for their leather wings,
To make my ſmall elves coats, and ſome keep back
The clam'rous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint ſports. *Ibid.*

Night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines Aurora's harbinger;
At whoſe approach ghoſts wand'ring here and there,
Troop home to church-yards; damn'd ſpirits all,

That

That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon.
They wilfully exile themſelves from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black-ey'd night.
But we are ſpirits of another ſort;
I with the morning light have oft made ſport,
And like a foreſter the groves may tread,
Ev'n 'till th' eaſtern gale, all fiery red,
Op'ning on Neptune, with far bleſſing beams,
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt green ſtreams.

Ibid.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes and groves,
And ye that on the ſands with printleſs foot
Do chaſe th' ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moon-ſhine do the green ſour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms, that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew, by whoſe aid
(Weak maſters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azure vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted Jove's ſtout oak
With his own bolt; the ſtrong bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have waked their ſleepers, op'd, and let them forth
By my ſo potent art.

Shakespeare's Tempeſt.

Now prieſts with prayer and other godly geer,
Have made the merry goblins diſappear;
And where they play'd their merry pranks before,
Have ſprinkled holy water on the floor:
And friars that thro' the wealthy regions run,
Thick as the motes that twinkle in the ſun,

Reſort to farmers rich, and bleſs their halls,
And exorciſe the beds, and croſs the walls;
This makes the fairy choirs forſake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace:
But in the walks where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the pariſh now is ſeen,
The midnight parſon poſting o'er the green,
With gown tuck'd up, to wakes; for ſunday next,
With humming ale encouraging his text,
Nor wants the holy leer to country girl betwixt.
From fiends and imps he ſets the village free,
There haunts not any incubus but he.
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and ſanctity ſo near:
For by ſome hay-cock, or ſome ſhady thorn,
He bids his beads both even ſong and morn.

DRYDEN.

FAITH.

Thus with ſhort plummets Heav'n's deep will be found,
That vaſt abyſs where human wit is drown'd:
In our ſmall ſkiff we muſt not launch too far;
We here but coaſters, not diſcov'rers are.
Faith's neceſſary rules are plain and few,
We, many, and theſe needleſs rules purſue:
Faith from our hearts into our heads we drive,
And make religion all contemplative.
You, on Heav'n's will may witty gloſſes feign;
But that which I muſt practice here is plain.
If the All-great decree her life to ſpare,
He will the means, without my crime prepare.

DRYDEN's *Royal Martyr.*

If for religion you our lives will take,
You do not the offenders find, but make.
All faiths are to their own believers juſt;
For none believe, becauſe they will, but muſt.

Faith

Faith is a force from which there's no defence,
Becauſe the reaſon it does firſt convince;
And reaſon conſcience into fetters brings,
And conſcience is without the pow'r of kings.

Ibid.

FALL.

Some falls are means the happier to riſe.

Shakespeare's Cymbeline.

Who would depend upon the popular air,
Or voice of men, that have to day beheld,
(That, which if all the gods had fore-declar'd,
Would not have been believ'd) Sejanus' fall?
He, that this morn, roſe proudly as the ſun,
And breaking thro' a miſt of clients breath,
Came on as gaz'd at, and admir'd, as he,
When ſuperſtitious Moors ſalute his light!
That had our ſervile nobles waiting him
As common grooms; and hanging on his look,
No leſs than human life on deſtiny!
That had men's knees as frequent as the gods;
And ſacrifices more than Rome had altars:
And this man fall! fall! ay, without a look,
That durſt appear his friend, or lend ſo much
Of vain relief, to his chang'd ſtate, as pity!
They that before like gnats play'd in his beams,
And throng'd to circumſcribe him, now not ſeen,
Nor deign to hold a common ſeat with him!
Others that waited him unto the ſenate,
Now, inhumanly, raviſh him to priſon!
Whom, but this morn, they follow'd as their lord,
Guard thro' the ſtreets, bound like a fugitive!
Inſtead of wreaths give fetters, ſtrokes for ſtoops;
Blind ſhame for honours, and black taunts for titles!

B. Johnson's Sejanus.

FALSEHOOD.

If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old, and hath forgot itſelf,
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of Troy,
And blind oblivion ſwallow'd cities up,
And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing: yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood! when they've ſaid, as falſe
As air, as water, wind, as ſandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
As falſe as Creſſid.

Shakespeare's Troilus and Creſſida.

——————Had ſhe been true,
If Heav'n would make me ſuch another world,
Of one entire and perfect chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.

Shakespeare's Othello.

Ev'ry man in this age has not a ſoul
Of cryſtal for all men to read their actions
Through: men's hearts and faces are ſo far aſunder
That they hold no intelligence.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaſter.

He hates, he loaths the beauties that he has enjoy'd;
Oh, he is falſe! That great, that glorious man,
Is tyrant 'midſt of his triumphant ſpoils,
Is bravely falſe, to all the gods forſworn!
He that has warm'd my feet with thouſand ſighs,
Then cool'd them with his tears! dy'd on my knees!
Outwept the morning with his dewy eyes,
And groan'd, and ſworn the wond'ring ſtars away!
Falſe to Statyra! Falſe to her that lov'd him!
That lov'd him cruel victor as he was,

And

And took him bath'd all o'er in Perſian blood,
Kiſs'd the dear cruel wounds, and waſh'd them o'er
And o'er in tears, then bound them with my hair,
Laid him all night upon my panting boſom,
Lull'd like a child, and huſh'd him with my ſongs.
Lee's Alexander.

My mortal injuries have turn'd my mind,
And I could hate myſelf for being kind:
If there be any majeſty above,
That has revenge in ſtore for perjur'd love;
Send, Heav'n, the ſwifteſt ruin on his head,
Strike the deſtroyer, lay the victor dead;
Kill the triumpher, and avenge my wrong,
In height of pomp, when he is warm'd and young,
Bolted with thunder, let him ruſh along:
And when in the laſt pangs of life he lies,
Grant I may ſtand to dart him with my eyes;
Nay, after death,
Purſue his ſpotted ſoul, and ſhoot him as he flies.
Ibid.

——————Oh! I could tear my fleſh,
Or him, or you, or all the world to pieces!
'Tis ſwell'd with this laſt ſlight beyond all bounds:
O that it had a ſpace might anſwer to
Its infinite deſire! where I might ſtand
And hurl the ſpheres about like ſportive balls. *Ibid.*

She has a tongue that can undo the world;
She eyes me juſt as when ſhe firſt inflam'd me:
Such were her looks, ſo melting was her language,
Such falſe ſoft ſighs, and ſuch deluding tears,
When from her lips I took the luſcious poiſon,
When with that pleaſing perjur'd breath avowing,
Her whiſpers trembl'd thro' my cred'lous ears,
And told the ſtory of my utter ruin.
Lee's Mithridates.

Oh, my hard fate! Why did I truſt her ever?
What ſtory is not full of woman's falſhood?
The ſex is all a ſea of wide deſtruction:
We are vent'rous barks, that leave our home
For thoſe ſure dangers which their ſmiles conceal:
At firſt they draw us in with flatt'ring looks
Of ſummer calms, and a ſoft gale of ſighs:
Sometimes, like ſyrens, charm us with their ſongs,
Dance on the waves, and ſhew their golden locks;
But when the tempeſt comes, then, then they leave us!
Or rather help the new calamity,
And the whole ſtorm is one injurious woman!
The lightning, follow'd with a thunderbolt,
Is marble-hearted woman! All the ſhelves,
The faithleſs winds, blind rocks, and ſinking ſands,
Are woman all! the wrecks of wretched men!
Ibid.

She's loſt! She's gone! The beauty of the earth;
All that in woman could be virtue call'd,
Is loſt; corrupted are her noble faculties;
The temper of her ſoul is quite infected;
Inconſtancy has ſpotted all her white, her virgin beauties. *Ibid.*

Semandra, my moſt fair, dear, gentle miſtreſs;
That ſweet proteſting creature, that pure whiteneſs,
Where I ſo deep had writ my vows in blood,
Is falſe to me; and that eternal bond of oaths
Committed to her keeping, now is cancell'd:
Ev'n her fair hand, the ſeal of all my love,
Her hand has giv'n her faithleſs heart away. *Ibid.*

——————False as thou art,
Thou once wert empreſs of my ſoul, and I
Still drag thy chains. Speak then, Semandra, ſpeak;
For I am dez'd, ſo weary with complaining,
That I could ſtand and liſten to the winds,
And think that women talk'd: Obſerve the rain,

And

And think that women wept: Or in the clouds
Behold Semandra's form ſtill fleeting from me.

Ibid.

I could tear out theſe eyes that gain'd his heart,
And had not pow'r to keep it. Oh! the curſe
Of doating on, ev'n when I find it dotage!
Bear witneſs, gods! You heard him bid me go:
You whom he mock'd with imprecating vows
Of promis'd faith. I'll die, I will not bear it,
I can keep in my breath, I can die inward,
And choak this love.

Dryden's All for Love.

Caſtalio! Oh! how often has he ſworn,
Nature ſhould change, the ſun and ſtars grow dark,
E'er he would falſify his vows to me?
Make haſte, Confuſion, then! ſun, loſe thy light!
And ſtars drop dead with ſorrow to the earth!
For my Caſtalio's falſe!
Falſe as the wind, the water, or the weather!
Cruel as tygers o'er their trembling prey!
I feel him in my heart, he tears my breaſt,
And at each ſigh he drinks the guſhing blood.

Otway's Orphan.

Nothing ſo kind as he, when in my arms;
In thouſand kiſſes, tender ſighs, and joys,
Not to be thought again, the night was waſted;
At dawn of day he roſe, and left his conqueſt.
But when we met, and I with open arms
Ran to embrace the lord of all my wiſhes,
Oh! then he threw me from his breaſt
Like a deteſted ſin. As I hung too
Upon his knees, and begg'd to know the cauſe,
He dragg'd me like a ſlave upon the earth,
And had no pity on my cries;
Daſh'd me diſdainfully away with ſcorn.
He did; and more, I fear, will ne'er be friends,
Tho' I ſtill love him with unabated paſſion:

Alas! I love him ſtill, and tho' I ne'er
Claſp him again within theſe longing arms,
Yet bleſs him gods where'er he goes. *Ibid.*

Oh, the bewitching tongues of faithleſs men!
'Tis thus the falſe Hyena makes her moan,
To draw the pitying traveller to her den.
Your ſex are ſo, ſuch falſe diſſemblers all;
With ſighs and plaints y' entice poor women's hearts,
And all that pity you are made your prey. *Ibid.*

——————There was a time when
Belvidera's tears, her cries and ſorrows,
Were not deſpis'd: When, if ſhe chanc'd to ſigh,
Or look but ſad, there was indeed a time,
When Jaffier would have ta'en her in his arms,
Eas'd her declining head upon his breaſt,
And never left her till he had found the cauſe.
But now, let her weep ſeas,
Cry till ſhe rend the earth, ſigh till ſhe burſt
Her heart aſunder, ſtill he bears it all,
Deaf as the winds, and as the rocks unſhaken.
Otway's Venice Preſerv'd.

Drive me, O drive me from that traitor, man!
So I might 'ſcape that monſter, let me dwell
In lion's haunts, or in ſome tyger's den,
Place me on ſome ſteep, craggy, ruin'd rock,
That bellies out, juſt dropping in the ocean:
Bury me in the hollow of its womb;
Where ſtarving on my cold and flinty bed,
I may from far, with giddy apprehenſion,
See infinite fathoms down the rumbling deep;
Yet not e'en there, in that vaſt whirl of death,
Can there be found ſo terrible a ruin
As man! Falſe man! Smiling deſtructive man!
Lee's Theodoſius.

I'll never ſee him more, but to upbraid him;
Not tho' he ſhould repent, and ſtrait return,
Nay, proffer me his crown——No more of that:

Honour

Honour too cries, Revenge, revenge thy wrongs;
For 'tis revenge ſo wiſe, ſo glorious too,
As all the world ſhall praiſe—This is the courſe
Which Honour bids me take. But, oh! permit me,
For I am yet all tenderneſs; the woman,
The weak, the fond, the mild, the coward, woman,
Dares not look forth, but runs about my breaſt,
And viſits all the warmer manſions there,
Where ſhe ſo oft has harbour'd falſe Varanes:
Cruel Varanes! Falſe, forſworn Varanes!
Therefore, alas! allow me
A little time for Love to make his way:
Hardly he won the place, and many ſighs,
And many tears, and many oaths it coſt him;
And, oh! I find he will not be diſlodg'd
Without a groan at parting: Hence for ever.
No, no, he vows he will not yet be raz'd,
Without whole floods of grief at his farewel,
Which thus I ſacrifice——And, oh! I ſwear
Had he prov'd true, I would as eaſily
Have empty'd all my blood, and dy'd to ſerve him,
As now I ſhed theſe drops, or vent theſe ſighs,
To ſhew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him.

Ibid.

Laſt night he flew not with a lover's haſte,
Which eagerly prevents th' appointed hour:
I told the clocks, and watch'd the waſting light,
And liſt'ned to each ſoftly treading ſtep,
In hopes 'twas he; but ſtill it was not he.
At laſt he came, but with ſuch alter'd looks,
So wild, ſo ghaſtly, as ſome ghoſt had met him;
All pale and ſpeechleſs, he ſurvey'd me round:
Then with a groan he threw himſelf a-bed,
But far from me, as far he could move,
And ſigh'd and toſs'd, and turn'd, but ſtill from me.
At laſt I preſs'd his hand, and laid me by his ſide;
He pull'd it back as if he'd touch'd a ſerpent:
With that I burſt into a flood of tears,

And

And ask'd, how I'd offended him.
He answer'd nothing, but with sighs and groans:
So restless pass'd the night, and at the dawn
Leap'd from the bed and vanish'd.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

What have I done, ye pow'rs! what have I done!
To see my youth, my beauty, and my love,
No sooner gain'd, but slighted and betray'd!
And, like a rose just gather'd from the stalk,
But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside
To wither on the ground! Tell me, Heav'n!
Why name I Heav'n? There is no Heav'n for me:
Despair, death, hell have seiz'd my tortur'd soul.
When I had rais'd his grov'ling fate from ground,
To pow'r and love, to empire, and to me,
When each embrace was dearer than the first;
Then, then to be contemn'd! then, then thrown off!
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,
And loathsome.
The turtle flies not from his billing mate,
He bills the closer; but ungrateful man,
Base, barb'rous man, the more we raise our love,
The more we pall, and cool, and chill his ardour!
Racks, poisons, daggers, rid me but of life,
And any death is welcome. *Ibid.*

Ye sacred pow'rs, whose gracious providence
Is watchful for our good, guard me from men,
From their deceitful tongues, their vows and flatt'ries;
Still let me pass neglected by their eyes:
Let my bloom wither, and my form decay,
That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
And fatal love may never be my bane.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Hear this, ye pow'rs, mark how the fair deceiver
Sadly complains of violated truth:
She calls me false, ev'n she, the faithless she,

Whom

Whom day and night, whom heav'n and earth have heard,
Sighing to weep, and tenderly proteſt
Ten thouſand times ſhe would be only mine;
And yet behold ſhe has giv'n herſelf away,
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another. *Ibid.*

Falſehood and fraud grow up in every ſoil,
The product of all climes
Addison's Cato.

Heaven! muſt the traitor man purſue our ſex
With reſtleſs artifice and labour'd vileneſs;
Hunt us thro' all the wiles and turns of caution,
Till tir'd with vain defence his ſnares ſurround us;
And ſhall he, then, when, pitying his feign'd torments,
We give him up our all—Shall he then ſhun us?
With cold diſdain, and curs'd indifference,
Repay the fierceneſs of a flame he rais'd?
And ſhall not we revenge the traitor's falſehood?
Religion never ſpoke it—Only ſaints,
And cool-ſoul'd hermits, mortify'd with care
And bent by age and palſies, whine out maxims,
Which their briſk youth had bluſh'd at.
Hill's Henry V.

Guſtavus! how, ah! how haſt thou deceiv'd me!
Who could have look'd for falſehood from thy brow?
Whoſe heav'nly arch was as the throne of virtue,
Thy eye appear'd a ſun to chear the world,
Thy boſom Truth's fair palace, and thy arms,
Benevolent, the harbour for mankind.
Brooke's Guſtavus Vaſa.

Diſhonour waits on perfidy. The villain
Shou'd bluſh to think a falſehood: 'Tis the crime
Of cowards.
Johnson's Sultaneſs.

——My ſoul's ſick of palaces and grandeur,
Fetters and priſons are at leaſt ſincere,

The

The very things they seem;
Therefore more welcome far than golden falsehoods.

Beller's Injured Innocence.

Ah, tyrant prince! ah, more than faithless Tancred!
Ungenerous and inhuman in thy falsehood;
Hadst thou this morning, when my hopeless heart,
Submissive to my fortune, to my duty,
Had so much spirit left, as to be willing
To give thee back thy vows, ah! hadst thou then
Confess'd the sad necessity thy state
Impos'd upon thee, and with gentle friendship,
Since we must part at last, our parting softened;
I should indeed, I should have been unhappy,
But not to this extreme—Amidst my grief
I had with pensive pleasure, cherish'd still
The sweet remembrance of thy former love,
Thy image still had dwelt upon my soul,
And made our guiltless woes not undelightful.
But coolly thus—How could'st thou be so cruel?
Thus to revive my hopes, to sooth my love
And call forth all its tenderness, then sink me
In black despair—What unrelenting pride
Possess'd thy breast, that thou could'st bear unmov'd
To see me bent beneath a weight of shame?
Pangs thou canst never feel? How could'st thou drag me
In barbarous triumph at a rival's car?
How make me witness to a sight of horror?
That hand, which, but a few short hours ago,
So wantonly abus'd my simple faith,
Before th' attesting world given to another,
Irrevocably given!

Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.

FAME.

The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

Fame,

Fame, the looſe breathings of a clam'rous crowd,
Ever in lies moſt confident and loud.

Rochester's Valentinian.

Fame, if not double fac'd, is double mouth'd,
And with contrary blaſt proclaims moſt deeds
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greateſt names in his wild airy flight.

Milton's Samſon Agoniſtes.

Will future fame my preſent ills relieve?
And what is fame, that flutt'ring noiſy ſound,
But the cold lie of univerſal vogue?
Thouſands of men fall in the field of honour,
Whoſe glorious deeds die in inglorious ſilence,
Whilſt vaunting cowards, favour'd by blind fortune,
Reap all the fruit of their ſucceſsful toils,
And build their fame upon their noble ruins.

H. Smith's Princeſs of Parma.

——————Vain empty words
Of honour, glory, and immortal fame!
Can theſe recal the ſpirit from its place,
Or re-inſpire the breathleſs clay with life?
What tho' your fame with all its thouſand trumpets,
Sound o'er the ſepulchre, will that awake
The ſleeping dead?

Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

Some when they die, die all; their mould'ring clay
Is but an emblem of their memories:
The ſpace quite cloſes up thro' which they paſs'd,
That I have liv'd, I leave a mark behind,
Shall pluck the ſhining age from vulgar time,
And give it whole to late poſterity.
My name is writ in mighty characters,
Triumphant columns and eternal domes,
Whoſe ſplendor heightens our Egyptian day,
Whoſe ſtrength ſhall laugh at time till that great baſis,
Old earth itſelf ſhall fail. In after age,
Who war or build, ſhall build or war from me,

Grow

Grow great in each, as my example fires;
'Tis I of art the future wonders raiſe,
I fight the future battles of the world.

Young's Buſiris.

——————Thoſe who murder Fame
Kill more than life deſtroyers.
For, at that day, when each muſt ſtand arraign'd
Their lots will fall in the ſevereſt fires.

Savage's Sir Thomas Overbury.

Ill ſhall we judge, if from the mouth of Fame
We mark the characters of Vice and Virtue.
Here pageants riſe, made by tradition heroes,
Form'd by the poet or the looſe hiſtorian;
There you behold imaginary gods,
Rais'd by the venal breath of ſlaves to Heav'n,
Swoln with the praiſe of fools, ignobly great,
By luſt, ambition, tyranny or rapine;
While the good prince, whoſe ſoft indulgent nature
Delights in peace, and bleſſes all with plenty
Who ſmile beneath him, is revil'd and cenſur'd,
As an inactive, uſeleſs, idle drone.

C. Johnson's Medea.

I hate this Fame, falſe avarice of Fancy.'
The ſickly ſhade of an unſolid greatneſs!
The lying lure of pride that Europe cheats by!

Hill's Alzira.

I courted Fame but as a ſpur to brave
And honeſt deeds: And who deſpiſes Fame
Will ſoon renounce the virtues that deſerve it.

Mallet's Muſtapha.

FAMINE.

Famine ſo fierce, that what's deny'd man's uſe,
E'en deadly plants, and herbs of pois'nous juice,
Will hunger eat; and to prolong our breath,
We greedily devour our certain death.

The

The ſoldier in th' aſſault of famine falls,
And ghoſts, not men, are watching on the walls.
Dryden's Indian Emperor.

This Famine has a ſharp and meagre face;
'Tis death in an undreſs of ſkin and bone;
Where age and youth, their landmark ta'en away,
Look all one common ſorrow.
Dryden's Cleomenes.

He daily dies by hours and moments,
All vital nourihment but air is wanting:
Three riſing days, and two deſcending nights,
Have brought no kind viciſſitude to him.
His ſtate is ſtill the ſame, with hunger pinch'd,
Waiting the ſlow approaches of his death,
Which halting onwards, as his life goes back,
Still gains upon his ground.
Ibid.

Death, like a lazy maſter, ſtands aloof,
And leaves his work to the ſlow hands of Famine.
Ibid.

FANCY.

Lovers and madmen have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping phantaſies, that apprehend more
Than cool reaſon ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
That is the madman. The lover all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to
heav'n,
And as Imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Such

Such tricks have ſtrong Imagination,
That if he would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
Or in the night imagining ſome fear,
How eaſy is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear.

Shakespeare's Midſummer Night's Dream.

FATE.

Men at ſometimes are maſters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our ſtars,
But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæſar.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyages of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now afloat,
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures. *Ibid.*

Gods! would you be ador'd for doing good,
Or only fear'd for proving miſchievous?
How would you have your mercy underſtood?
Who could create a wretch like Maximus,
Ordain'd, tho' guiltleſs, to be infamous?
Supreme firſt Cauſes! you whence all things flow,
Whoſe infiniteneſs does each little fill:
You, who decree each ſeeming chance below,
So great in pow'r, were you as good in will,
How could you ever have produc'd ſuch ill?
Had your eternal minds been bent on good,
Could human happineſs have prov'd ſo lame?
Rapine, revenge, injuſtice, thirſt of blood,
Grief, anguiſh, horror, want, deſpair and ſhame,
Had never found a being, nor a name.
'Tis therefore leſs impiety to ſay,
Evil with you has co-eternity,
Than blindly taking it the other way,

That

That merciful, and of election free,
You did create the miſchiefs you foreſee.
-Rochester's Valentinian.

Let thy great deeds force fate to change her mind;
He that courts fortune boldly, makes her kind.
Dryden's Indian Emperor.

On what ſtrange grounds we build our hopes and fears!
Man's life is all a miſt, and in the dark
Our fortunes meet us.
If fate be not, then what can we foreſee?
And how can we avoid it, if it be?
If by free-will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the act of Heav'n.
Dryden's Tempeſt.

If this day's angry gods ordain my fate,
Know then I fall like ſome vaſt pyramid,
I bury thouſands in my great deſtruction;
And tho' the firſt,
If Babylon muſt fall, what is't to me?
Or can I help immutable decree?
Down then vaſt frame, with all thy lofty tow'rs,
Since 'tis ſo order'd by th' almighty powers;
Preſs'd by the fates unlooſe thy golden bars,
'Tis great to fall the envy of the ſtars.
Lee's Alexander.

Man makes his fate according to his mind:
The weak low ſpirit fortune makes her ſlave,
But ſhe's a drudge when hector'd by the brave.
If fate weave common thread, he'll change the doom,
And with new purple ſpread a nobler loom.
Dryden's Conqueſt of Granada.

Be juſter, Heav'ns! Such virtue puniſh'd thus,
Will make us think that chance rules all above,

And ſhuffles with a random hand the lots
Which man is forc'd to draw.

Dryden's All for Love.

'Tis wonderful, yet ought not man to wade
Too far in the vaſt deep of deſtiny.

Lee's Oedipus.

——————The gods are juſt:
But how can finite meaſure infinite?
Whatever is, is in its cauſes juſt,
Since all things are by fate; but purblind man
Sees but a part o'th' chain, the neareſt link,
His eyes not carrying to that equal beam
That poiſes all above. *Ibid.*

To you, great gods, I make my laſt appeal;
Or clear my virtues, or my crime reveal:
If wand'ring in the maze of fate I run,
And backward trod the paths I ſought to ſhun;
Impute my errors to your own decree,
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free. *Ibid.*

——————Which of us two the Heav'ns
Have mark'd for death, is yet above the ſtars.

Lee's Theodoſius.

'Tis thus that Heav'n its empire does maintain,
It may afflict, but man muſt not complain.

Otway's Orphan.

Good Heav'ns! why gave you me
A monarch's ſoul,
And cruſted it with baſe plebeian clay?
Why gave you me deſires of ſuch extent,
And ſuch a ſpan to graſp them? Sure my lot
By ſome o'er haſty angel was miſplac'd
In Fate's eternal volume.

Dryden's Spaniſh Fryar.

——————Tell me why, good Heav'n!
Thou mad'ſt me what I am, with all the ſpirit,

Aſpiring

Aſpiring thoughts, and elegant deſires,
That fill the happy'ſt man? Ah! rather, why
Didſt not thou form me ſordid as my fate,
Baſe-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?
Why have I ſenſe to know the curſe that's on me?
Is this juſt dealing, Nature!

Otway's Venice Preſerv'd.

Heav'n has to all, allotted ſoon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate;
Whoſe motions if we watch and guide with ſkill,
(For human good depends on human will)
Our fortune rolls as from a ſmooth deſcent,
And from the firſt impreſſion takes its bent:
But if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind;
Now, now ſhe meets you with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her locks before her as ſhe flies.

Dryden's Abſ. and Achit.

——————Ye cruel pow'rs!
Take me as you have made me, miſerable:
You cannot make me guilty! 'Twas my fate;
And you made that, not I.

Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

Was it for this, ye cruel gods! you made me
Great like yourſelves, and, as a king, to be
Your ſacred image? Was it but for this?
Why rather was I not a peaſant ſlave,
Bred from my birth a drudge to your creation,
And to my deſtin'd load inur'd betimes?

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

Yet 'tis the curſe of mighty minds oppreſs'd,
To think what their ſtate is, and what it ſhould be:
Impatient of their lot, they reaſon fiercely,
And call the laws of Providence unequal.

Rowe's Ulyſſes.

And

And therefore wer't thou bred to virtuous knowledge,
And wiſdom early planted in thy ſoul,
That thou might'ſt know to rule thy fiery paſſions:
To bind their rage, and ſtay their headlong courſe;
To bear with accidents, and every change
Of various life; to ſtruggle with adverſity;
To wait the leiſure of the righteous gods,
Till they in their own good appointed hour,
Shall bid thy better days come forth at once,
A long and ſhining train; 'till thou, well pleas'd,
Shalt bow, and bleſs thy fate, and ſay the gods are juſt.

Ibid.

'Tis the cruel artifice of Fate,
Thus to refine and vary on our woes,
To raiſe us from deſpair, and give us hopes,
Only to plunge us in the gulph again,
And make us doubly wretched.

Trap's Abramule.

——————Oh! is there not
A time, a righteous time, reſerv'd in fate;
When theſe oppreſſors of mankind ſhall feel
The miſeries they give; and blindly fight
For their own fetters too?

Thomson's Sophoniſba.

——————Little do we know of fate;
Perhaps our fortune is not in our power.
We are the ſport and plaything of high Heaven,
And while this ſecond cauſe preſumes to act,
Think, and reflect, is acted by the firſt;
As the great mover ſet us, ſo we go.

Ch. Johnson's Medea.

In this, injurious Fate is ever kind,
Perverſely good; they, whom it moſt concerns,
Are ſtill the laſt to know their wretched doom.

Frowde's Philotas.

To-day

To-day, in ſnow array'd, ſtern winter rules
The ravag'd plain—Anon the teeming earth
Unlocks her ſtores, and ſpring adorns the year:
And ſhall not we, while fate, like winter frowns,
Expect revolving bliſs?

Smollet's Regicide.

FATHER.

To you, your father ſhould be as a god,
One that compos'd your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power,
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Shakespeare's Midſummer Night's Dream.

——Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptials of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table:
Reaſon, my ſon, ſhould chooſe himſelf a wife;
But as good reaſon the father (all whoſe joy
Is nothing but fair poſterity) ſhou'd hold
Some counſel in ſuch buſineſs.

Shakespeare's Winter's Tale.

FAVOURITE.

He that in court ſecure will keep himſelf,
Muſt not be great; for then he's envy'd at.
The ſhrub is ſafe, which as the cedar ſhakes;
For where the king doth love above compare,
Of others they as much more envy'd are.

Shakespeare's Cromwell.

How groſs your avarice, eating up whole families!
How vaſt are your corruptions and abuſe
Of the king's ear! At which you hang a pendant,
Not to adorn, but ulcerate: while th' honeſt
Nobility, like pictures in the arras,
Serve only for court ornaments; if they ſpeak,

'Tis when you ſet their tongues, which you wind up
Like clocks, to ſtrike at the juſt hour you pleaſe.
Shirley's Cardinal.

FEAR. *See* Death.

——————Fear is the laſt of ills:
In time we hate that which we often fear.
Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra.

I feel my ſinews ſlacken'd with the fright,
And a cold ſweat trills down all o'er my limbs,
As if I were diſſolving into water.
Dryden's Tempeſt.

Fear is the tax that conſcience pays to guilt.
Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

Where fear prevails, what conduct can be blameleſs?
* * * * * * * * * * *
The wretch that fears to drown, will break through flames;
Or, in his dread of flames, will plunge in waves.
When eagles are in view, the ſcreaming daws
Will cowre beneath the feet of man for ſafety.
Cibber's Cæſar in Egypt.

——————Sunk into childeſt fears,
And weak uncertainties.—My feeble ſoul,
But half inſtructed in the pious taſk,
Should have a martyr's ſtrength, before it felt
A martyr's ſuff'ring.
Havard's Scanderbeg.

Fear on guilt attends, and deeds of darkneſs;
The virtuous breaſt ne'er knows it. *Ibid.*

——————Ye ruling powers!
Let me not weild the ſceptre of this realm,
When my degenerate breaſt becomes the haunt
Of haggard fear.—Oh! what a wretch is he,
Whoſe fev'rous life, devoted to the gloom

Of ſuperſtition, feels th' inceſſant throb
Of ghaſtly pannic!—In whoſe ſtartled ear
The knell ſtill deepens, and the raven croaks!
Smollett's Regicide.

The weakneſs we lament, ourſelves create.
Inſtructed from our infant years to court,
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,
We learn to ſhudder at the ruſtling breeze,
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark,
Till affectation, rip'ning to belief
And folly, frighted at our own chimæras,
Habitual cowardice uſurps the ſoul.
S. Johnson's Irene.

Be not diſmay'd—Fear nurſes up a danger;
And reſolution kills it in the birth.
Philips's Humphrey Duke of Glouceſter.

Fear's trembling pencil, ever dipt in black,
Paints to the mind ſtrange images of woe.
Almida.

FELICITY.

——————Theſe gardens lie
Far hence remov'd beneath a milder ſky,
Their name the kingdom of Felicity.
Sweet ſcenes of endleſs bliſs, enchanted ground,
A ſoil for ever ſought, but ſeldom found;
Tho' in the ſearch all human kind in vain
Weary their wits, and waſte their lives in pain.
In different parties diff'rent paths they tread,
As reaſon guides them, or as follies lead:
Theſe wrangling for the place they ne'er ſhall ſee;
Debating thoſe, if ſuch a place there be;
But not the wiſeſt nor the beſt can ſay
Where lies the point, or mark the certain way.
Some few, by Fortune favour'd for her ſport,
Have ſail'd in ſight of this delightful port,

In thought already ſeiz'd the bleſs'd abodes,
And in their fond delirium rank'd with gods.
Fruitleſs attempt? all avenues are kept
By dreadful foes, ſentry that never ſlept:
Here fell Detraction darts her pois'nous breath,
Fraught with a thouſand ſtings, and ſcatters death;
Sharp ſighted Envy there maintains her poſt,
And ſhakes her flaming brand, and ſtalks around the coaſt.
Theſe on the helpleſs bark their fury pour,
Plunge in the waves, or daſh againſt the ſhore;
Teach wretched mortals they were doom'd to mourn,
And ne'er muſt reſt but in the ſilent urn.

Dr. Lisle's Porſenna.

FEMALES.

All females have prerogative of ſex,
The ſhe's ev'n of the ſavage herd are ſafe;
All when they ſnarl or bite, have no return
But courtſhip from the male.

Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

FIGHT. *See* Battle.

——————————Fighting,
Through all the mazes of the bloody field,
I hunted his ſacred life: I ſought him
Where ranks fell thickeſt: 'Twas indeed the place
To ſeek Sebaſtian! Thro' a track of death
I follow'd him by groans of dying men;
But ſtill I came too late; for he was flown
Like lightning, ſwift before me, to new ſlaughter!
I mov'd a-croſs, and made irregular harveſt;
Deface'd the pomp of battle, but in vain;
For he was ſtill ſupplying death elſewhere.

Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

——————To fight, Æmilius,
In a juſt cauſe, and for our country's glory,
Is the beſt office of the beſt of men;
And to decline it when theſe motives urge,
Is infamy beneath a coward's baſeneſs.

Howard's Regulus.

FILIAL PIETY.

E'er ſince Reflection beam'd her light upon me,
You, Sir, have been my ſtudy. I have plac'd
Before mines eyes, in ev'ry light of life,
The father and the king. What weight of duty
Lay on a ſon from ſuch a parent ſprung;
What virtuous toil to ſhine with his renown!
Has been my thought by day, my dream by night.
* * * * * * * * * * *
But firſt and ever neareſt to my heart
Was this prime duty; ſo to frame my conduct
Tow'rd ſuch a father, as, were I a father,
My ſoul would wiſh to meet with from a ſon.
And may reproach tranſmit my name abhorr'd
To lateſt time—if ever thought was mine
Unjuſt to filial reverence, filial love.

Mallet's Muſtapha.

Have I then no tears for thee, my father!
Can I forget thy cares, from helpleſs years
Thy tenderneſs for me? An eye ſtill beam'd
With love? A brow that never knew a frown?
Nor a harſh word thy tongue? Shall I for theſe
Repay thy ſtooping venerable age
With ſhame, diſquiet, anguiſh and diſhonour?
It muſt not be?—Thou firſt of angels! Come
Sweet Filial Piety, and firm my breaſt!
Yes, let one daughter to her fate ſubmit,
Be nobly wretched, but her father happy.

Thomson's Tancred and Sigiſmunda.

——————Oh! would Eugenia
Exert the ſpirit of virtue; let the ſenſe

Of filial piety inſpire her breaſt,
And at the marriage-altar offer up
The paſſions of the heart.

Francis's Eugenia.

FLATTERY *and* FLATTERER.

Unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatt'rers.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæſar.

Theſe couchings, and theſe lowly courteſies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and firſt decree
Into the lane of children. Be not fond
To think that Cæſar bears ſuch rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality,
With that which melteth fools; I mean ſweet words,
Low-crooked court'ſies, and baſe ſpaniel fawning.

Ibid.

——————Nay do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee?
Thou no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
To feed and cloath thee. Why ſhould the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candy'd tongue lick abſurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where gain may follow feigning.

Shakespeare's Hamlet,

—— ——————Such ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain,
Which are t'intrince, t'unlooſe, ſmooth every paſſion,
That in the natures of their lords rebel,
Being oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods.
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks,
With every gale and vary of their maſters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

Shakespeare's King Lear.

Of

Of all wild beaſts preſerve me from a tyrant,
And of all tame, a flatterer.

Johnson's Sejanus.

——————Give me flatt'ry.
Flatt'ry, the food of courts! that I may rock him,
And lull him in the down of his deſires.

Beaumont's Rollo.

'Tis the fate of princes, that no knowledge
Comes pure to them, but paſſing thro' th' eyes
And ears of other men, it takes a tincture
From ev'ry channel; and ſtill bears a reliſh
Of flattery, or private ends.

Denham's Sophy.

No flatt'ry, boy! an honeſt man can't live by't:
It is a little ſneaking art, which knaves
Uſe to cajole and ſoften fools withal.
If thou haſt flatt'ry in thy nature, out with't;
Or ſend it to a court, for there 'twill thrive.

Otway's Orphan.

'Tis next to money current there,
To be ſeen daily in as many forms,
As there are ſorts of vanities and men.
The ſuperſtitious ſtateſman has his ſneer,
To ſmooth a poor man off, who cannot bribe him.
The grave dull fellow of ſmall bus'neſs ſooths
The hum'riſt, and will needs admire his wit.
Who without ſpleen could ſee a hot-brain'd atheiſt
Thanking a ſurly doctor for his ſermon?
Or a grave counſellor meet a ſmooth young lord,
Squeeze him th' hand, and praiſe his good complexion?

Ibid.

There like a ſtatue thou haſt ſtood beſieg'd
By ſycophants and fools, the growth of courts:
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in ev'ry face;
And the groſs flatt'ry of a gaping croud,

Envious who firſt ſhall catch, and firſt applaud
The ſtuff, or royal nonſenſe. When I ſpoke,
My honeſt homely words were carp'd and cenſur'd,
For want of courtly ſtyle: Related actions,
Tho' modeſtly reported, paſs'd for boaſts:
Secure of merit, if I aſk'd reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their right invaded,
And the bread ſnatch'd from pimps and paraſites.
Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

Why didſt thou flatter me? why give me once
A daughter's pow'r, and ſnatch it from me now?
Like a mad painter, wanton of thy ſkill
Delighting to deface thy own fair works.
Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

——————O flatt'ry!
How ſoon thy ſmooth inſinuating oil
Supples the tougheſt fool.
Fenton's Mariamne.

Beware of flatt'ry! 'Tis a flow'ry weed
Which oft offends the very idol vice,
Whoſe ſhrine it would perfume. *Ibid.*

To me there is no muſic in ſuch praiſe,
'Tis flattery all, the fools delight and ruin.
Martyn's Timoleon.

——————Let me tell you,
That what would from a flatterer diſpleaſe,
Is juſtice from a friend.
Havard's Scanderbeg.

Flatt'ry but ill becomes a ſoldier's mouth:
Leave we the practiſe of thoſe meaner arts
To ſmooth-tongu'd ſtateſmen, and betraying courtiers.
Marsh's Amaſis.

——————Ceaſe, ceaſe this flatt'ry!
'Tis a mean, vicious habit thoſe contract,
Who hide the ſettl'd purpoſe of their ſouls

Under

Under its ſmooth and glitt'ring ornaments,
As they diſdain'd the honeſt company
Of plain and native Truth. *Ibid.*

He who can liſten pleas'd to ſuch applauſe,
Buys at a dearer rate than I dare purchaſe,
And pays for idle air with ſenſe and virtue.
Mallet's Muſtapha.

Love may perhaps inſpire your ſoothing tongue
With eloquence to ſoften and perſuade
The melting fair to break her reſolution,
And hear, at leaſt, if not return your love;
The firmeſt purpoſe of a woman's heart
To well-tim'd, artful flattery may yield.
Lillo's Elmerick.

——————'Tis ſuch pernicious flatterers,
Such buſy, ready, fawning ſlaves as thou art,
That choak and ſtifle Truth, poiſon all Virtue,
And curſe mankind with tyrants and oppreſſors.
Crisp's Virginia.

——————Honey'd aſſent,
How pleaſing art thou to the taſte of man,
And woman alſo! Flattery direct
Rarely diſguſts. They little know mankind
Who doubt its operations; 'tis the key,
And opes the wicket of the human heart.
Hume's Douglas.

FLEET.

——————Suppoſe that you have ſeen
The well-appointed king at Dover-pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet,
With ſilken ſtreamers, the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhip boys climbing;
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd; behold the threaden ſail,

Borne with the invincible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd ſea,
Breaking the loſty ſurge.

SHAKESPEARE's King Henry V.

FLIGHT. *See* FEAR.

Have I not ſeen the Britons quite diſhearten'd?
Run, run, Bonduca; not the quick race ſwifter;
The virgin from the hated raviſher
Not half ſo fearful: Not a flight drawn home,
A round ſtone from a ſling, a lover's wiſh,
E'er made that haſte that they have. By the gods,
I have ſeen theſe Britons, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run Time; and roaring,
Baſely for mercy roaring! The light ſhadows
That in a thought ſcour o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to them: I have ſeen them,
Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy,
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.

BEAUMONT's Bonduca.

FLOOD.

——————The fruitful Nile
Flow'd e'er the wonted ſeaſon, with a torrent
So unexpected, and ſo wond'rous fierce,
That the wild deluge overtook the haſte
Ev'n of the hinds that watch'd. Men and beaſts
Were borne upon the tops of trees, that grow
On th' utmoſt margin of the water-mark:
Then with ſo ſwift an ebb the flood drove backward,
It ſlipt from underneath the ſcaly herd:
Here monſtrous Phocæ panted on the ſhore,
Forſaken dolphins there, with their broad tails,
Lay laſhing the departing waves: Hard by 'em
Sea-horſes, flound'ring in the ſlimy mud,
Toſs'd up their heads, and daſh'd the ooze about 'em.

DRYDEN's All for Love.

FLOWERS.

All flowers will droop in abſence of the ſun,
That wak'd their ſweets.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Farewel, ye flow'rs, whoſe buds with early care
I watch'd; and to the chearful ſun did rear.
Who now ſhall bind your ſtems? Or when you fall,
With fountain ſtreams your fainting ſouls recal?

Dryden's State of Innocence.

Have you not ſometimes ſeen an early flower
Open its bud, and ſpread its ſilken leaves,
To catch ſweet airs, and odours to beſtow;
Then, by the keen blaſt nipt, pull in its leaves,
And, tho' ſtill living, die to ſcent and beauty?

Hume's Douglas.

FONDNESS.

——————So loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of Heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

——————She would hang on him,
As if encreaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. *Ibid.*

His ſoul is ſo enfetter'd to her love,
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt;
Ev'n as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weak function.

Shakespeare's Othello.

Fonder than mothers to their firſt-born joys.

Dryden's All for Love.

——————Let me not live
If the young bridegroom, longing for his night,
Was ever half ſo fond. *Ibid.*

——————How I lov'd,
Witneſs ye days and nights, and all ye hours,
That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
As all your buſ'neſs were to count my paſſion.
One day paſs'd by, and nothing ſaw but love;
Another came, and ſtill 'twas only love:
The ſuns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.
I ſaw you ev'ry day, and all the day,
And ev'ry day was ſtill but as the firſt,
So eager was I ſtill to ſee you more. *Ibid.*

Thou art the only comfort of my age:
Like an old tree I ſtand among the ſtorms;
Thou art the only limb that I have left me:
My dear green branch! and how I prize thee, child,
Heav'n only knows!
Lee's Theodoſius.

——————Oh! ſhe doats on him;
Feeds on his looks; eyes him as pregnant women
Gaze at the precious things their ſouls are ſet on.
Lee's Cæſar Borgia.

So the ſoft mother, tho' the babe be dead,
Will have the darling on her boſom laid;
Will talk, and rave, and with the nurſes ſtrive,
And fond it ſtill as if it were alive;
Knows it muſt go, yet ſtruggles with the croud,
And ſhrieks to ſee them wrap it in the ſhroud.
Lee's Lucius Junius Brutus.

I languiſh with the fondneſs of my love,
Still doat, and fain would keep thee to my heart.
Oh! thou'rt the very fountain of my joys.

The

The ſpirit of my peace, my ſpring of life,
All that my wiſhes would, or Heav'n can give.
Southern's Diſappointment.

——————I more joy in thee,
Than did thy mother when ſhe hugg'd thee firſt,
And bleſs'd the gods for all her travail paſt.
Otway's Venice Preſerv'd.

I had ſo fix'd my heart upon her,
That whereſoe'er I fram'd a ſcheme of life
For time to come, ſhe was my only joy,
With which I uſed to ſweeten future cares:
I fancy'd pleaſures, none but one who loves
And doats as I did, can imagine like them. *Ibid.*

At the ſight of her my ſoul dilates itſelf,
As at the view of a long abſent friend,
Unſatiated with gazing.
Dennis's Iphigenia.

Thou waſt the very darling of my age;
I thought the day too ſhort to gaze upon thee:
That all the bleſſings I could gather for thee,
By cares on earth, and by my pray'rs to Heav'n,
Were little for my fondneſs to beſtow.
Rowe's Fair Penitent.

——————What pleaſure I took in thee!
What joy thou gav'ſt me in thy prattling infancy!
Thy ſprightly wit, and early blooming beauty!
How have I ſtood and fed my eyes upon thee!
Then lifted up my hands, and, wond'ring, bleſt thee!
Ibid.

——————Oh, that form!
That angel face, on which my dotage hung!
How have I gaz'd upon her, till my ſoul
With very eagerneſs went forth to meet her,
And iſſu'd at my eyes! Was there a gem
Which the ſun ripens in the Indian mines,
Or the rich boſom of the ocean yields;

What

What was there art could make, or wealth could buy,
Which I have left unſought to deck her beauty?
Rowe's Jane Shore.

——————————He lov'd me,
With fondneſs and with tenderneſs he doated,
Dwelt in my eyes, and liv'd but in my ſmiles.
Ibid.

And will you ever be thus kind, my lord?
Ever thus charming? Ever thus ſincere?
Will not reflection freeze this marriage nectar?
Will not your draughts of love be bitter, think you,
When longer mix'd with pleaſure's wormwood, wife.
Hill's Fair Inconſtant.

Shall I know any thing unknown to thee?
Thou haſt my ſoul, thou keep'ſt my key of thought,
How can my ſecrets then be hid from thee?
Yes, I will tell thee, tho' my death ſucceeds it.
Ibid.

FOOL.

Jaq. A fool, a fool; I met a fool i'th' foreſt,
A motley fool, a miſerable varlet:
As I do live by food I met a fool,
Who laid him down, and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And railed on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I: No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool till Heav'n hath ſent me fortune,
And then he drew a dial from his poak,
And looking on it with lack luſtre eye,
Says very wiſely, 'tis ten o'clock.
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, how the world wags;
'Tis but an hour ago ſince it was nine,
And after one hour more it will be eleven;
And ſo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,

And

And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worth fool; motley's the only wear.

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O, a worthy fool! one that has been a courtier,
And ſays, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biſket
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms: Oh! that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou ſhalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only ſuit:
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe: I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have;
And they that are moſt gall'd with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh. And why, Sir, muſt they ſo?
The why is plain, as way to pariſh church;
He whom a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, altho' he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob. If not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd,
E'en by the ſquandering glances of a fool.
Inveſt me in my motley, give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I'll thro' and thro',
Cleanſe the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

SHAKESPEARE's As you like it.

Fortune

Fortune takes care that fools ſhould ſtill be ſeen;
She places them aloft, o' th' topmoſt ſpoke
Of all her wheel. Fools are the daily work
Of Nature, her vocation. If ſhe form
A man, ſhe loſes by it; 'tis too expenſive;
'Twould make ten fools: A man's a prodigy.

Dryden's Oedipus.

FORGIVENESS.

——————Forgive the ſallies of my paſſion,
For I have been to blame, Oh, much to blame!
Have ſaid ſuch words, nay, done ſuch actions too,
(Baſe as I am) that my aw'd conſcious ſoul
Sinks in my breaſt; nor dare I lift an eye
On him I have offended.

Shakespeare's Troilus and Creſſida.

——————Oh! my boſom comforter!
Thou deareſt, richeſt cordial to my ſoul!
Thou haſt a ſea of pity, pour it on me,
Shed thy ſoft dew of mercy on my love,
And, oh! forgive the wretch who kneels before thee.

Hill's Fair Inconſtant.

Safe and forgiven be the hand I fall by.
Power is yet mine, and it abſolves my murder.
Live, my proud enemy, and live in freedom:
Live—and obſerve, tho' Chriſtians oft act ill,
They muſt forgive ill actions in another.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
I will go farther yet; I will not leave thee,
Till I have ſoften'd Envy into Friendſhip.
—Mournful Alzira has been too unhappy:
Lov'd to diſtreſs, and married to misfortune!
I would do ſomething to atone her wrongs;
And with a ſofter ſenſe, imprint her pity:
Take her—and owe her to the hand ſhe hates.
Live—remember me, without a curſe.

Reſume

Reſume loſt empire, o'er your conquer'd ſtates:
Be friends to Spain—nor enemies to me.

Hill's Alzira.

Can there be any thing in nature more pleaſing to a generous mind, than to have ſomething to forgive?

Griffith's Wife in the Right.

FORTITUDE.

——In ſtruggling with misfortunes
Lies the true proof of virtue. On ſmooth ſeas
How many bauble boats dare ſet their ſails,
And make an equal way with firmer veſſels:
But let the tempeſt once enrage the ſea,
And then behold the ſtrong-ribb'd argoſie
Bounding between the ocean and the air,
Like Perſeus mounted on his Pegaſus;
Then where are thoſe weak rivals of the main?
Or to avoid the tempeſt, fled to port,
Or made a prey to Neptune. Ev'n thus
Do empty ſhew and true-priz'd worth divide
In ſtorms of fortune.

Shakespeare's Troilus and Creſſida.

——Thou haſt been
As one in ſuff'ring all, that ſuffers nothing:
A man who Fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks. And bleſt are they
Whoſe blood and judgment mingl'd are ſo well,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſes.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

——Who fights
With paſſions and o'ercomes, that man is arm'd
With the beſt virtue, paſſive Fortitude.

Webster's Dutcheſs of Malfy.

——As a pine
Rent from Oeta's top by ſweeping tempeſts,

Joined

Jointed again and made a maſt, deſies
Thoſe angry winds that ſplit him: ſo will I
Piec'd to my never failing ſtrength and fortune,
Steer thro' theſe ſwelling dangers;
Plow their prides up, and bear like thunder
Thro' their loudeſt tempeſts.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Bonduca.

Brave ſpirits are a balſam to themſelves,
There is a nobleneſs of mind, that heals
Wounds beyond ſalves.

Cartwright's Lady Errant.

Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me.
I have a ſoul, that like an ample ſhield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more:
Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's,
Souls know no conquerors.

Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

Nor am I leſs, ev'n in this deſpicable *now*,
Than when my name fill'd Afric with affrights,
And froze your hearts beneath your torrid zone.

Ibid.

Dejected! No, it never ſhall be ſaid
That Fate had power upon a Spartan ſoul:
My mind on its own centre ſtands unmov'd,
And ſtable as the fabric of the world,
Propp'd on itſelf. Still I am Cleomenes,
I fought the battle bravely which I've loſt;
And loſt it but to Macedonians,
The ſucceſſors of thoſe who conquer'd Aſia.
'Twas for a cauſe too! ſuch a cauſe I fought!
Unbounded empire hung upon my ſword;
Greece, like a lovely heifer, ſtood in view,
To ſee the rivals each other gore,
But wiſh'd the conqueſt mine.
I fled, and yet I languiſh not in exile;

But here in Egypt whet my blunted horns
And meditate new fights, and chew my loſs.
Dryden's Cleomenes.

Be chearful, fight it well, and all the reſt
Leave to the gods and fortune. If they fail us,
Their's be the fault; for Fate is their's alone:
My virtue, fame, and honour are my own. *Ibid.*

With ſuch unſhaken temper of the ſoul
To bear the ſwelling tide of proſp'rous fortune,
Is to deſerve that fortune. In adverſity
The mind grows rough by buffetting the tempeſt;
But in ſucceſs diſſolving, ſinks to eaſe,
And loſes all her firmneſs.
Rowe's Tamerlane.

———Thou haſt ſeen mount Atlas,
While ſtorms and tempeſts thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It ſtands unmov'd, and glories in its height:
Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring ſoul,
'Midſt all the ſhocks and injuries of Fortune,
Riſes ſuperior, and looks down on Cæſar.
Addison's Cato.

Thy virtues, prince, have ſtood the teſt of Fortune,
Like pureſt gold, that tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight,
Ibid.

Where ſhall we find a man that bears affliction,
Great and majeſtic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what ſtrength, what ſteadineſs of mind,
He triumphs in the midſt of all his ſufferings!
How does he riſe againſt a load of woes,
And thanks the gods that throw the weight upon him!
Ibid.

How does the luſtre of our father's actions,
Thro' the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightneſs!
His

His ſuff'rings ſhine, and add a glory round him.
By Heaven! ſuch virtues join'd with ſuch ſucceſs,
Diſtract my very ſoul: Our father's fortune
Would almoſt tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Ibid.

Tho' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind deſpair:
When preſs'd by dangers, and beſet with foes,
The gods their timely ſuccour interpoſe;
And when our virtue ſinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeſeen expedients bring relief.

A. Phillip's Diſtreſt Mother.

What is a ſhort-liv'd fortitude? Alas!
The deſperate courage of a wretch in pain,
Who urges fretfully the artiſt's hand
At once to cut away the wounded part;
But at the operation's dread approach,
His heart recoils; he pleads for vain delay,
And fain wou'd keep it, painful as it is,
A little longer yet.
Rather than bear the cruel ſeparation,
That on his tortur'd fleſh inflicts new wounds,
And robs his mangl'd body of a limb,
With which his ſympathizing ſoul had held
A long, an intimate, and dear acquaintance.

Beller's Injured Innocence.

Thus to bear misfortune,
As what can be a greater, than to live
At diſtance from the object of our wiſhes;
That object unenjoy'd, and in the pow'r
Of our worſt foe—is conſtancy ſo firm,
Such ſtrong adherence to the holy mandate,
As ſhall ſtand foremoſt in the race of time.

Havard's Scanderbeg.

——————But, prince, remember then
The vows, the noble uſes of affliction,
Preſerves the quick humanity it gives,

The

The pitying, ſocial ſenſe of human weakneſs;
Yet keep thy ſtubborn fortitude entire.
The manly heart that to another's woe
Is tender, but ſuperior to its own.
Learn to ſubmit, yet learn to conquer fortune;
Attach thee firmly to the virtuous deeds
And offices of life; to life itſelf,
With all its vain and tranſient joys, ſit looſe.
Chief, let devotion to the ſov'reign mind,
A ſteady, chearful, abſolute dependence
In his beſt, wiſeſt government poſſeſs thee.
In thoughtleſs gay proſperity, when all
Attends our wiſh, when nought is ſeen around us
But kneeling ſlavery, and obedient fortune;
Then are blind mortals apt, within themſelves
To fly their ſtay, forgetful of the giver;
But when thus humbled, Alfred, as thou art,
When to their feeble natural powers reduc'd,
'Tis then they feel this univerſal truth
That Heav'n is all in all, and man is nothing.

Mallet's Alfred.

The human race are ſons of ſorrow born;
And each muſt have his portion. Vulgar minds
Refuſe or crouch beneath their load; the brave
Bear theirs without repining. *Ibid.*

With native luſtre, and unborrow'd greatneſs,
Thou ſhin'ſt, bright maid, ſuperior to diſtreſs;
Unlike the trifling race of vulgar beauties,
Thoſe glitt'ring dew-drops of a vernal morn,
That ſpread their colours to the genial beam,
And ſparkling quiver to the breath of May;
But when the tempeſt, with ſonorous wing,
Sweeps o'er the grove, forſake the lab'ring bough,
Diſpers'd in air or mingled with the duſt.

S. Johnson's Irene.

——————No diſtreſs
Abſolves dejection: 'Tis the brave's prerogative

To

To feel without complaining. Hercules,
Before he was a god, was oft unhappy.
What an unmaſt'ring monarch muſt he make
Who reigns not o'er adverſity.

Hill's Merope.

——————O ſhame to Fortitude!
Shame to that manly paſſion, which inſpires
Its vigorous warmth, when the bleak blaſts of fate
Would chill the ſoul. O call the ready virtue
Quick to thy aid, for ſhe is ever near thee,
Is ever prompt to ſpread her ſeven-fold ſhield
O'er noble breaſts.

Mason's Elfrida.

FORTUNE.

See FATE, FOOL, VICISSITUDE.

For herein Fortune ſhews herſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom.—It is ſtill her uſe
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty.

Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.

——————You were us'd
To ſay extremity was the trier of ſpirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd maſterſhip in floating. Fortune's blows,
When moſt ſtruck home, being gently warded, craves
A noble cunning You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Shakespeare's Coriolanus.

When Fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threatning eye.

Shakespear's King John.

Will

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach, and no food;
Such are the poor in health: Or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach; ſuch are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

Shakespeare's Henry IV.

1. Who would truſt ſlippery Chance?
2. They that would make
Themſelves her ſpoil, and fooliſhly forget
When ſhe doth flatter, that ſhe comes to prey.
Fortune, thou hadſt no deity, if men
Had wiſdom; we have plac'd thee ſo high,
By fond belief in thy felicity.

B. Johnson's Sejanus.

——————Fortune had no hand
In what our ſwords by dint of valour won;
She to the brave was ever a curs'd foe,
But I at laſt have bound her to my chariot,
By conquering Virtue to be drag'd along;
And while her broken wheel is proudly borne,
She ſhall be forc'd our triumph to adorn.

Lee's Mithridates.

Fortune came ſmiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purpl'd greatneſs met my ripen'd years.
When firſt I came to empire, I was borne,
On tides of people crouding to my triumphs:
The wiſh of nations, and the willing world
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.
I was ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me, till I took pains,
And work'd againſt my Fortune; chid her from me,
And turn'd her looſe, yet ſtill ſhe came again.
My careleſs days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have weary'd her; and now ſhe's gone.
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever!
Fortune is Cæſar's now, and what am I?

Oh!

Oh! I am now ſo ſunk from what I was,
Thou find'ſt me at my low-water mark:
The rivers that ran in, and rais'd my fortunes,
Are all dry'd up, or take another courſe.
What I have left is from my native ſpring;
I've ſtill a heart that ſwells in ſcorn of fate,
And lifts me to my banks.
Glutton of Fortune! thy devouring youth
Has ſtarv'd thy wanton age.

Dryden's All for Love.

——————Nature meant me
A wife, a ſilly, harmleſs, houſhold dove,
Fond without art, and kind without deceit:
But Fortune that has made a miſtreſs of me,
Has thruſt me out to the wide world, unfurniſh'd
Of falſehood, to be happy. *Ibid.*

Why was I fram'd with this plain honeſt heart,
Which knows not to diſguiſe its griefs and weakneſs;
But bears its workings outward to the world. *Ibid.*

I am made a ſhallow forded ſtream,
Seen to the bottom; all my clearneſs ſcorn'd,
And all my faults expos'd. *Ibid.*

Fate's dark receſſes we can never find,
But Fortune at ſome hours to all is kind:
The lucky have whole days, which ſtill they chooſe;
Th' unlucky have but hours, and thoſe they loſe.

Dryden's Tyrannic Love.

Good fortune that comes ſeldom, comes more welcome.

Lee's Oedipus.

My ſoul's ill-marry'd to my body:
I would be young, be handſome, be belov'd.
Could I but breathe myſelf into Adraſtus;
Were but my ſoul in Oedipus, I were a king;
Then I had kill'd a monſter, gain'd a battle,
And had my rival pris'ner: Brave, brave actions!
Why have not I done theſe? My Fortune hinder'd:

Why

There's it—I have a ſoul to do them all;
But Fortune will have nothing done that's great,
But by young handſome fools. Body and brawn
Do all her work: Hercules was a fool,
And ſtrait grew famous: A mad boiſt'rous fool!
Nay, worſe, a woman's fool.
Fool is the ſtuff of which Heav'n makes a hero.
Ibid.

Fortune's a miſtreſs that with Caution's kind,
Knows that the conſtant merit her alone:
They who tho' ſhe ſeem froward, yet court on.
Otway's Don Carlos.

Were ſhe a common miſtreſs, kind to all,
Her work would ceaſe, and half the world grow idle.
Otway's Orphan.

Pleaſure has been the bus'neſs of my life,
And every change of fortune eaſy to me,
Becauſe I ſtill was eaſy to myſelf.
Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

In all my wars good Fortune flew before me;
Sublime I ſat in triumph on her wheel. *Ibid.*

——————The old Scythians
Painted blind Fortune's pow'rful hands with wings,
To ſhew her gift comes ſwift and ſuddenly,
Which if her fav'rite be not ſwift to take,
He loſes them for ever.
Chapman's Buſſy D'Ambois.

Fortune, the great commandreſs of the world,
Hath divers ways to enrich her followers:
To ſome ſhe honour gives without deſerving;
To other ſome, deſerving, without honour;
Some wit, ſome wealth, and ſome wit without wealth;
Some wealth without wit; ſome nor wit nor wealth,
But good ſmock faces, or ſome qualities
By nature, without judgment; with the which

They live in ſenſual acceptation,
And make ſhew only without touch of ſubſtance.
Chapman's All Fools.

Fortune ſometimes aſſumes a rugged brow,
But to endear her ſmiles, and make the turn
More welcome to us, as 'tis unexpected——
How ſweet is reſt after a toilſome day!
How pleaſant light after a length of darkneſs!
How reliſhing good-fortune after ill.
Havard's Scanderbeg.

——————The ſoft moiſture
Fills my womaniſh eyes, while on the ſudden turns
Of Fate I think, on Fortune's ſad reverſes.
Oft when blind mortals think themſelves ſecure
In height of bliſs, they touch the brink of ruin.
Thomson's Agamemnon.

Now, generous Sigiſmunda, comes my turn
To ſhew my love was not of thine unworthy,
When Fortune bade me bluſh to look to thee,
But what is Fortune to the wiſh of Love?
A miſerable bankrupt! O 'tis poor,
'Tis ſcanty all, whate'er we can beſtow!
The wealth of kings is wretchedneſs and want.
Thomson's Tancred and Sigiſmunda.

FORTUNE-TELLER.

——————A hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp looking wretch,
A living dead man; this pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjuror,
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, (as 'twere) outfacing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt.
Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors.

FRAILTY.

That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead: nay, not ſo much, not two,
So excellent a king, that was to this Hyperion
To a ſatyr; ſo loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of Heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly: Heav'n and earth!
Muſt I remember? why, ſhe would hang on him,
As if encreaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet within a month!
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little month!—Or 'ere theſe ſhoes were old
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears,—why ſhe, e'en ſhe——
O Heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!
'Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing in her galled eyes,
She married: O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It will not, nor it cannot come to good.

SHAKESPEARE's Hamlet.

Shall he whoſe will is fate, whoſe nod is law
To all the tributary nations round,
By one unbridled frailty fully all
His harveſt of accumulated glories,
Undo the labours of twice twenty years,
And now when every eye ſtands gazing on,
Thus tumble from the precipice of fame.

BUCKINGHAM's Henry IV. of France.

FREEDOM.

The meaneſt man who's free, ſhould look with pity
Upon a ſlave, adorn'd in all his pride.

Martyn's Timoleon.

——————He who contends for freedom,
Can ne'er be juſtly deem'd his ſovereign's foe:
No, 'tis the wretch that tempts him to ſubvert it;
The ſoothing ſlave, the traitor in the boſom,
Who beſt deſerves that name; he is a worm
That eats out all the happineſs of kingdoms.

Thomson's Edward and Eleonora.

——————————Freedom is
The brilliant gift of Heav'n, 'tis Reaſon's ſelf
The kin of deity.

Brooke's Guſtavus Vaſa.

Why am I left unfree to chuſe—yet preſs'd
To tell thee my decliſion?—The compell'd
To yield, diſgrace conſent, and make faith doubtful:
Kings ſhould diſdain to dread their powerful foes,
Leſs ſhould they deign to ſwell the pride of we
ones.
I am a captive. He who holds not freedom
Has not his will his own—and chuſes nothing.

Hill's Merope.

FRIEND.

——————————Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to ſicken and decay,
It uſes an inforc'd ceremony:
There are no tricks in plain and ſimple faith.
But hollow men, like horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew and promiſe of their metal;
But when they ſhould endure the bloody ſpur,
They fall their creſt, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæſar

The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each unfledg'd unhatch'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't, that the oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.
Take each man's cenſure, but reſerve thy judgment.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend:
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry.
This above all, to thine own ſelf be true,
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'ſt not then be falſe to any man.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

——True happineſs
Conſiſts not in a multitude of friends,
But in their worth and choice. Nor would I have
Virtue a popular regard purſue:
Let them be good that love me, tho' but few.

B. Johnson's Cynthia's Revels.

——I had a friend that lov'd me:
I was his ſoul: He liv'd not but in me.
We were ſo clos'd within each other's breaſt,
The rivets were not found that join'd us firſt,
That does not reach us yet: We were ſo mix'd,
As meeting ſtreams; both to ourſelves were loſt.
We were one maſs; we could not give or take,
But from the ſame; for he was I, I he.
Return, my better half, and give me all myſelf,
For thou art all!
If I have any joy when thou art abſent,
I grudge it to myſelf: Methinks I rob
Thee of thy part.

Dryden's All for Love.

Had you a friend, ſo deſperately ſick
That all phyſicians had forſook his cure,

All scorch'd without, and all parch'd up within,
The moisture that maintain'd consuming nature
Lick'd up, and in a fever fry'd away,
Could you behold him beg, with dying eyes,
A glass of water, and refuse it him,
Because you know it ill for his disease?
When he would die without it, how could you
Deny to make his death more easy to him?

Dryden's Rival Ladies.

Thus from our infancy we hand in hand
Have trod the path of life in love together.
One bed has held us, and the same desires,
The same aversion still employ'd our thoughts:
Whene'er had I a friend that was not Polydore's,
Or Polydore a foe that was not mine?

Otway's Orphan.

Neither has any thing he calls his own,
But of each other's joys as griefs partaking,
So very honestly, so well they love,
As they were only for each other born. *Ibid.*

Thou brother of my choice, a band more sacred
Than Nature's brittle tie: By holy friendship,
Glory and Fame stood still for thy arrival;
My soul seem'd wanting of its better half,
And languished for thy absence; like a prophet
That waits th' inspiration of his God.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

——————When we lose a friend,
'Tis like an eye pluck'd from its bleeding orb.
No more the other holds the joy of sight,
But, ceaseless, weeps till it grows blind with anguish.

Savage's Sir Thomas Overbury.

——————Art thou not half myself?
One faith has ever bound us, and one reason
Guided our wills.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Who

Who knows the joys of friendſhip?
The truſt, ſecurity and mutual tenderneſs,
The double joys, where each is glad for both?
Friendſhip, our only wealth, our laſt retreat and ſtrength,
Secure againſt ill fortune and the world? *Ibid.*

We, Marcus, will be ever friends! A friend
Outweighs th' indulgence of a ſhort-liv'd joy.
Cibber's Cæſar in Egypt.

As fire and water are of common uſes,
As in their kinds eſſential for ſupport;
So is a friend, juſt ſuch a friend as you;
The joys of life are heighten'd by a friend;
The woes of life are leſſen'd by a friend;
In all the cares of life, we by a friend
Aſſiſtance find—Who'd be without a friend?
Wandesford's Fatal Love.

Thou think'ſt me, ſure, that abject ſlave thou art,
A ſtranger to the ſacred laws of friendſhip,
Whom generous ſentiments could never warm.
Shall I, becauſe the waves begin to ſwell,
And gathering clouds portend the riſing ſtorm,
Deſert my friend and poorly fly to ſhore?
Let them come on, and rattle o'er my head:
To the full tempeſt's rage expos'd together,
Safe in the bark of Innocence we'll ride,
Outbrave the billows, and deride their tumult.
Frowde's Philotas.

When I forſake thee, may the good man's bleſſing,
His greateſt comfort in the day of ſickneſs,
The conſciouſneſs of having paſs'd his time
Blameleſs in Reaſon's eye, forſake me quite.
In war or exile, I am ſtill your friend;
Nor will I leave you for the ſmiles of courts.
Cooke's Triumphs of Love and Honour.

A friend, who can, and does not ſhield, betrays me.
Thomson's Coriolanus.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affair of love;
Therefore all hearts in love uſe their own tongues:
Let ev'ry eye negociate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent; for Beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.
SHAKESPEARE's Much ado about Nothing.

Be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus,
Were I a common laughter, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſter, if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know,
That I profeſs myſelf in banquetting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
SHAKESPEARE's Julius Cæſar.

Alex. Riſe all, and thou, my ſecond ſelf, my love,
O my Hepheſtion, raiſe thee from the earth
Up to my breaſt, and hide thee in my heart:
Art thou grown cold? Why hang thy arms at diſtance?
Hug me, or, by Heav'n, thou loveſt me not.
Heph. Not love my lord! Break not the heart you fram'd,
And moulded up to ſuch an excellence;
Then ſtamp'd on it your own immortal image.
Not love the king! Such is not woman's love!
So fond a friendſhip, ſuch a ſacred flame
As I muſt doubt to find in breaſts above.
Alex. Thou do'ſt, thou lov'ſt me, crown of all my wars!
Thou dearer to me than my groves of laurels!
I know thou lov'ſt thy Alexander more
Than Clytus loves the king. No tears, Hepheſtion!
I read thy paſſion in thy manly eyes,
And glory in thoſe planets of my life,

Above

Above the rival lights that ſhine in Heav'n.
I'll tell thee, friend, and mark it all ye princes,
Tho' never mortal man arriv'd to ſuch
A height as I, yet I would forfeit all,
Caſt all my purples, and my conquer'd crowns,
And die to ſave this darling of my ſoul.

Lee's Alexander.

——In their nonage, a ſympathy
Unuſual join'd their loves:
They pair'd like turtles; ſtill together drank,
Together eat, nor quarrell'd for the choice.
Like twinining ſtreams both from one fountain fell,
And as they ran ſtill mingled ſmiles and tears.

Lee's Caſar Borgia.

——By Heav'n I love
My Polydore beyond all worldly joys,
And would not ſhock his quiet, to be bleſt
With greater happineſs than man e'er taſted.

Otway's Orphan.

——There's virtue in thy friendſhip
Would make the ſaddeſt tale of ſorrow pleaſing,
Strengthen my conſtancy, and welcome ruin.

Otway's Venice Preſerv'd.

——Friendſhip's the privilege
Of private men; for wretched greatneſs knows
No bleſſing ſo ſubſtantial.

Tate's Loyal General.

He lov'd me well; ſo well he could but die
To ſhew he lov'd me better than his life:
He loſt it for me.

Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

Friendſhip is power and riches all to me;
Friendſhip's another element of life:
Water and fire not of more general uſe
To the ſupport and comfort of the world,

Than Friendſhip to the being of my joy;
I would do every thing to ſerve a friend.
Southern's Fate of Capua.

Live, live, and reign for ever in my boſom,
Safe and unrival'd there poſſeſs thy own.
And you, ye brighteſt of the ſtars above,
Ye ſaints that once were women here below,
Be witneſs of the truth, the holy friendſhip,
Which here to this my other ſelf I vow;
If I not hold her nearer to my ſoul
Than every other joy the world can give,
Let poverty, deformity, and ſhame,
Diſtraction and deſpair ſeize me on earth;
Let not my faithleſs ghoſt have peace hereafter,
Nor taſte the bliſs of your celeſtial friendſhip.
Rowe's Jane Shore.

Friendſhip is above the reach of fortune,
Not to be rated from the blind events
Of giddy Chance.
Tate's Abramule.

Friendſhip is ſtill accompany'd with Virtue,
And always lodg'd in great and gen'rous minds;
But 'tis a ſtranger to ſuch breaſts as ours.
True, we can join in factions and cabals,
And form conſpiracies; but ſtill the bond
Which holds our mercenary ſouls together,
Is our own intereſt. *Ibid.*

Marcus, the friendſhips of the world are oft
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleaſure:
Ours has ſevereſt virtue for its baſis;
And ſuch a friendſhip ends not but with life.
Addison's Cato.

Who ſhall compare Love's mean and groſs deſire,
To the chaſte zeal of Friendſhip's ſacred fire?
By whining love our weakneſs is confeſt,
But ſtronger friendſhip ſhews a virtuous breaſt.

In

In Folly's heart the ſhort-liv'd blaze may glow,
Wiſdom alone can purer friendſhip know.
Love is a ſudden blaze which ſoon decays,
Friendſhip is like the ſun's eternal rays:
Not daily benefits exhauſt the flame,
It ſtill is giving, and ſtill burns the ſame.

Gay's Dione.

Oft their profeſſions are the arts of intereſt!
You'll find the friendſhip of the world a ſhow!
Meer outward ſhow! 'Tis like the harlot's tears,
The ſtateſman's promiſe, or falſe patriot's zeal,
Full of fair ſeeming, but deluſion all.

Savage's Sir Thomas Overbury.

Friendſhip's dear ties for gen'rous ſouls were made,
When they relax, black woes our peace invade:
Friendſhip from every ill can life defend,
Our guardian angel's but a faithful friend. *Ibid.*

Friendſhip, thou greateſt happineſs below!
The world would be a deſart, but for thee;
And man himſelf, a nobler ſort of brute:
Wherefore did Heav'n our god-like reaſon give?
To make the charms of converſation ſweet;
To open and unboſom all our woes:
For life's ſure medicine is a faithful friend.

Tracy's Periander.

Friendſhips that are not founded upon virtue
Deſerve no better names than leagues in vice.
What ſeeks the drunkard in his beſt-lov'd friend?
A brain to bear, a thirſt by wine unſlack'd.
What he, who gives the rein to wanton joys?
Some wretch of morals diſſ'lute as himſelf.
Thus our own appetites confirm the choice;
And when we think we ſeal a man our friend,
And moſt approve him, we approve ourſelves.

Frowde's Philotas.

Thou ſpeak'ſt him as humanity exacts
From man to man, and not like biaſs'd friendſhip.
Friendſhip, that fondly ſees but half our faults,
And multiplies our virtues.

Havard's Standerbeg.

Friendſhip?—I have too deeply read mankind
To be amus'd with friendſhip; 'tis a name
Invented merely to betray credulity:
'Tis intercourſe of intereſts—not of ſouls
Betwixt the wiſe; and when the fool will deal,
He only purchaſes a lot of air
Yet pays his wife, or Fortune, for the bargain.

Havard's Regulus.

The two firm rocks on which all friendſhips ſtand,
Are love of freedom, and our country's glory;
Piety, valour, and paternal love
Form the ariſing pile: The other virtues
Candour, beneficence, and moral truſt,
Are ſuperſtructures, and adorn the dome. *Ibid.*

Reproach or mute diſguſt is the reward
Of candid friendſhip, that diſdains to hide
Unpalatable truth.

Smollet's Regicide.

——————————In life's firſt ſpring
Our green affections grew apace, and proſper'd;
The genial ſummer ſwell'd our joyful hearts,
To meet and mix each growing fruitful wiſh.
We're now embark'd upon that ſtormy flood
Where all the wiſe and brave are gone before us,
'Ere ſince the birth of Time, to meet Eternity.

Jones' Earl of Eſſex.

Friendſhip! A commerce between fools and knaves
Of ſordid flattery, and weak believing.

Francis's Conſtantine.

PROTESTATION *of* FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! thou art ſo near my heart, that thou may'ſt ſee
Its bottom; ſound its ſtrength and firmneſs to thee.
Otway's Venice Preſerv'd.

Oh my lov'd friend! till now I never knew
The pangs of parting friendſhip.
At diſtance I have taſted of the pain,
When the rude morn has ſunder'd us away
To our repoſe; but by my ſoul, I ſwear,
Ev'n then my eyes would drop a ſilent tear,
Repugnant ſtill to cloſe and ſhut out thee.
Lansdown's Jew of Venice.

Welcome, my worthy friend; my ſoul has pin'd
And mourn'd in ſecret for the want of thee;
By Heav'n I find I am but half myſelf,
When thou, my better part, art abſent from me:
For I, like lovers, with impatience wait,
Each moment think an age till you return.
Tracy's Periander.

O more than brother! O my nobler ſelf!
I ſwear by honour, by the ſacred inſtinct
That Nature kindled in my infant breaſt,
That taſte improv'd, and reaſon makes immoral;
My ſoul that languiſh'd for thee, finds her powers
Reſtor'd to health and vigour in thy preſence:
Not more refreſhing are the dews of Heaven
To Araby's dry deſart, than to me
Thy ſight and wiſh'd return.
Mallet's Muſtapha.

FROWN.

——All theſe wrongs
Have never made me ſour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my face.
Shakespeare's Richard II.

——He

——————He parted frowning from me;
So looks the chaf'd lion
Upon the daring huntſman, who has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing.

Shakespeare's Henry VIII.

Mark, my Sebaſtian, how that ſullen frown,
Like flaſhing lightning, opens angry Heav'n,
And while it kills, delights.

Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

FUGITIVE.

The great and free, when fugitives, are ſlaves;
And where they ſeek protection, find their graves.

Cibber's Cæſar in Egypt.

FUTURE STATE.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obſtructions, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods; or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds;
Or blown with reſtleſs violence about
The pendent world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe that lawleſs and uncertain thought
Imagine howling: 'Tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That pain, age, penury, and impriſonment,
Can lay on Nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.

Shakespeare's Meaſure for Meaſure.

The thought of death to one near death is dreadful!
Oh! 'tis a fearful thing to be no more!
Or if to be, to wander after death;
To walk as ſpirits do, in brakes all day,

And

And when the darkneſs comes, to glide in paths
That lead to graves, and in the ſilent vault,
Where lies your own pale ſhroud, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden corps,
And often, often, vainly breath your ghoſt
Into your lifeleſs lips:
Then, like a lone benighted traveller,
Shut out from lodgings, ſhall your groans be anſwer'd,
By whiſtling winds, whoſe every blaſt ſhakes
Your tender form to atoms. *Ibid.*

That I did love thee, Cæſar, oh! 'tis true;
If then thy ſpirit looks upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To ſee thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Moſt nobly in the preſence of thy corſe?
Shakespeare's Julius Cæſar.

In th' other world our ſouls ſhall there be mixt:
Who knows but there our joys may be compleat,
A happy father thou and I perhaps
The ſmiling mother of ſome little gods.
Lee's Mithridates.

——————————If I muſt die,
Why then there's one day leſs for human ills:
And who wou'd moan himſelf for ſuff'ring that,
Which in a day muſt paſs ſomething or nothing?
I ſhall be what I was again, before
I was Adraſtus.
Lee's Oedipus.

They talk of heroes, and celeſtial beauties,
And wond'rous pleaſures in the other world. *Ibid.*

O bliſsful proſpect of a future ſtate!
Delightful ecſtaſy in thoughts of death!
Methinks thro' all the vaſt and verdant meads,
No roſe lies blaſted, and no myrtle fades,

But

But ever blooms
Thro' all Elyſium, all the flow'ry groves.
Hopkins's Pyrrhus.

Methinks I'm more at eaſe now Death approaches,
Secure of any future ſeparation
From her I love.
We ſoon ſhall meet never to part again;
In that my hopes are center'd, and by that
Imagination wound ſo high, that now
My ſoul intent on Paradiſe in her,
Even on the rack its firmneſs ſhall maintain,
All wrapt in thought and negligent of pain.
Trap's Abramule.

——When thy great ſoul has left
Thy tortur'd body, ſtay a moment for me
Hover a while in this inferior region,
I ſhall o'ertake thee, ſon. *Ibid.*

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cauſe expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd: The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Tho' ſtill by faction, vice, and fortune croſs'd,
Shall find the generous labour was not loſt.
Addison's Cato.

——The gods are always juſt:
And tho' we never meet again on earth——
Thou know'ſt there is a place—a deſtin'd place,
Where honeſty and virtue ſhall revive;
There every ſenſe ſhall be abſorb'd in thought,
The contemplation of our heav'nly eſſence;
Where the firſt mover ſhall himſelf inſtil
Divine inſtruction;—Where uncloy'd we taſte
The banquet of the ſoul, the feaſt of gods;
Where no misfortune enters, where no care
Sends forth the anxious ſigh, but all is peace,
Fullneſs of pleaſure, and eternal joy.
Havard's Regulus.

FUTURITY.

To be, or not to be? that is the queſtion——
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
The ſtings and arrows of outragious fortune,
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And, by oppoſing, end them? To die! to ſleep
No more! and by a ſleep to ſay we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand nat'ral ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to! 'Tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die! to ſleep!
To ſleep, perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub;
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffl'd off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe. There's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of Time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrongs, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardles bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE's *Hamlet.*

Think

Think, timely think, on the laſt dreadful day,
How you will tremble there, to ſtand expos'd
The foremoſt in the rank of guilty ghoſts
That muſt be doom'd for murder! Think on murder!
That troop is plac'd apart from common crimes;
The damn'd themſelves ſtart wide, and ſhun that band,
As far more black, and more forlorn than they.
'Tis terrible, it ſhakes, it ſtaggers me;
I know this truth, but I repell'd the thought.
Sure there is none but fears a future ſtate;
And when the moſt obdurate ſwear they do not,
Their trembling hearts belye their boaſting tongues.
Dryden's Spaniſh Fryar.

Thus men too careleſs of their future ſtate,
Diſpute, know nothing, and repent too late.
Dryden's Duke of Guiſe.

Divines but peep on undiſcover'd worlds,
And draw the diſtant landſkip as they pleaſe:
But who has e'er return'd from thoſe bright regions,
To tell their manners, and relate their laws?
Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

This is the houſe of death! The dreary tomb
Of Egypt's ancient kings! What now remains
Of all their glory, but theſe mould'ring piles,
And theſe imperfect, mutilated forms
Of what they were? The period of my fate
Will ſoon be clos'd. An undiſtinguiſh'd blank,
Perhaps ſucceeds. What then! To know it not,
Is not to be unhappy. Yet the ſoul
Looks thro' the gloomy portal of the grave,
To happier ſcenes of immortality.
O let not ſuch a pleaſing hope be vain!
Eternity, thou awful gulph of time,
This wide creation on thy ſurface floats.
Of life—of death—what is, or what ſhall be,
I nothing know. The world is all a dream,
The conſciouſneſs of ſomething that exiſts,

Yet is not what it ſeems. Then what am I?
Death muſt unfold the myſtery!

Dowe's Sethona.

Oh! then be cautious, for the beſt are frail!
Venture not raſhly on an unknown being——
Ev'n the moſt perfect ſhun the brink of death,
And ſhudder at the proſpect of futurity.

Sirack's Sir Thomas Overbury.

GALLANTRY.

GALLANTRY, though a faſhionable crime, is a very deteſtable one; and the wretch who pilfers from us in the hour of diſtreſs is an innocent character compared to the plunderer who wantonly robs us of happineſs and reputation.

Kelly's Word to the Wiſe.

GAMING.

Huſh, pretty boy, thy hopes might have been better;
'Tis loſt at dice, what ancient honour won;
Hard, when the father plays away the ſon.

Shakespeare's Yorkſhire Tragedy.

GARB.

How graceful is the garb of wretchedneſs
When worn by Virtue? Faſhions turn to Folly;
Their colours tarniſh, and their pomps grow poor,
To her magnificence.

Brooke's Guſtavus Vaſa.

GENE-

GENEROSITY.

The truly generous is the truly wise;
And he who loves not others, lives unbleſt.

Home's Douglas.

GENERAL.

——————Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, praiſe and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and viſits all his hoſt;
Bids them good morrow, with a modeſt ſmile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freſhly looks and over-bears attaint,
With chearful ſemblance and ſweet majeſty:
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,
His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear.

Shakespeare's King Henry V.

——————We may conſider
The Carthaginian general, is a man
Worn with employments into much decay
Of ſtrength and years. Like an aged oak that long
Hath fought with tempeſts, and withſtood the rage
Of burning air, now yields to every guſt
A bough or arm, till one more violent
Shatters the dried limbs, or quite roots it up.

Nabbes's Hannibal and Scipio.

GENTLEMAN.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
SHAKESPEARE's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Nor ſtand ſo much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's duſt and bones: and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.
B. JOHNSON's Every Man in his Humour.

For your behaviour, let it be free and
Negligent; not clogg'd with ceremony
Or obſervance: Give no man honour, but
Upon equal terms; for look how much thou
Giv'ſt any man above that, ſo much thou
Tak'ſt from thyſelf: he that will once give the
Wall, ſhall be quickly thruſt into the kennel:
Meaſure not thy carriage by any man's eye;
Thy ſpeech by no man's ear: but be reſolute
And confident in doing and ſaying;
And this is the grace of a right gentleman.
CHAPMAN's May Day.

I am a gentleman; and by my birth
Companion with a king; a king's no more.
I am poſſeſs'd of many fair revenues,
Sufficient to maintain a gentleman.
Touching my mind, I'm ſtudy'd in all arts;
The riches of my thoughts, and of my time,
Have been a good proficient.
Heywood's Woman kill'd with Kindneſs.

He is a noble gentleman; withal
Happy in's endeavour's; the gen'ral voice

Sound

Sounds him for courteſy, behaviour, language,
And ev'ry fair demeanor, an example:
Titles of honour add not to his worth,
Who is himſelf an honour to his title.

Ford's Lady's Trial.

——————————I am
A gentleman free-born; I never wore
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed
Upon their after-meals: I never crouch'd
To th' offal of an office-promis'd
Reward for long attendance, and then miſt.
I read no difference between this huge,
This monſtrous big word, lord, and gentleman,
More than the title ſounds; for aught I learn,
The latter is as noble as the firſt;
I'm ſure more ancient. *Ibid.*

GENTLEWOMAN.

Noble ſhe is by birth, made good by virtue,
Exceeding fair, and her behaviour to it,
Is like a ſingular muſician
To a ſweet inſtrument; or elſe as doctrine
Is to the ſoul, that puts it into act,
And prints it full of admirable forms,
Without which 'twere an empty, idle flame.
Her eminent judgment to diſpoſe thoſe parts,
Sits on her brow, and holds a ſilver ſceptre,
With which ſhe keeps time to the ſeveral muſics,
Plac'd in the ſacred concert of her beauties:
Love's complete armoury is manag'd in her,
To ſtir affection, and the diſcipline
To check and to affright it from attempting
Any attaint might diſproportion her,
Or make her graces leſs than circular;
Yet even her carriage is as far from coyneſs
As from immodeſty; in play, in dancing,
In ſuffering courtſhip, in requiting kindneſs,
In uſe of places, hours, and companies,

Free

Free as the ſun, and nothing more corrupted;
As circumſpect as Cynthia in her vows,
And conſtant as the centre to obſerve them:
Ruthful, and bounteous, never fierce nor dull,
In all her courſes ever at the full.

Chapman's Monſieur D'Olive.

She is of the beſt blood, yet betters it
With all the graces of an excellent ſpirit:
Mild as the infant roſe, and innocent
As when Heav'n lent her us. Her mind, as well
As face, is yet a paradiſe untainted
With blemiſhes, or the ſpreading weeds of vice.

Baron's Mirza.

GHOST.

Art thou ſome god, ſome angel, or ſome devil,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæſar.

It faded at the crowing of the cock,
And ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful ſummons.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from Heaven, or blaſts from Hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comeſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee. Oh! anſwer me;
Let me not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in earth,
Have burſt their cearments? Why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly interr'd,
Has op'd its ponderous and marble jaws,
To let thee out again? What may this mean,
That thou, dear corſe, again in complete ſteel
Revifit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the morn,

Making

Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
2. I am thy father's ſpirit,
Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to faſt in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. *Ibid.*

——————————If parted ſouls
Can leave the midnight caverns dark and damp
Where ſleeps their mould'ring duſt, to walk on earth,
This very now, the ſpectre of a man
(It bore the ſemblance of my buried father)
Stalk'd pale and terrible athwart my ſight!
And glar'd a look of anger as it paſs'd!
* * * * * * * I ſaw it plain.
In my lone tent, deep murmurs ſtruck mine ear,
From airy voices whiſpering thro' the gloom.
I liſten'd—When at once a wave of flame
Burſt, dimly flaſhing round me, and diſclos'd
The hideous viſion.
Mallet's Muſtapha.

GIFT

Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words;
Dumb jewels often in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.
Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Your gift is princely, but it comes too late,
And falls, like ſun-beams, on a blaſted bloſſom.
Suckling's Brennoralt.

GLORY.

GLORY.

Glory is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge itſelf,
Till by broad ſpreading it diſperſe to nought.

Shakespeare's Henry VI.

——————There's not a homely peaſant,
If grac'd with innocence, tho' nurs'd in toil,
But boaſts more glory than a tainted grandeur.

Savage's Sir Thomas Overbury.

——————————Real glory
Springs from the ſilent conqueſt of ourſelves;
And without that the conqueror is nought
But the firſt ſlave.

Thomson's Sophoniſba.

O Glory! how deceitful is thy view!
Such are thy charms, that o'er th' uncertain way
Of Vice and Faction, thou, to hide the danger,
Doſt to the outward eye ſhew fair appearance;
And then, too late looks backward to the path
Of long neglected Virtue.

Havard's King Charles I.

Glory, tho' deaf to dying groans in war,
May lend a pitying ear to peace unſoil'd.

Cibber's King John.

Can brave Leontius be the ſlave of Glory?
Glory, the caſual gift of thoughtleſs crouds!
Glory, the bribe of avaritious Virtue!

S. Johnson's Irene.

——————————Diſeaſe confers
The ſtamp of value upon Health; and Glory
Is the faireſt child of Peril.

Smollet's Regicide.

GOD.

It is not ſo with him that all things knows
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gueſs by ſhews;
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of Heav'n we count the act of men.
SHAKESPEARE's All's Well that Ends Well.

It did pleaſe the gods who inſtruct the people,
And their unqueſtioned pleaſures muſt be ſerv'd.
They know what's fitter for us than ourſelves;
And 'twere impiety to think againſt them.
B. JOHNSON's Catalin.

Tho' all the doors are ſure, and all our ſervants
As ſure bound with their ſleeps, yet their is one
That wakes above, whoſe eye no ſleep can bind.
He ſees thro' doors, and darkneſs, and our thoughts;
And therefore as we ſhould avoid with fear,
To think amiſs ourſelves before his ſearch,
So ſhould we be as cautious to ſhun
All cauſe, that others think not ill of us.
CHAPMAN's Baſſy D'Ambois.

Gods nought foreſee, but ſee; for to their eyes
Nought is to come, or paſt; nor are you vile,
Becauſe the gods foreſee; for God, not we,
Sees as things are; things are not, as we ſee.
MARSTON's Sophoniſba.

——————————For Nature
Never did bring forth a man without a man;
Nor could the firſt man, being but
The paſſive ſubject, not the active mover,
Be the maker of himſelf; ſo, of neceſſity,
There muſt be a power ſuperior to Nature.
TOURNEUR's Atheiſts Tragedy.

That mind muſt ſurely err, whoſe narrow ſcope
Confines religion to a place or clime;

A power unknown, that actuates the world,
Whose eye is just, whose ev'ry thought is wisdom,
Regards alone the tribute of the heart;
Pride in his awful sight shrinks back appall'd;
Humility is eldest born of Virtue,
And claims her birth-right at the throne of Heav'n.
Murphy's Zobeide.

GOLD

See AVARICE *and* MISER.

Gold! yellow, glitt'ring, precious gold!
Gold that will make black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant:
Ha! you gods! why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench.
Shakespeare's Timon of Athens.

O, thou sweet-killer, and dear divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,
That lies on Dian's lap; thou visible god
That soulder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss; that speak'st with ev'ry tongue
To ev'ry purpose! Oh! thou touch of hearts,
Think thy slave man rebels; and by that virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire. *Ibid.*

——————'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth, yea, and makes
Diana's rangers falſe themſelves, and yield up
Their deer to the ſtand of the ſtealers; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and ſaves the thief;
Nay, ſometimes hangs both thief and true man.
What can it not do and undo?

Shakespeare's Cymbeline.

——————Tempting gold alone
In this our age more marriages completes
Than Virtue, Merit, or the force of Love.
'Tis not th' external ſweetneſs of the face,
Th' inward excellence of a virtuous mind,
The juſt behaviour, and the graceful mein,
With all th' endowments Nature can beſtow,
Can pleaſe the wretch whoſe riches are his god,
Who'd rather ranſack Indian mines for gold
Than revel in ſome matchleſs beauty's arms:
For which, may he ne'er taſte the joys it yields,
But, as a Midas, wallowing in his ſtore,
Like him be curſt amidſt his heaps of wealth.

Wandesford's Fatal Love.

O Jove, why didſt thou fix thy unerring ſtamp
On gold, to mark the adulterate from the true,
And gaveſt no token to diſtinguiſh man
From man; the righteous from the baſe allay.

Ch. Johnson's Medæa.

For gold, they want it moſt, who have it moſt;
Yet is it known a ſmooth-tongu'd orator:
All the gods ſecond thoſe, whom Fortune bleſſes.

Ibid.

O gold! wer't not for thee, what great deſign,
What bold ambition, that outſtretches juſtice,
Could have ſucceſs? Thou buy'ſt our very prayers:
Thou art the heart of Oppoſition,
And the tooth of Faction. Wer't not for thy aid,
Succeſ

Succeſs wou'd vary like the uncertain wind,
And Honeſty might proſper!

Havard's Charles I.

Ye gilded ſlaves of Avarice and Power,
Who hug ev'n Bondage, in the ſhape of gold!
Look backwards to Dentatus' great example,
Whoſe beſt ambition was to ſerve his country;
From Pyrrhus' breaſt what honours did he tear!
His armies routed, and himſelf expell'd,
Driv'n like an outcaſt from Italian land:
And when the ſenate, for his glorious deed,
Thinking his triumph (tho' by far more grand
Than e'er reach'd Rome on wings of acclamation)
Too poor to ſpeak their gratitude, decreed,
That tho' no Roman could poſſeſs in land
Above ſeven acres, he ſhould be excepted
And up to fifty ſwell'd the laviſh grant:
Did he accept the offer of the ſenate?
Did he not tell them—that, with juſtice, Rome
Might, with a jealous eye behold the man
Who aim'd at more poſſeſſions than the reſt,
And ſtood the foremoſt in Diſtinction's rank?

Havard's Regulus.

The luſt of gold ſucceeds the luſt of conqueſt:
The luſt of gold, unfeeling and remorſeleſs!
The laſt corruption of degenerate man!

S. Johnson's Irene.

GRATITUDE.

——————I've five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſaved under your father,
Which I did ſtore to be my foſter-nurſe
When ſervice in my old limbs lie lame
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that—and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold,

All this I give you, let me be your ſervant;
Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;
Nor did with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly—Let me go with you,
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Shakespeare's As you like it.

The benefits he ſow'd in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increaſe; and I ſtill glory in it:
And tho' my fortune's poor, compar'd to his,
And Milan weigh'd with France, appear as nothing,
Tho' domains, goodly and fair to all,
Are in thy fury burnt: Let it be mention'd
They ſerv'd but as ſmall tapers to attend
The ſolemn flame at this great funeral:
And with them I will gladly waſte myſelf,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being baſe or unthankful.

Massinger's Duke of Milan.

I find a pious gratitude diſperſe
Within my ſoul; and every thought of him
Ingenders a warm ſigh within me, which,
Like curls of holy incenſe, overtake
Each other in my boſom, and inlarge
With their embrace his ſweet remembrance.

Shirley's Brothers.

He that hath nature in him, muſt be grateful;
'Tis the Creator's primary great law
That links the chain of beings to each other,
Joining the greater to the leſſer nature,

Tyr

Tying the weak and ſtrong, the poor and pow'rful,
Subduing men to brutes, and ev'n brutes to men.
Madden's Themiſtocles.

The wretch whom Gratitude once fails to bind,
To Truth or Honour let him lay no claim;
But ſtand confeſs'd the brute diſguis'd in man.
And when we wou'd, with utmoſt deteſtation,
Single ſome monſter from the traitor-herd,
'Tis but to ſay, Ingratitude's his crime.
Frowde's Philotas.

When Gratitude o'erflows the ſwelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praiſe
For benefits receiv'd: propitious Heaven
Takes ſuch acknowledgment as fragrant incenſe,
And doubles all its bleſſings.
Lyllo's Elmerick.

——————Do thou repay the gift,
Leſt unrewarded mercy loſe its charms.
Profuſe of wealth, or bounteous of ſucceſs,
When Heav'n beſtows the privilege to bleſs;
Let no weak doubt the gen'rous hand reſtrain,
For when was pow'r beneficent in vain!
S. Johnson's Irene.

There is a ſelfiſhneſs even in gratitude, when it is too profuſe: To be over thankful for any one favour, is in effect to lay out for another.
Cumberland's Weſt Indian.

——————To the generous mind
The heavieſt debt is that of gratitude,
When 'tis not in our power to repay it.
Franklin's Matilda.

GRAVE.

——————The reconciling grave
Swallows diſtinction firſt, that made us foes,
That all alike lie down in peace together.

Southern's Fatal Marriage.

What will they then avail him in the grave?
His various policies, refin'd devices,
His ſubtle wit, his quick capacious thought?
Will they go with him to the grave? No, no!
Why then ſhould he be proud?

Martyn's Timoleon.

——————Shall I not reſt
Within the peaceful tomb, where I may ſleep
In calm oblivion, and forget the wrecks
Of ſtormy life—No ſounds diſturb the grave,
Of murder'd huſbands! Or the diſmal ſcream
Of infants periſhing.

Smollet's Regicide.

GRAVITY.

——————I tell thee what, Antonio,
There a ſort of men whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhou'd ſay, I am Sir Oracle;
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.
Oh, my Antonio! I do know of thoſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing.

Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.

GREATNESS *or* MAGNITUDE.

Now climb'th Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of Fortune's ſhot, and ſits aloft,
Advanc'd above pale Envy's threat'ning reach,
As when the golden ſun ſalutes the morn,
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the Zodiack in his glitt'ring coach,
And overlooks the higheſt piercing hills.

Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus.

He doth beſtride the narrow world,
Like a Coloſſus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæſar.

He like a pyramid revers'd is grown,
Ev'n from a point, to the moſt dreadful greatneſs,
His very name already ſhakes the world.

Lee's Theodoſius.

Now more mountains riſe, more rivers flow,
And more ſtars ſhine in my ſtill growing empire.
The ſun himſelf ſurveys it not at once,
But travels for the view, whilſt far disjoin'd,
My ſubjects live unheard of by each other;
Theſe wrapt in ſhades, whilſt thoſe enjoy the light,
Their day is various, but their king the ſame.

Young's Buſiris.

GREATNESS *or* POWER. *See* SCORN. *See* EMPEROR *and* EMPIRE. *See* VICISSITUDE.

Oh place! Oh form!
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie their wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming?

Shakespeare's Meaſure for Meaſure.

——Could great men thunder,
As Jove himſelf doth, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting petty officer
Would uſe his Heav'n for thunder:
Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heav'n!
Thou rather with thy ſharp and ſulph'rous bolt
Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle: O, but man! proud man!
Dreſt'd in a little brief authority,
Moſt ignorant of what lies moſt aſſur'd,
But glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtic tricks before high Heav'n,
As make the angels weep; who with our ſpleens
Would all themſelves laugh mortal. *Ibid.*

I have touched the higheſt point of all my greatneſs:
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haſte now to my ſetting. I ſhall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the ev'ning,
And no man ſee me more.

Shakespeare's Henry VIII.

Farewel, a long farewel to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt;
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: My high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes favours!
There is, betwixt that ſmile he wou'd aſpire to,

That

That ſweet aſpect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war and women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. My good Cromwell,
I know myſelf now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A ſtill and quiet conſcience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from theſe ſhoulders,
Theſe ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would ſink a navy: too much honour.
Oh! 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for Heav'n.
No ſun ſhall uſher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops, that waited
On my ſmiles. Go, get thee from me Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and maſter. Seek the king;
(That ſun, I pray may never ſet) I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee,
Some little memory of me will ſtir him.
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful ſervice periſh too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make uſe now, and provide
For thine own future ſafety.

Crom. O, my lord!
Muſt I then leave you? muſt I needs forego
So good, ſo noble, and ſo true a maſter?
Bear witneſs all that have not hearts of iron,
With what ſorrow Cromwell leaves his lord:
The king ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever ſhall be yours.

Wolſey. Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries; but now thou haſt found me
Out of thy honeſt truth to play the woman—
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me muſt more be heard, ſay then I taught thee:
Say, Wolſey, that once trod the ways of glory,

And founded all the depths and ſhoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to riſe in;
A ſure and ſafe one, tho' thy maſter miſs'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man then,
(The image of his maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt; cheriſh thoſe hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honeſty;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To ſilence envious tongues: Be juſt, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's. Then if thou fall'ſt, Oh,
Cromwell!
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the king;
And prythee, lead me in——
There, take an inventory of all I have
To the laſt penny; 'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heav'n, is all
I dare call now my own. Oh, Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal
I ſerv'd my king, he would not in my age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of court; my hopes in Heav'n do dwell.
Ibid.

If, as philoſophers lays down the maxim,
The real greatneſs of a human ſoul,
Muſt, 'ere its value's known, be try'd like gold,
Purg'd of its droſs, prov'd ſtandard by the furnace
Of deep afflictions, and refin'd by fire;
Who can ſupport the trial? He who dares,
(Spite of theſe rigid rules of learned dotage)
Throws off his being, and is more than man.
Buckingham's K. Hen. IV. of France.

We

We cannot weigh our brother with ourſelf:
Great men may jeſt with ſaints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the leſs foul prophanation. *Ibid.*

That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy. *Ibid.*

Greatneſs has its cankers, worms, and moths,
Bred out of too much humour, in the things
Which after they conſume, transferring quite
The ſubſtance of their makers into themſelves.
B. Johnson's Sejanus.

————Since by your greatneſs, you,
Are nearer Heav'n in place, be nearer it
In goodneſs. Rich men ſhould tranſcend the poor
As clouds th' earth; rais'd by the comfort of
The ſun, to water dry and barren grounds.
Tourneur's Atheiſt's Tragedy.

They that are great and worthy to be ſo,
Hide not their rays from meaneſt plants that grow.
Why is the ſun ſet on a throne ſo high,
But to give light to each inferior eye?
His radiant eyes diſtribute lively grace
To all according to their worth and place;
And from the humble ground theſe vapours drain,
Which are ſent down in fruitful drops of rain.
Sir John Beaumont's Boſworth Field.

————It is the curſe of greatneſs
To be its own deſtruction. So we ſee
That mountain cedars have the leaſt defence
'Gainſt ſtorms, when ſhrubs confront their violence.
Nabb's Hannibal and Scipio.

Greatneſs, thou gaudy torment of our ſouls,
The wiſe man's fetter, and the rage of fools.
Otway's Alcibiades.

I now

I now begin to loath all human greatneſs:
I'll fly all courts, and love ſhall be my guide;
Love, that's more worth than all the world beſide.
State grows uneaſy when it hinders love,
A glorious burden which the wiſe remove.
Whom Heaven would bleſs, from pomp it will remove,
And make their wealth in privacy and love.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Greatneſs, moſt envied when leaſt underſtood,
Thou art no real, but a ſeeming good;
Sick at the heart, thou in the face look'ſt well;
By thy exalted ſtate we only gain
To be more wretched than the vulgar can.

Sedley's Antony and Cleopatra.

How are we bandied up and down by fate,
By ſo much more unhappy, as we're great!

Otway's Don Carlos.

And when for air the goddeſs would unbind,
She's clogg'd with ſceptres, and to crowns confin'd.

Lee's Theodoſius.

——————For I diſdain
All pomp when thou art by: Far be the noiſe
Of kings and courts from us, whoſe gentle ſouls
Our kinder ſtars have ſteer'd another way.
Free as the foreſt birds we'll pair together,
Without rememb'ring who our fathers were;
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flow'ry meads,
And in ſoft murmurs interchange our ſouls;
Together drink the cryſtal of the ſtream,
Or taſte the yellow fruit which autumn yields:
And when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy beds, and ſleep till morn.

Ibid.

Oh! hard condition ours! twin-born with greatneſs!
What infinite heart's-eaſe does high birth loſe,
That the low world enjoys! and what boaſt we,

Save

Save ceremony, which low-life has not too?
And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?
What else but place, degree, and empty form?
What drink'ſt thou of, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flattery?—Oh! be ſick, vain Greatneſs,
And bid thy Ceremony give the cure!
Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it!—No, thou proud dream!
Laid in thy high-rais'd and majeſtic bed,
Thou ſleep'ſt leſs ſoundly than the wretched ſlave,
Who with full body and a vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread,
Never ſees horrid Night, that child of Hell!
But ſweats in the ſun's eye, from riſe to ſet;
And follows ſo the ever-rolling year,
With profitable labour to his grave!
And but for Ceremony ſuch a wretch
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Has greatly the advantage of a king!

Hill's Henry V.

Oh? Greatneſs! thou art but a flattering dream,
A watry bubble, lighter than the air.

Tracy's Periander.

Oh Greatneſs! bane of Virtue and Honour!
Sure great and good can never meet in one.
Who would not rather wiſh in homely cells,
Or meaneſt cottages to lead his life,
Where dwells Content, ineſtimable prize! *Ibid.*

——————What a ſcene
Of ſolemn mockery is all human grandeur!
Thus worſhipp'd, thus exalted by the breath
Of adulation, are my paſſions ſooth'd?
My ſecret pangs aſſwag'd? The peaſant-hind
Who drives his camel o'er the burning waſte,
With heat and hunger ſmote, knows happier days,
And ſounder nights than I.

Mallet's Muſtapha.

How

How happy they beneath the humble roof
Who live by nature, and by nature love!
Theirs is the calm, the peaceful ſtate of bliſs;
While venal grandeur, whoſe accurſt abode
The pleaſing god-head ſtill abhorrent flies,
Taſtes no true joys; and only ſeems to love,
Diſſembling, faithleſs, full of ſecret woes.

PATERSON's Arminius.

——————What a blindneſs
Is theirs of human grandeur! Give me, gods!
A cottage and concealment.

HILL's Merope.

My little ones! Come to your ſire's embrace:
'Tis all he can beſtow—In them behold
What human grandeur is—The peaſant's offſpring
Have ſome retreat, ſome ſafe, tho' lowly home:
But you, my babes, you have no habitation!

MALLET's Alfred.

Thrice happy they, who ſleep in humble life,
Beneath the ſtorm Ambition blows. 'Tis meet
The great ſhould have the fame of happineſs,
The conſolation of a little envy;
'Tis all their pay, for thoſe ſuperior cares,
Thoſe pangs of heart, their vaſſals ne'er can feel,

YOUNG's Brothers.

GRIEF.

————My grief lies all within,
And thoſe external manners of laments,
Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief
That ſwells with ſilence in my tortur'd ſoul:
There lies the ſubſtance.

SHAKESPEARE's Richard II.

Grief has ſo wrought upon him,
He takes falſe ſhadows for true ſubſtances.

SHAKESPEARE's Titus Andronicus.

My

My grief was at the height before thou cam'ſt,
And now like Nilus, it diſdaineth bounds. *Ibid.*

Give Sorrow words: The Grief that does not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Shakespeare's Macbeth.

'Tis no talone my inky cloke,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Together with all forms, modes, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed ſeem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which paſſes ſhow,
Theſe are but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.
Shakespeare's Hamlet.

——————But to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſs: 'Tis unmanly grief:
It ſhews a will moſt uncorrect to Heav'n,
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An underſtanding ſimple and unſchool'd.
For what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we in our peeviſh oppoſition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to Heav'n;
A fault againſt the dead; a fault to Nature;
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theme
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill have cry'd,
From the firſt corſe to his that died to-day,
This muſt be ſo. *Ibid.*

Thou think'ſt 'tis much that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin; ſo 'tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt: When the mind's free
The body's delicate. The tempeſt in my mind,

Doth

Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe
Save what beats there.

Shakespeare's King Lear.

I felt no ſorrows then, but now my grief,
Like feſt'ring wounds, grown cold, begins to ſmart,
The raging anguiſh gnaws and tears my heart.

Rochester's Valentinian.

Grief, tho' not cur'd, is eas'd by company.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Her ſtiff'ning grief,
Who ſaw her children ſlaughter'd all at once,
Is dull to mine.

Dryden's Oedipus.

The ſun, who with one look ſurveys the globe,
Sees not a wretch like me: And could the world
Take a right meaſure of my ſtate within,
Mankind muſt either pity me, or ſcorn me.

Dryden's Maiden Queen.

My ſoul lies hid in ſhades of grief,
Whence, like the bird of night, with half-ſhut eyes
She peeps, and ſickens at the ſight of day.

Dryden's Rival Ladies.

——————That I grieve, that's true,
But 'tis a grief of fury; no deſpair:
And if a manly drop or two fall down,
It ſcalds along my cheeks, like the green wood,
That ſputt'ring in the flame, works outward
Into tears.

Dryden's Cleomenes.

I have been in ſuch a diſmal place,
Where joy ne'er enters, which the ſun ne'er cheers;
Bound in with darkneſs, o'erſpread with damps;
Where I have ſeen (if I could ſay I ſaw)
The good old king, majeſtic in his bonds,
And 'midſt his griefs, moſt venerably great,

By

By a dim-winking lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy vapours: He lay ſtretch'd along
Upon th' unwholeſome earth, his eyes fixt upward,
And ever and anon a ſilent tear
Stole down, and trickled from his hoary beard;
My heart is wither'd at that pitcous ſight,
As early bloſſoms are with Eaſtern blaſts.
He ſent for me, and while I rais'd his head,
He threw his aged arms about my neck,
And, ſeeing that I wept, he preſs'd me cloſe;
So leaning cheek to cheek, and eyes to eyes,
We mingled tears in a dumb ſcene of ſorrow.

Dryden's Spaniſh Friar.

Oh! nothing now can pleaſe me:
Darkneſs and ſolitude, and ſighs, and tears,
And all the inſeparable train of grief,
Attend my ſteps for ever.

Dryden's Amphitryon.

There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which ſhames all clam'rous ſorrow.

Lee's Theodoſius.

I am dumb, as ſolemn ſorrow ought to be;
Could my griefs ſpeak, the tale would have no end.

Otway's Caius Marius.

All days to me henceforth are equal:
To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undiſtinguiſh'd roll, and but prolong
One hated line of more extended woe,

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

It is the wretch's comfort ſtill to have
Some ſmall reſerve of near and inward woe;
Some unſuſpected hoard of darling grief,
Which they, unſeen, may wail, and weep, and mourn,
And, glutton-like, devour alone. *Ibid.*

Time gives increaſe to my afflictions:
The circling hours, that gather all the woes

Which

Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving year,
Come heavy loaden with th' oppreſſive weight
To me; with me ſucceſſively they leave
The ſighs, the tears, the groans, the reſtleſs cares,
And all the damps of grief that did retard their flight;
They ſhake their downy wings, and ſcatter all
Their dire collected dews on my poor head,
Then fly with joy and ſwiftneſs from me. *Ibid.*

——————Oh, let us not ſupport,
But ſink each other down!
Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our eyes,
But prone and dumb, rot the firm face of earth
With rivers of inceſſant ſcalding rain. *Ibid.*

Why doſt thou heave, and riſe in thy grief?
Thy heart will burſt; thy eyes look red, and ſtart:
Give thy ſoul away, and tell me thy dark thought,
Thy ſecond ſelf ſhould feel each other's wound,
And woe ſhould be in equal portions dealt. *Ibid.*

For this I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change theſe black and diſmal robes,
Or ever dry theſe ſwoll'n and watry eyes,
Or ever taſte content, or peace of heart,
While I have life and thought of my Alphonſo.
Ibid.

That eating canker, Grief, with waſteful ſpight,
Preys on the roſy bloom of youth and beauty.
Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

His griefs have rent my aged heart aſunder;
Stretch'd on the damp unwholeſome earth he lies,
Nor had my prayers or tears the power to move him.
Now motionleſs as death, his eyes are fixt,
And then anon he ſtarts, and caſts them upwards,
And groaning, cries, I am th' accurs'd of Heav'n.
Rowe's Fair Penitent.

O, take me in a fellow-mourner with thee;
I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;

And when the fountains of thy eyes are dry,
Mine ſhall ſupply the ſtream, and weep for both.
Ibid.

No roſes bloom upon my fading cheek,
Nor laughing graces wanton in my eyes;
But haggard Grief, lean-looking, ſallow Care,
And pining Diſcontent, a rueful train
Dwell on my brow all hideous and forlorn.
Rowe's Jane Shore.

Now ſunk in grief, and pining with deſpair,
Her waning form no longer ſhall incite
Envy in woman, or deſire in man:
She never ſees the ſun, but thro' her tears;
And wakes to ſigh the live-long nights away. *Ibid.*

Might thy big ſwollen heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a looſe to ſorrow,
Marcia, could anſwer thee in ſighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.
Addison's Cato.

But know, young prince, that valour ſoars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction:
Theſe are not ills, elſe they would never fall
On Heaven's firſt fav'rites, and the beſt of men.
The gods in bounty work up ſtorms about us,
That give mankind occaſion to exert
Their hidden ſtrength, and throw out into practice
Virtues that ſhun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the ſmooth ſeaſons and the calms of life. *Ibid.*

Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our ſorrows,
But to the gods permit th' event of things:
Our lives diſcolour'd with the preſent woes,
May ſtill grow bright and ſmile with happier hours,
So the pure limpid ſtream, when foul with ſtains
Of ruſhing torrents, and deſcending rains,
Works itſelf clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror ſhines;

Reflect,

Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair boſom ſhows. *Ibid.*

A ſoul exaſperated in ills, falls out
With every thing, its friend, itſelf. *Ibid.*

What a rich feaſt the canker grief has made,
How has it ſuck'd the roſes of thy cheeks,
And drank the liquid cryſtal of thy eyes.
Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

Thou and thy ſorrows now are all at peace,
But I have woes, unnumbred woes to come:
If any aſk whoſe eyes are forc'd to ſee,
Unhallow'd view, a murder'd lover's corſe;
If any aſk whoſe arms expect to graſp
A dying father in a laſt embrace;
If any aſk what orphan's tongue muſt charm
The ghoſt of ſorrow in a widow'd mother,
Conduct him here. In me behold that wretch,
The ſcene and centre of all human grief. *Ibid.*

——————I ſaw her
Caſt on the ground, in mourning weeds ſhe lies,
Her torn and looſen'd treſſes ſhade her round,
Thro' which her face, all pale as ſhe were dead,
Gleams like a ſickly moon, too great her grief
For words or tears, but ever and anon,
After a dreadful ſtill inſidious calm,
Collecting all her breath, long, long ſuppreſs'd;
She ſobs her ſoul out in a lengthen'd groan,
So ſad it breaks the heart of all that hear,
And ſends her maids in agonies away.
Young's Buſiris.

——————A-while ſhe ſtood
Tranſform'd by grief to marble, and appear'd
Her own pale monument; but when ſhe breath'd
The ſecret anguiſh of her wounded ſoul,
So moving were the plaints, they wou'd have ſooth'd

The

The ſtooping falcon to ſuſpend his flight.
And ſpare his morning prey.

Fenton's Mariamne.

O grudge me not the dear repaſt of grief!
Grief is the only food my ſenſe can bear!
Love has reſign'd its fondneſs to Affliction,
Which with the ſame impatience ſeeks its object,
And thus would feed its woes with full deſpair.

Cibber's Cæſar in Egypt.

——————Ev'n grief becomes her!
Grief reigns with ſilent pleaſure in her face,
As if delighted to be dreſs'd in beauty.

Martyn's Timoleon.

Talk not to me of comfort, lord; talk to the waves
While o'er the troubled ocean, bellowing loud,
The ſtormy winds in wild contention blow;
And toſs the liquid mountain to the ſky.
Huſh them to peace, and then to me ſpeak comfort.

Frowde's Philotas.

'Tis impotent to grieve for what is paſt,
And unavailing to exclaim.

Havard's Scanderbeg.

Words will have way: Or grief, ſuppreſs'd in vain,
Would burſt its paſſage with th' outruſhing ſoul.

Hill's Alzira.

I prythee let me grieve! Is that deny'd me? No,
I will not be debarr'd the right of lamentation:
O that my wailings had the thunder's voice,
That I might rive the very inmoſt earth,
Till from the hollow womb grim Death might riſe
To give my miſ'ries their only cure.

Cibber's King John.

——————O luxury
Of mutual ill!—Let us enjoy the feaſt!
To groan re-echo groan, in concert raiſe

Our

Our lamentation; and when ſorrow ſwells
Too big for utterance, the ſilent ſtreams
Forbear to flow, the voice again ſhall wail.

Smollet's Regicide.

Act for me, now, and ſave me, great Alcides!
To power like thine, all things are poſſible;
And Grief, oppreſs'd on earth, finds friends in Heaven.
Then, when the woe-preſs'd heart is tir'd with care,
And every human proſpect bids deſpair,
Break but one gleam of heavenly comfort in,
And a new race of triumphs, thence, begin.

Hill's Merope.

——————————We know,
There oft is found an avarice in grief;
And the wan eye of Sorrow loves to gaze
Upon its ſecret hoard of treaſur'd woes
In pining ſolitude.

Mason's Elfrida.

——————————Am I fair?
Am I a princeſs? Love and empire mine?
Gay gorgeous viſions dancing in my ſight!
No, here I ſtand a naked ſhipwreck'd wretch,
Cold, trembling, pale, ſpent, helpleſs, hopeleſs, mad,
Caſt on a ſhore as cruel as the waves,
O'er-hung with rugged rocks too ſteep to climb;
The mountains billows loud, come foaming in
Tremendous, and confound, 'ere they devour.

Young's Brothers.

GROVE.

This ſhadowing deſart, unfrequented wood,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopl'd towns.
Here I can ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.

Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Dear

Dear ſolitary groves, where peace does dwell!
Sweet harbours of pure love and innocence!
How willingly could I for ever ſtay
Beneath the ſhade of your embracing greens,
Liſt'ning to the harmony of warbling birds,
Tun'd with the gentle murmur of the ſtreams;
Upon whoſe bank, in various livery,
The fragrant offspring of the early year,
Their heads, like graceful ſwans, bent proudly down
See their own beauties in the cryſtal flood.

Rochester's Valentinian.

GUIDE.

——————I ſtand like one
Has loſt his way, and no man near him to enquire it of:
Yet there's a Providence above, that knows
The roads which ill men tread, and can direct
Enquiring juſtice: The paſſengers that travel
In the wide ocean, where no paths are,
Look up, and leave their conduct to a ſtar.

Sir Rob. Howard's Surpriſal.

GUILT.

Behold her guilty looks; for guilt will ſpeak,
Tho' tongues were out of uſe.

Shakespeare's Othello.

Thoughts cannot form themſelves in words ſo horrid,
As can expreſs my guilt.

Dryden's All for Love.

Where ſhall I find a refuge?
No barb'rous nation will receive a guilt
So much tranſcending their's; but drive me out:
The wildeſt beaſts will hunt me from their dens,
And birds of prey moleſt me in the grave.

Lee's Alexander.

My ſenſes blaze, my laſt I know is come,
My laſt of hours, 'tis wond'rous horrid now,
My lawleſs love, and boundleſs power reproach me.
Lee's Mithridates.

O power of guilt, you fear to ſtand the teſt,
Which Virtue brings! like ſores your vices ſhake
Before this Roman healer: But, by the gods,
Before I go, I'll rip the malady,
And let the venom flow before your eyes.
Lee's Theodoſius.

——————Let us go together,
Full of our guilt, diſtracted where to roam,
Like the firſt wretched pair expell'd their Paradiſe;
Let's find ſome place, where adders neſt in winter,
Loathſome and venomous, where poiſons hang
Like gums againſt the walls, where witches meet
By night and feed upon ſome pamper'd imp,
Fat with the blood of babes; there we'll inhabit.
Otway's Orphan.

The horror that attends on waking guilt,
Now ſeizes on my thoughts, and hurries them
Into the wildneſs of a mad deſpair.
Southern's Diſappointment.

When guilt is in its bluſh of infancy,
It trembles in a tenderneſs of ſhame;
And the firſt eye that pierces thro' the veil
That hides the ſecret, brings it to the face.
But thine amazes me, and ſeems confirm'd
Beyond confuſion bold, and dares the light.
Southern's Spartan Dame.

Why doſt thou tremble when I look upon thee?
When thou would'ſt ſpeak, upon thy fault'ring tongu
Thy accents die. All arguments of guilt!
Thy colour goes and comes upon thy face,
And thy young treaſon bluſhes to be ſeen:
The murder'd body, at the murd'rer's touch,
Wi

Will bleed afresh; nor can betrayers bear
The sight of one betray'd, without confusion.
Landsdown's Heroic Love.

Earth open quick, and take me to the centre;
Ye cedars, fall and crush me, to conceal me:
But what retreat can hide me from my thoughts?
For I have seen my shame, and that's to me
As much as if the assembled world beheld it!
Dennis's Rinaldo and Armida.

Guilt is the source of sorrow, 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings.
Rowe's Fair Penitent.

And dost thou bear me yet, thou passive earth!
Dost thou not labour with my murd'rous weight?
nd you, ye glittering heavenly hosts of stars,
ide your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast you;
or I am all contagion, death, and ruin,
nd Nature sickens at me. *Ibid.*

ow as I pass, the crouded way shall sound
ith hissing Scorn, and murm'ring Detestation;
e latest annals shall record my shame;
d when th' avenging muse with pointed rage
ould sink some impious woman down to Hell,
'll say, she's base, she's false, she's foul as Phædra.
Smith's Phædra and Hippolitus.

nceforth, let no man trust the first false step
Guilt, it hangs upon a precipice,
ose steep descent in last perdition ends.
w far I'm plung'd down beyond all thought,
ich I this evening fram'd; but be it so,
fummate horror, guilt beyond a name!
e not my soul repent; in thee repentance
e second guilt, and thou blasphem'st just Heav'n
oping mercy. Ah, my pains will cease,
n gods want power to punish?

Riſe never more, O ſun! let night prevail,
Eternal darkneſs cloſe the world's wide ſcene,
And hide me from Nicanor and myſelf.

Young's Buſiris.

Why all theſe ſigns in Nature, why this tumult,
To tell me I am guilty? If my crown
The fates demand, why let them take it back.
My crown indeed I may reſign, but, oh!
Who can awake the dead?
'Tis hence theſe ſpeeches ſhock my midnight thoughts,
And Nature's laws are broke to diſcompoſe me:
'Tis I that whirl theſe hurricanes in air,
And ſhake the earth's foundations with my guilt.

Ibid.

Why do they lay me on a couch of thorns!
How ſhould I reſt? They bid me cloſe my eyes!
But thro' the lids I ſee a thouſand forms;
Numberleſs terrors! I ſhut both ears; and yet
I hear infernal howlings! Death and Deſpair
Have laid hold upon me—O miſerable that I am!
Wou'd I had died as innocent as Glouceſter!
Let me think no more: Is there no phyſician
Can cure the mind? Nothing to kill Reflection;
That I could drink oblivion down! O when
Shall I have reſt?

Phillips's Humphrey Duke of Glouceſter.

Where Guilt is abſent, there can be no ſhame.

Ibid.

——————————Repute thyſelf
Free from all guilt; ſince thou haſt prov'd ſucceſsful;
Nor vainly think, there can be reaſon to repent.
The ſting of guilt is—but the fear of puniſhment!

Ibid.

Calmneſs of thought, and reaſon, come to me!
The two ſevereſt enemies of Guilt;
The dreaded ſure returns of conſtant pain.

Thinkin

Thinking is Hell, and reaſon is a glaſs,
That makes me, trembling, ſtartle from myſelf,
By ſeeing my deformity too plain;
Each blot, each ſtain, and wrinkle of the ſoul.

Beckingham's Henry IV. of France.

For me, an honeſt fame on virtue built,
Is what I wou'd not loſe to gain a kingdom:
'Tis greater far t' obey with innocence,
Than to command with guilt.

Lewis's Philip of Macedon.

The noon of night is paſt, and gentle ſleep,
Which friendly waits upon the labour'd hind,
Flies from the embraces of a monarch's arms:
The mind diſturb'd denies the body reſt.
Of all the evils that attend mankind,
Spite of philoſophy, the worſt is death;
Or wherefore does our nature fear it moſt?

Slade's Love and Duty.

The guilty ever are moſt hard to pardon;
Vice makes them ſtubborn, haughty, and remorſeleſs;
And as their views all centre in ſelf-love,
Soon hate what once controuls that darling paſſion.

E. Haywood's Frederick Duke of Brunſwick-Lunenburgh.

As by degrees from long, tho' gentle rains,
Great floods ariſe, and overflow the plains:
So men from little faults to great proceed,
Guilt grows on guilt, and crimes do crimes ſucceed.

Wandesford's Fatal Love.

——————The guilty mind
Debaſes the great image that it wears,
And levels us with brutes.

Havard's Scanderbeg.

——————What a ſtate is guilt,
When ev'ry thing alarms it! Like a centinel,

Who ſleeps upon his watch, it wakes in dread,
Ev'n at a breath of wind. *Ibid.*

——————Late, too late I find,
Nor faith, nor gratitude, nor friendly truſt,
No force of obligations can ſubſiſt
Between the guilty.

Brooke's Guſtavus Vaſa.

O what a ſtate is guilt!—how wild! how wretched!
When apprehenſion can form nought but fears,
And we diſtruſt Security herſelf!

Havard's Regulus.

Such is the fate of Guilt, to make ſlaves tools,
And then to make 'em maſters—by our ſecrets.
Ibid.

Tis the fate of thoſe who once are guilty
Never to be believ'd when innocent.

Cibber's King John.

How Guilt, once harbour'd in the conſcious breaſt,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great.

S. Johnson's Irene.

When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Miſtake ſhall blaſt, or accident deſtroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But Heav'n ſhall guide it to the guilty heart.
Ibid.

Jealous of danger, men make haſte in guilt:
Worſt, to be ſafe, and hold no means too wicked.

Hill's Merope.

He who puts on guilt, muſt caſt off ſhame. — *Ibid.*

——————Oh, conſcious Guilt!
How dumb, thy voice, unlook'd-for, ſtrikes the bold
Ibid.

——Out-

——————Outcaſts of Virtue,
What nation will receive us? Whither fly?
Where'er the ſun drives round the various day,
'Tis the ſame ſun that here beheld our guilt;
In vain the midnight cloud ſhall fall upon us,
Nor ſhall the grave's eternal darkneſs hide it;
'Twill riſe to future worlds.

Francis's Eugenia.

——————'Tis guilt alone,
Like brain-ſick frenzy, in its feveriſh mood,
Fills the light air with viſionary terrors,
And ſhapeleſs forms of fear. *Ibid.*

——————Infernal Guilt!
How doſt thou riſe in ev'ry hideous ſhape,
Of rage and doubt, ſuſpicion and deſpair,
To rend my ſoul! more wretched far than they
Made wretched by my crimes!

Brown's Barbaroſſa.

Fear of detection, what a curſe art thou! O, could the young and artleſs mind but know the agonies that dwell with Guilt, it would prefer the humbleſt lot with Peace, to all that ſplendid Vice can e'er beſtow.

Gaurtru's Wife in the Right.

HAG.

IN a close lane, as I pursued my journey,
I spy'd a wither'd hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself:
Her eyes with scalding rheum, were gall'd and red,
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnants of an old strip'd hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsly patch'd
With different colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

Otway's Orphan.

HALLOWED.

——————Here shalt thou rest
Upon this holy bank; no deadly snake
Upon this turf herself in folds does make;
Here is no poison for the toad to feed:
Here boldly spread thy hands; no venom'd weed
Dares blister them; no slimy snail dare creep
Over thy face, when thou art fast asleep:
Here never durst the babbling cuckow spit;
No slough of falling star did ever hit
Upon this bank: Let this thy cabin be,
This other set with violets for me.

Beaumont's Faithful Shepherd.

HAND.

——————I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,

Or

Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd ſnow,
That's bolted by the Northern blaſt twice over.
SHAKESPEARE's Winter's Tale.

Give me your hand, this hand is moiſt,
This argues fruitfulneſs and liberal heart;
Hot, hot, and moiſt; this hand of yours requires
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout.
For here's a young and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels.
SHAKESPEARE's Othello.

———'Tis a good hand;
A frank one.
2. You may, indeed, ſay ſo;
For 'twas that hand, that gave my heart away.
1. A lib'ral hand. The hearts of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts. *Ibid.*

To this, in compariſon, all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cygnet's down is harſh, and ſpirit of ſenſe
Hard as the palm of ploughman.
SHAKESPEARE's Troilus and Creſſida.

HAPPINESS.

———There is nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it ſo.
SHAKESPEARE's Hamlet.

In wiſhing nothing, we enjoy ſtill moſt:
For even our wiſh is in poſſeſſion loſt.
Reſtleſs we wander to a new deſire,
And burn ourſelves by blowing up the fire.
We toſs and turn about our fev'riſh will,
When all our eaſe muſt come by lying ſtill:
For all the happineſs mankind can gain,
Is not in pleaſure, but in reſt from pain.
DRYDEN's Indian Emperor.

No happineſs can be where is no reſt,
Th' unknown, untalk'd-of man, is only bleſt.
He, as in ſome ſafe cliff, his cell does keep,
From thence he views the labour of the deep:
The gold-fraught veſſel, which mad tempeſts beat,
He ſees now vainly make to his retreat;
And when from far the tenth wave does appear,
Shrinks up in ſilent joy he is not there.
Dryden's Tyrannic Love.

Doſt thou come to make my bliſs run o'er,
Why is there more to wiſh? Fortune can find
No flaw in ſuch a glut of happineſs
To let one miſery in.
Lee's Theodoſius.

The gods, my dear, moſt loved Theodoſius,
Double all thoſe joys that thou haſt met upon thee!
And, oh! methinks my ſoul is ſtrangely mov'd;
Takes it the more unkindly of her ſtars,
That thou and I cannot be bleſs'd together. *Ibid.*

What is that thing call'd happineſs, which men
With ſo much noiſe and eager zeal purſue
So many ſev'ral ways? each hoping to
Attain it in the poſſeſſion of ſome
Diſtant long'd-for bleſſing, tho' all alike
In vain; for even that darling bleſſing,
Plac'd in a nearer light, and once enjoy'd,
Loſes but too much of its wonted luſtre;
Or elſe, encounter'd with rude croſſes from
Abroad, is loſt and buried in a thick
And diſmal cloud of rank uneaſy cares.
Filmer's Unnatural Brothers.

——————To be good is to be happy: Angels
Are happier than men, becauſe they're better.
Guilt is the ſource of ſorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend that follows us behind
With whips and ſtings: The bleſs'd know none of this,
But

But reſt in everlaſting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their Heav'n is goodneſs.
Rowe's Fair Penitent.

You ſee, fair Elfrid, how you charm my thoughts,
I cannot count the hours while you are by.
My bleſſings, like Time's moments, paſs untold,
For the rich joys you give ſlip by unmark'd,
While ſtill freſh joys ſucceed them; my paſt bliſs
In a contracted circle ſtrikes remembrance,
While future oceans of immenſe delight
Roll deeply thro' the proſpects of my ſoul.
Oh! could the ſinful world be bleſs'd like me!
Like me be chaſtely happy! Vice would die,
And the deluded taſte of giddy man,
Find Innocence and Happineſs no ſtrangers.
Hill's Elfrid.

Learn then no happineſs can be ſecure,
Plac'd in whatever lies beyond our power.
C. Johnson's Medea.

What art thou, Happineſs, ſo ſought by all,
So greatly envied, yet ſo ſeldom found?
Of what ſtrange nature is thy compoſition,
When Gold and Grandeur ſue to thee in vain?
The prince who leads embattled thouſands forth,
And with a nod commands the univerſe,
Knows not the language to make thee obey;
Tho' he with armies ſtrew the hoſtile plain,
And hew out avenues of death, he ſtill
Loſes his way to thee, becauſe Content
Appears not on the road, to light him to thee:——
Content and Happineſs are then the ſame;——
And they are ſeldom found, but in the bed
Where unmoleſted Innocence reſides.
Havard's Scanderbeg.

Praiſe is the ſacred attribute of Heaven.
'Tis ours alone, with humble, grateful hearts
T' employ the gracious inſtinct it beſtows

To our own Honour, Happineſs and Virtue:
For Happineſs and Virtue are the ſame.

Francis's Eugenia.

O Happineſs! where art thou to be found?
I ſee thou dwelleſt not with Birth and Beauty,
Tho' grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth arrayed:
Nor doſt thou, it would ſeem, with Virtue dwell.

Hume's Douglas.

While Hope pictures to us a flattering ſcene of future bliſs, let us deny its pencil thoſe colours which are too bright to be laſting.—When hearts deſerving happineſs would unite their fortune, Virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modeſt, hurtleſs flowers; but ill-judging Paſſion will force the gaudier roſe into the wreath, whoſe thorns offend them when its leaves are dropt!

Sheridan's Rivals.

HARANGUE.

——————————Countrymen,
We're here aſſembled for the toughest fight
That ever ſtrain'd the force of Engliſh arms.
See yon wide field with glitt'ring numbers gay!
Vain of their ſtrength they challenge us for ſlaves,
And bid us yield their priſoners at diſcretion.
If there's an Engliſhman among ye all
Whoſe ſoul can baſely truckle to ſuch bondage;
Let him depart. For me, I ſwear, by Heav'n!
By my great father's ſoul! and by my fame!
My country ne'er ſhall pay a ranſom for me,
Nor will I ſtoop to drag out life in bondage,
And take my pittance from a Frenchman's hands!
This I reſolve, and hope, brave countrymen,
You all reſolve the ſame.
* * * * * * * * * * * *
O glorious choice! and know, my gallant ſoldiers,
That valour is ſuperior far to numbers,

There

There are no odds againſt the truly brave:
Let us reſolve on conqueſt, and 'tis ours.
But ſhould the worſt that can befall us——Death!
'Twill be a fate to envy more than pity.
And we have fathers, brothers, ſons or friends,
That will revenge our ſlaughter.
* * * * * * * * * * *
I ſee the gen'rous indignation riſe,
That ſoon will ſhake the boaſted power of France:
Their monarch trembles 'midſt his gaudy train,
To think the troops he now prepares to meet,
Are ſuch as never fainted yet with toil.
They're ſuch as yet no pow'r on earth could awe,
No army baffle, and no town withſtand.
Heav'ns, with what pleaſure, with what love I gaze,
In ev'ry face to view his father's greatneſs!
Thoſe fathers, thoſe undaunted fathers, who
In Gallic blood have dy'd their ſwords,
Thoſe fathers who in Cyprus wrought ſuch feats,
Who taught the Syracuſians to ſubmit,
Tam'd the Calabrians, the fierce Saracens,
And have ſubdued in many a ſtubborn fight
The Paleſtinean warriors; Scotland's fields,
That have ſo oft been drencht with native gore,
Bear noble record! and the fertile iſle
Of fair Hibernia, by their ſwords ſubjected,
An ample tribute, and obedience pays.
On her high mountains Wales receiv'd their laws,
And the whole world has witneſs'd to their glory!
* * * * * * * * * * *
View all yon glitt'ring grandeur as your ſpoils,
The ſure reward of this day's victory.
Strain ev'ry faculty, and let your minds,
Your hopes, your ardours, reach their utmoſt bounds!
Follow your ſtandards with a fearleſs ſpirit;
Follow the great examples of your ſires;
Follow the noble genius that inſpires ye;
Follow this train of wiſe and valiant leaders;
Follow in me, your brother, prince, and friend.

Draw

Draw, fellow-ſoldiers—catch th' inſpiring flame,
We fight for England, Liberty and Fame.

Shirley's Edward the Black Prince.

HARLOT.

——————Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man; ſtrike their ſharp ſhins,
And mar men's ſpurring; crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more falſe title plead,
Nor ſound his quillets ſhrilly; hoar the flamen
That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not believes himſelf; down with the noſe,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee
Smells from the general weal;
Make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unſcar'd braggards of the war
Drive ſome pain from you.

Shakespeare's Timon of Athens.

Aqui. By all thy wrongs, thou'rt dearer to my arms
Than all the wealth of Venice: Prythee ſtay,
And let us love to-night.

Pier. No; there's fool,
There's fool about thee: When a woman ſells
Her fleſh to fools, her beauty's loſt to me;
They leave a tainted fully, where they've paſs'd;
There's ſuch a baneful quality about 'em,
E'en ſpoils complexions with their naufeouſneſs;
They infect all they touch; I cannot think
Of taſting any thing a fool has pall'd.

Aqui. I loath and ſcorn that fool thou mean'ſt as much,
Or more than thou can'ſt; but the beaſt has gold,
That makes him neceſſary; power too,
To qualify my character, and poiſe me
Equal with peeviſh Virtue, that beholds
My liberty with envy; in their hearts

They're

They're looſe as I am, but an ugly power
Sits in their faces, and frights pleaſures from them.
Pier. Much good may't do you, madam, with your ſenator.
Aqui. My ſenator! Why, canſt thou think that wretch
E'er fill'd thy Aquilina's arms with pleaſure?
Think'ſt thou, becauſe I ſometimes give him leave
To foil himſelf at what he is unfit for;
Becauſe I force myſelf t' endure and ſuffer him,
Think'ſt thou I love him? No, by all the joys
Thou ever gav'ſt me, his preſence is my penance;
The worſt thing an old man can be's a lover,
A mere *memento mori* to poor woman.
I never lay by his decrepit ſide,
But all that night I ponder'd on my grave.
Pier. Would he were well ſent thither.
Aqui. That's my wiſh too:
For then, my Pierre, I might have cauſe with pleaſure
To play the hypocrite: Oh! how I could weep
Over the dying dotard, and kiſs him too,
In hopes to ſmother him quite; then, when the time
Was come to pay my ſorrows at his funeral,
(For he has already made me heir to treaſures
Wou'd make me out-act a real widow's whining)
How could I frame my face to fit my mourning!
With wringing hands attend him to his grave,
Fall ſwooning on his hearſe; take mad poſſeſſion
E'en of the diſmal vault, where he lay buried;
There, like th' Epheſian matron, dwell, till thou,
My lovely ſoldier, com'ſt to my deliverance;
Then, throwing up my veil with open arms
And laughing eyes, run to new-dawning joy.

Otway's Veniee Preſerv'd.

HARMONY.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe ſuch divine enchanting raviſhment.
Sure ſomething holy lodges in that breaſt,
And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air
To teſtify his hidden reſidence:
How ſweetly did they float upon the wings
Of ſilence, thro' the empty vaulted night;
At every fall ſmoothing the raven down
Of darkneſs 'till it ſmil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the ſyrens three
Amidſt the flow'ry kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who, as they ſung, would take the priſon'd ſoul,
And lap it in Elyſium. Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd ſoft applauſe:
Yet they in pleaſing ſlumber lull'd the ſenſe,
And in ſweet madneſs robb'd it of itſelf.
But ſuch a ſacred, and home-felt delight,
Such ſober certainty of waking bliſs,
I never heard 'till now.

Milton's Comus.

——————As I late was angling
In the great lake that lies behind the palace;
From the fair ſhore, thick ſet with reeds and ſedges,
As patiently I was attending ſport,
I heard a voice, a ſhrill one; and attentive
I gave my ear, when I might well perceive
'Twas one that ſung, and by the ſmallneſs of it
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own ſkill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
Who made the ſound; the ruſhes and the reeds
Had ſo encompas'd it: I laid me down
And liſten'd to the words ſhe ſung, for then,
Thro' a ſmall glade, cut by the fiſhermen,

I ſaw

I ſaw it was your daughter:
She ſung much, but no ſenſe, only I heard her
Repeat this often: "Palamon is gone,
Is gone to the wood to gather mulberries:
I'll find him out to-morrow;
His ſhackles will betray him; he'll be taken,
And what ſhall I do then? I'll bring a heavy,
A hundred black-ey'd maids, that love as I do,
With chaplets on their heads, with daffadillies,
With cherry lips, and cheeks of damaſk roſes,
And we'll all dance an antick before the duke,
And beg his pardon." Then ſhe talk'd of you, Sir,
That you muſt loſe your head to-morrow morning,
And ſhe muſt gather flowers to bury you,
And ſee the houſe made handſome; then ſhe ſung
Nothing but, willow, willow, willow, and between
Even was Palamon, fair Palamon,
And Palamon was a tall young man. The place
Was knee deep where ſhe ſate; her careleſs treſſes,
A wreath of bull-ruſh rounded; about her ſtuck
Thouſand freſh water flowers of ſeveral colours,
That methought ſhe appear'd like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters; or as Iris,
Newly dropt down from Heav'n: Rings ſhe made
Of ruſhes that grew by, and to 'em ſpoke
The prettieſt poſies, "this one true love's ty'd:
This you may looſe, not me," and many a one;
And then ſhe wept, and ſung again, and ſigh'd;
And with the ſame breath ſmil'd, and kiſs'd her hand.
I made in to her:
She ſaw me, and ſtraight fought the flood: I ſav'd her,
And ſet her ſafe to land; when preſently
She ſlipt away, and to the city made
With ſuch a cry and ſwiftneſs, that believe me,
She left me far behind her: Three or four
I ſaw from far off croſs her; one of them
I knew to be your brother, where ſhe ſtaid, &c.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Noble Kinſmen.

HATRED.

HATRED.

Falſehood, cowardice, and poor deſcent,
Are three things women hold highly in hate.
SHAKESPEARE's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

For hatred hatch'd at home is a tame tyger,
May fawn and ſport, but never leaves his nature;
The jars of brothers, two ſuch mighty ones,
Is like a ſmall ſtone thrown into a river,
The breach ſcarce heard; but view the beaten current,
And you ſhall ſee a thouſand angry rings
Riſe in his face, ſtill ſwelling and ſtill growing;
So jars circling diſtruſts, diſtruſts breeding dangers,
And dangers death, the greateſt extreme ſhallow;
Till nothing bound them but the ſhore their graves.
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Bloody Brothers.

——————By the head of Jove,
I hate him worſe than Famine or Diſeaſes:
Periſh his family, let inveterate Hate
Commence between our houſes from this moment,
And meeting, never let them bloodleſs part.
Otway's Caius Marius.

My heart heaves up, and ſwells; he's poiſon to me:
My injur'd honour, and my raviſh'd love,
Bleed at my murderer's ſight.
DRYDEN's Don Sebaſtian.

——————I had much rather ſee
A creſted dragon, or a baſiliſk:
Both are leſs poiſon to my eyes and nature. *Ibid.*

He is my bane, I cannot bear him;
One heaven and earth can never hold us both:
Still ſhall we hate, and with defiance deadly
Keep Rage alive, till one be loſt for ever:

As if two ſuns ſhould meet in one meridian,
And ſtrive in fiery combat for the paſſage.
Rowe's Tamerlane.

——————This is hatred;
She loaths, deteſts him, flies his hated preſence,
And ſhrinks and trembles at his very name.
Smith's Phædra and Hippolytus.

Sooner, ſooner far
The poles ſhall meet, and contraries agree;
The antipathies of Nature be forgot;
Wolves graze with lambs, and vultures rooſt with doves,
The wretch that's ſtung with fatal mercy nurſe
The viper in his breaſt, than we forget
To hate eternally thy race and thee.
Mottley's Imperial Captives.

HASTE.

After him came ſpurring hard,
A gentleman, almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed,
That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horſe:
He aſk'd the way to Cheſter; and of him
I did demand the news from Shrewſbury.
He told me that rebellion had ill luck;
And that young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold.
With that he gave his able horſe the head.
And, bending forward, ſtruck his agile heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel head; and, ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.
Shakespeare's Henry IV.

HEART.

——————My heart is turn'd to ſtone,
I ſtrike and it hurts my hand.
Shakespeare's Othello.

My

My heavy heart, the propheteſs of Woe,
Foreboades ſome ill at hand.

Dryden's Spaniſh Fryar.

——————Now heart!
Be ribb'd with iron for this one attempt,
Set ope thy ſluices, ſend the vig'rous blood
Thro' ev'ry active limb for my relief:
Then take thy reſt within thy quiet cell,
For thou ſhalt drum no more.

Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

His mounting heart bounces againſt my hand,
As if it would thruſt off his manly ſoul.

Dryden's Cleomenes.

My lab'ring heart, that ſwells with indignation,
Heaves to diſcharge its burden; that once done,
The buſy thing ſhall reſt within its cell,
And never beat again.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Conſult your heart,
The greater traitor far, that harbours Love
Beneath the ſhew of Hate.

Jeffrey's Edwin.

——————'Tis her hand
I ſeek: Hearts are girls gifts to ſchool-boy lovers.

Hill's Merope.

——————Pour your heart before him;
The heart has a peculiar eloquence
To plead the cauſe of love.

Francis's Eugenia.

——Sure my heart's my own. Each villager
Is queen of her affections, and can vent
Her arbitrary ſighs, where'er ſhe pleaſes.

Young's Brothers.

HEAVEN.

There's a perpetual ſpring, perpetual youth,
No joint benumbing cold, nor ſcorching heat,
Famine nor age have any being there:
Forget, for ſhame, your Tempe, bury in
Oblivion your feign'd Heſperian orchards,
The golden fruit kept by the watchful dragon,
Which did require Hercules to get it,
Compar'd with what grows in all plenty there
Deſerves not to be nam'd. The pow'r I ſerve
Laughs at your happy Arabie, or the
Elyſian ſhades; for he hath made his bow'rs
Better indeed than you can fancy yours.
Massinger's and Dekker's Virgin Martyr.

We to Heaven
Do climb with loads upon our ſhoulders borne;
Nor muſt we tread on roſes but on thorns.
Shirley's St. Patrick for Ireland.

What a poor value do men ſet on Heav'n?
Heav'n, the perfection of all that can
Be ſaid, or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,
Health, beauty; and all theſe not ſubject to
The waſte of time; but in their height eternal;
Loſt for a penſion, or poor ſpot of earth,
Favour of greatneſs, or an hour's faint pleaſure;
As men, in ſcorn of a true flame that's near,
Should run to light their taper at a glow-worm.
Ibid.

Heav'n is a great way off, and I ſhall be
Ten thouſand years in travel, yet 'twere happy
If I may find a lodging there at laſt,
Though my poor ſoul get thither upon crutches.
Shirley's Duke's Miſtreſs.

Bleſt Heav'n, how are thy ways juſt like thy orbs,
Involv'd within each other? Yet ſtill we find

Thy

Thy judgments are like comets, that do blaze,
Affright, but die withal; whilſt thy mercies
Are like the ſtars, which, oft-times are obſcur'd,
But ſtill remain the ſame behind the clouds.
Fontaine's Reward of Virtue.

——Heaven, to whoſe all-piercing eyes lie open
The moſt obſcure receſſes of the heart,
Is not to be deceiv'd by ſpecious ſhews,
And ne'er forgets the murderer in his wrath.
E. Haywood's Frederick Duke of Brunſwick-Lunenburgh.

How dreadfully delightful 'tis to loſe
The dazzled eye in yonder wide expanſe,
Where, round ten thouſand radiant fonts of light,
Myriads of worlds roll ceaſeleſs;—all obeying,
And all declaring, in their meaſur'd orbs,
That univerſal ſpirit which informs,
Pervades, and actuates the wond'rous whole!
——Stupendous view, vaſt boundleſs theatre!
Thro' whoſe extended ſcenes numberleſs hoſts
Of beings riſe ſucceſſively to life;
Form'd all for happineſs by the good-giving hand
Of its omnipotent artificer.
Beller's Injured Innocence.

From Heav'n you oft have told us, ev'ry bent
And proper tendency of Nature ſprings.
Heav'n knows not change, how can then to-day
Condemn a paſſion yeſter's ſun approv'd?
Miller's Mahomet.

HELL.

——————Thy lot will be
Eternal torments, baths of boiling ſulphur,
Viciſſitudes of fires, and then of froſts.
Dryden's Oedipus.

Each

Each diſmal minute, when I call to mind
The promiſe that I made the prince of Hell,
In one and twenty years to be his ſlave,
Of which near twelve are gone, my ſoul runs back,
The wards of reaſon roll into their ſpring.
O horrid thought! but one and twenty years,
And twelve near paſt; then to be ſteep'd in fire,
Daſh'd againſt rocks, or ſnatch'd from molten lead,
Reeking, and dropping piece-meal, borne by winds,
And quench'd ten thouſand fathom in the deep.
Dryden's Duke of Guiſe.

Where am I now? upon the brink of life;
The gulph before me, devils to puſh me on,
And Heav'n behind me, cloſing all its doors:
A thouſand years for ev'ry hour I've paſt:
O could I 'ſcape ſo cheap! But ever! ever!
Still to begin an endleſs round of woes!
To be renew'd for pains, and laſt for Hell!
Yet can pains laſt, when bodies cannot laſt?
Can earthly ſubſtance endleſs flames endure?
Or when one body wears, and flies away,
Do ſouls thruſt forth another cruſt of clay? *Ibid.*

O thou haſt given me ſuch a glimpſe of Hell,
So puſh'd me forward, even to the brink
Of that irremediable burning gulph,
That, looking in the abyſs, I dare not leap.
Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

——————I ſaw the burning centre,
Saw the dire ſecrets of th' infernal world;
Beheld the ſevere judges of pale ghoſts,
The furies, and th' inexorable king;
Beheld the molten gold of flying Styx,
That caſts a diſmal light and ſcares the damn'd;
Millions of ghoſts, that ſtared with ſtony eyes,
And gnaſh'd with iron teeth; I there beheld,

Toſs'd

Toſs'd from the banks amidſt the flaming gold,
And plung'd by red-hot tongs of ſnaky furies.
Dennis's Appius and Virginia.

See Hell ſets wide its adamantine doors:
See thro' the ſable gates the black Cocytus,
In ſmoky circles rolls its fiery waves:
Hear, hear the ſtunning harmonies of woe,
The din of rattling chains, the claſh of whips,
The groans of loud complaints, of piercing ſhrieks,
That wide thro' all its gloomy world reſound:
How huge Megæra ſtalks! What ſtreaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! What ſerpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiſs around her head!
Now, now ſhe drags me to the bar of Minos:
See how the awful judges of the dead
Look ſtedfaſt hate, and horrible diſmay:
See Minos turns away his loathing eyes,
Rage choaks his ſtruggling words, the fatal urn
Drops from his trembling hands.
Smith's Phædra and Hyppolitus.

HERO.

He is gracious, if he be obſerv'd:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity:
Yet, notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he is flint;
As humorous as winter, and as ſudden
As flaws congeal'd in the ſpring of day.
His temper, therefore, muſt be well obſerv'd.
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
But being moody, give him line and ſcope,
Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working.
Shakespeare's Henry IV.

Hear him but reaſon in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wiſh,

You

You would desire the king were made a prelate.
Hear him debate in commonwealth affairs,
You'd say, it had been all and all his study.
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The gordian knot of it will he unloose
Familiar as his garter.

Shakespeare's Henry V.

I give into your hands a mighty empire,
But what I give your virtue must maintain.
Dangers will threaten, but the hero's soul
Shines forth with double lustre when oppos'd.

Johnson's Sultaness.

——————Thou art unskill'd in heroes,
Love there is born but from superior virtue.

Cibber's Cæsar in Egypt.

It is the task which Heaven allots for heroes
To toil for others, while themselves taste least
Of the unnumber'd blessings they afford.

E. Haywood's Frederick Duke of Brunswick-Luneburgh.

The hero works thro' storms his way to glory,
Virtue like purest gold is prov'd in fire.
The sinewy Cyclops his rough metal steel'd,
And arms on adamantine anvils neal'd;
With heat and strength harden'd the massy bar,
And cloth'd th' immortal leader of the war;
Arm'd with impenetrable mail, the god
Triumphant o'er gigantic squadrons rode.
Our passions are the legions we should quell,
And solid virtue is the temper'd steel.

Ch. Johnson's Medea.

When difficulties threat, the hero's mind
Swells in proportion to the menac'd danger;

Fears and diſtruſt, like phantoms fly before him,
And vaſt ambition takes up all his ſoul.

Frowde's Philotas.

HISTORY.

There is a hiſtory in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which obſerv'd a man may prophecy
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their ſeeds
And weak beginnings lie entreaſured.

Shakespeare's Henry IV.

When Ruſt ſhall eat her braſs, when Time's ſtrong hand
Shall bruiſe to duſt her marble palaces,
Triumphal arches, pillars, obeliſks;
When Julius' temple, Claudius' aqueducts,
Agrippa's baths, and Pompey's theatre;
Nay Rome itſelf ſhall not be found at all,
Hiſtorians' books ſhall live. *May's Agrippina.*

HONESTY.

To be honeſt as the world goes,
Is to be one pick'd out of ten thouſand.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

1. Take note, oh world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence,
I'll love no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.
2. Nay, ſtay—thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt.
1. I ſhould be wiſe, for Honeſty's a fool,
And loſes what it works for.

Shakespeare's Othello.

An honeſt ſoul is like a ſhip at ſea,
That ſleeps at anchor upon the occaſion's calm;
But when it rages and the wind blows high,
She cuts her way with ſkill and majeſty.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Honeſt Man's Fortune.

He ſays he'll keep his honeſty;
What will he do with it? go beg with it?
For, in this age, 'tis of no other uſe,
But, like a beggar's child, to move compaſſion;
Yet never gains the half it coſt in keeping;
For all men will ſuſpect it for a baſtard.

Rowley's Noble Spaniſh Soldier.

Jaff. I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damn'd ſtarving quality,
Call'd Honeſty, got footing in the world.
Pier. Why, powerful villainy firſt ſet it up,
For its own eaſe and ſafety: Honeſt men
Are the ſoft eaſy cuſhions, on which knaves
Repoſe and fatten; were all mankind villains,
They'd ſtarve each other; lawyers would want practice;
Cut-throats rewards; each man would kill his brother
Himſelf; none would be paid or hang'd for murder:
Honeſty! 'twas a cheat invented firſt
To bind the hands of bold deſerving rogues,
That fools and cowards might ſit ſafe in power,
And lord it uncontroul'd above their betters.
Jaff. Then honeſty is but a notion?
Pier. Nothing elſe,
Like wit much talk'd of, not to be defin'd:
He that pretends to moſt too has leaſt ſhare in't:
'Tis a ragged virtue. Honeſty! no more on't.
Jaff. Sure thou art honeſt?
Pier. So indeed men think me.
But they are miſtaken, Jaffier: I am a rogue
As well as they;
A fine gay bold-fac'd villain, as thou ſeeſt me,
'Tis true, I pay my debts when they're contracted;
I ſteal from no man; would not cut a throat
To gain admiſſion to a great man's purſe,
Or a whore's bed: I'd not betray my friend
To get his place or fortune: I'd ſcorn to flatter
A blown-up fool above me, or cruſh the wretch beneath me:
Yet, Jaffier, for all this I am a villain.

Jaff. A villain!
Pier. Yes, a moſt notorious villain;
To ſee the ſufferings of my fellow-creatures,
And own myſelf a man: To ſee our ſenators
Cheat the deluded people with a ſhew
Of liberty, which yet they ne'er muſt taſte of.
They ſay, by them our hands are free from fetters,
Yet whom they pleaſe they lay in baſeſt bonds;
Bring whom they pleaſe to infamy and ſorrow;
Drive us like wrecks down the rough tide of power,
Whilſt no hold's left to ſave us from deſtruction:
All that bears this are villains, and I one,
Not to rouſe up at the great call of Nature,
And check the growth of theſe domeſtic ſpoilers,
That make us ſlaves, and tell us 'tis our charter.
Otway's Venice Preſerv'd.

An honeſt man with pious joy regards
And bleſſes all occurences that bear
The pleaſing aſpect of his country's welfare.
Lewis's Philip of Macedon.

The man who pauſes on his honeſty
Wants little of the villain. *Martyn's Timoleon.*

——————Who can tell the cauſe,
Why we, who trace the footſteps of the prophet,
Shou'd thus be forc'd to ſhade ourſelves in night,
Like lurking villains? Whilſt our barb'rous foe,
Curſt with ſucceſs, (for ſure it is a curſe
To be ſucceſsful in ſo wrong a cauſe)
Lords it by day, as Heaven itſelf were chang'd;
And Honeſty's ſerene unſpotted face,
Whoſe ſteady eyes could ſtare the ſun in front,
Were, by unjuſt decrees, condemn'd to ſhame.
Dancy's Love and Ambition.

Thus unſuſpecting Honeſty betrays
Itſelf, and meeting thus the danger
Kindly prevent the villain's better half.
Havard's Scanderbeg.

——————Honeſty,
A name ſcarce echo to a ſound—Honeſty!
Attend the ſtately chambers of the great—
It dwells not there, nor in the trading world:
Speaks it in councils? No; the ſophiſt knows
To laugh it thence. *Ibid.*

——————Now, juſt Heav'n forbid,
A Britiſh man ſhould ever count for gain
What villainy muſt earn! No: Are we poor?
Be honeſty our riches. Are we mean
And humbly born? The true heart makes us noble.
Theſe hands can toil, can ſow the ground and reap
For thee and thy ſweet babes; our daily labour
Is daily wealth, it finds us bread and raiment.
Could Daniſh gold do more?

Mallet's Alfred.

HONOUR.

By Jove I am not covetous of gold:
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my coſt:
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires:
But if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.

Shakespeare's Henry V.

Though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſland'rous loads;
He ſhall but bear them, as the aſs bears gold,
To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs;
Or led, or driven, as we point the way:
And having brought our treaſure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty aſs, to ſhake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæſar.

Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity:

O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly; that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be glean'd
From the true ſeed of honour? How much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new vann'd?

SHAKESPEARE's Merchant of Venice.

By Heav'n, methinks, it were an eaſy leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks:
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival all her dignities.

SHAKESPEARE's Henry IV.

Mine honour keeps the weather off my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.

SHAKESPEARE's Troilus and Creſſida.

Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

SHAKESPEARE's Richard II.

This honour is the verieſt mountebank;
It fits our fancies with affected tricks,
And makes us freakiſh. What a cheat muſt that be,
Which robs our life of all their ſofter hours?
Beauty, our only treaſure, it lays waſte;
Hurries us over our neglected youth,
To the deteſted ſtate of age and uglineſs,
Tearing our deareſt heart's deſire from us.
Then in reward of what it took away,
Our joys, our hopes, our wiſhes, and delights,

It

It bountifully pays us all with pride.
Poor ſhifts! ſtill to be proud, and never pleas'd!
Yet this is all your honour can do for you.
Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.

You ſtill inſiſt upon that idol Honour;
Can it renew your youth? Can it add wealth
That takes off wrinkles? Can it draw men's eyes
To gaze upon you in your age? Can Honour,
That truly is a ſaint to none but ſoldiers,
And look'd into, bears no reward but danger,
Leave you the moſt reſpected perſon living? *Ibid.*

Love's common unto all the maſs of creatures,
As life and breath; Honour to man alone:
Honour being then above life, Diſhonour muſt
Be worſe than death; for Fate can ſtrike but one;
Reproach doth reach whole families.
Cartwright's Siege.

1. Speak the height of Honour.
2. No man to offend,
Ne'er to reveal the ſecrets of a friend;
Rather to ſuffer than to do a wrong:
To make the heart no ſtranger to the tongue:
Provok'd, not to betray an enemy;
Nor eat his meat, I choak with flattery;
Bluſhleſs to tell wherefore I wear my ſcars,
Or for my conſcience, or my country's wars:
To aim at juſt things. If we have wildly run
Into offences, wiſh them all undone.
'Tis poor in grief, for a wrong done, to die:
Honour to dare to live, and ſatisfy.
Massinger's Very Woman.

Honour, a raging fit of Virtue in the ſoul,
A painful burden, which great minds muſt bear,
Obtain'd with danger, and poſſeſs'd with fear.
Dryden's Indian Emperor.

——————————He was a man
That liv'd up to the ſtandard of his honour,
And prized that jewel more than mines of wealth:
He'd not have done a ſhameful thing but once;
Tho' kept in darkneſs from the world, and hidden,
He could not have forgiven it to himſelf.
Otway's Orphan.

Let Honour come, I'll ſtand the ſtalking nothing;
And when the bladder'd air would turn the balance,
I'll caſt in Love, ſubſtantial, pond'rous Love,
Eternal Love, and hurl him to the beam.
Lee's Princeſs of Cleve.

——————————Women's honour
Is nice as ermin, will not bear a ſoil.
Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

Baſe groveling ſouls ne'er know true Honour's worth,
But weigh it out in mercenary ſcales:
The ſecret pleaſure of a generous act
Is the great mind's great bribe. *Ibid.*

What is the vain fantaſtic pageant Honour?
This buſy angry thing that ſcatters Diſcord
Amongſt the mighty princes of the earth,
And ſets the madding nations in an uproar.
Rowe's Ulyſſes.

Honour's a ſacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's diſtinguiſhing perfection,
That aids and ſtrengthens Virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where ſhe is not:
It is not to be ſported with.
Addison's Cato.

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
To real miſchiefs, while they hunt a ſhadow. *Ibid.*

Timoph. What is the honour of your ſex, but pride?
But fear of a diſcovery? Fear of ſhame?
'Tis

'Tis this restrains the pleasure of the fair
When urg'd by Nature, when by wishes warmd
She languishes to dotage for enjoyment.
Cleora. It can do more; despise the baits of power,
And fly, tho' Grandeur court it to its ruin.
Martyn's Timoleon.

What is this Honour?
What is it? 'Tis a silly vain opinion;
That hangs but on the rabble's idle breath.
For them we court it, yet by them 'tis scorn'd.
Ibid.

——— ———When honour once is fully'd
Not weeping Mercy's tears can wash it clean.
Thomson's Agamemnon.

Honour, the alien phantom here unknown,
Lends but a lengthning shade, to fenting Virtue:
Honour's not love of Innocence, but praise!
The fear of Censure, not the scorn of Sin!
Hill's Alzira.

Honour is by the world but ill defin'd
The plighted oath, or the contracting word,
Strictly maintain'd: No, 'tis an heav'nly light,
Impregnating the soul—secret it acts,
Unconscious of all motives but its own;
Equal to gods and men, it forms its laws,
And bears but one effect—from one unalter'd cause.
Havard's Regulus.

There is, my lord, an Honour, the calm child
Of Reason, of Humanity and Mercy,
Superior far to this punctilious demon,
That singly minds itself, and oft embroils
With proud barbarian niceties the world.
Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.

Honour, my lord, is much too proud to catch
At every slender twig of nice distinctions.
These for th' unfeeling vulgar may do well:

But thoſe whoſe ſouls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous Delicacy only ſway'd
Stand at another bar than that of laws. *Ibid.*

You ſhall be told with what unſhaken ſpirit
He ſacrific'd his fortune to his Honour.
That honour is your portion. 'Tis a treaſure
Purchas'd by honeſt arts in time of peace,
And 'midſt the ſpoils of war, the nobleſt wreath
That crowns a ſoldier's brow.

Francis's Eugenia.

Honour commands all private ties ſhould yield
To public good.

Crisp's Virginia.

What is this phantom, Honour, this proud idol
That tramples thus on every humble virtue?
This cruel bloody Molock, that delights
In human ſacrifice! O! wou'd to Heav'n
I were its only victim!

Franklin's Earl of Warwick.

HOPE. *See* SUPPOSITION.

Hope's a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.

Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallows wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Shakespeare's Richard III.

Hope is ſuch a bait, it covers any hook.

B. Johnson's Volpone.

Your hopes are like happy bloſſoms fair,
And promiſe timely fruit, if you will ſtay
But the maturing. *Ibid.*

When once the main ſpring, Hope, is fall'n into
Diſorder, no wonder if the leſſer wheels,

Deſire

Deſire and Joy, ſtand ſtill: My thoughts like bees,
When they have loſt their king, wander
Confus'dly up and down, and ſettle no where.
Suckling's Aglaura.

Our hopes, I ſee, reſemble much the ſun,
That riſing and declining caſts large ſhadows,
But when his beams are dreſs'd in's mid-day brightneſs
Yields none at all: When they are fartheſt from
Succeſs, their gilt reflection does diſplay
The largeſt ſhews of events fair and proſp'rous.
Chapman's Revenge of Honour.

Hope, with a goodly proſpect feeds the eye,
Shews from a riſing ground poſſeſſion nigh;
Shortens the diſtance, or o'erlooks it quite,
So eaſy 'tis to travel with the ſight.
Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Hope is the fawning traitor of the mind,
Which, while it cozens with a colour'd friendſhip,
Robs us of our laſt virtue, Reſolution.
Lee's Conſtantine.

——————————Inexorable maid
To baniſh Hope, allow it but a dream;
Muſt weary Nature be denied to ſleep,
Or ev'n to ſlumber, leſt our dreams deceive us!
Alas for helpleſs man, when left to ſink
Beneath the tyrant weight of waking long
To Truth and Reaſon! How I envy them
Who purchaſe happineſs, at leaſt repoſe,
In being cheated by the viſion, Hope!
Jeffrey's Edwin.

Call up your better reaſon to your aid,
And hope the beſt: That friendly beam is left
To chear the wretch, and lighten thro' his ſorrows;
Nor can he ſink ſo low, but Hope will find him:

The pleasing prospect of a better day
Shines thro' the gloom of life, and shortens pain.

Havard's Scanderbeg.

Who has not known ill fortune, never knew
Himself, or his own virtue. Be of comfort;
We can but die at last, till that hour comes,
Let noble anger keep our souls alive.

Mallet's Alfred.

Come, smiling Hope—divine illusion! come
In all thy pride of triumph o'er the pangs
Of Misery and Pain.

Smollet's Regicide.

——Hope, tho' 'tis pale Sorrow's only cordial,
Has yet a dull and opiate quality
Enfeebling what it lulls.

Mason's Elfrida.

O Hope! sweet flatt'rer! whose delusive touch
Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of Comfort,
Relieves the load of Poverty, sustains
The captive, bending with the weight of bonds,
And smooths the pillow of Disease and Pain,
Send back th' exploring messenger with joy
And let me hail thee from that friendly grove.

Glover's Boadicea.

HORROR.

——————If we could recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.

Shakespeare's Henry VI.

Methinks we stand on ruin; Nature shakes
About us; and the universal frame's
So loose, that it but wants another push
To leap from its hinges.

No

No ſun to cheer us, but a bloody globe
That rolls above; a bald and beamleſs fire:
His face o'ergrown with ſcurf; for no ſun ſhines,
But a dim winking taper in the ſkies,
That nods, and ſcarce holds up his drowſy head
To glimmer thro' the damps. Therefore the ſeaſons
Lie all confus'd, and by the Heav'ns neglected,
Forget themſelves: Blind Winter meets the Summer
In his midway; and ſeeing not his livery,
Has driven him headlong back.

Lee's Oedipus.

Sure 'tis the end of all things! Fate has torn
The lock of Time off, and his head is now
The ghaſtly ball of round Eternity?
Call you theſe peals of thunder but the yawn
Of bellowing clouds? By Jove, they ſeem to me
The world's laſt groans! And thoſe vaſt ſheets of flame
Are its laſt blaze! The tapers of the gods,
The ſun and moon, run down like waxen globes,
And Chaos is at hand!
Did ever night or day ſhew aught like this?
Anſwer, ye powers divine! Spare all this noiſe,
This rack of heav'n, and ſpeak your fatal pleaſures:
If that the glow-worm light of human Reaſon
Might dare to offer at immortal Knowledge,
And cope with gods, why all this ſtorm of Nature?
Why do the rocks ſplit, and why rolls the ſea?
Why theſe portents in heaven, and plagues on earth?
Why theſe gigantic forms, ethereal monſters?

Ibid.

——An univerſal horror
Struck thro' my eyes, and chill'd my very heart:
The chearful day was every where ſhut out
With care, and left a more than midnight darkneſs,
Such as might ev'n be felt: A few dim lamps,
That feebly lifted up their ſickly heads,
Look'd faintly thro' the ſhade, and made it ſeem
More diſmal by ſuch light. While thoſe that waited

In

In ſolemn Sorrow, mix'd with wild Amazement,
Obſerv'd a dreadful ſilence.
Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

Sure 'tis a horror more than darkneſs brings,
That ſits upon the night! Fate is abroad:
Some ruling fiend hangs in the duſky air,
And ſcatters Ruin, Death, and wild Diſtraction,
O'er all the wretched race of men below.
Rowe's Tamerlane.

Aſcend, ye ghoſts, fantaſtic forms of night,
In all your different dreadful ſhapes aſcend,
And match the preſent horror if you can.
Rowe's Fair Penitent.

HOUNDS.

I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar
With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, beſide the groves,
The ſkies, the fountains, every region near,
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder!
My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flued, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew,
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd, like Theſſalian bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouths like bells,
Each under each: A cry more tunable
Was never halloo'd too, nor chear'd with horn.
Shakespeare's Midſummer Night's Dream.

My hounds ſhall makethe welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill Echo from the hollow earth.
Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew.

When thro' the woods we chas'd the foaming boar,
With hounds that open'd like Theſſalian bulls,
Like tygers flued, and ſanded as the ſhore,

With

With ears and cheſts that daſh'd the morning dew;
Driven with the ſport, as ſhips are toſs'd in ſtorms.
We ran like winds, and matchleſs was our courſe;
Now ſweeping o'er the ſummit of a hill;
Now with full career came thund'ring down
The precipice, and ſwept along the vale.

Lee's Theodoſius.

HUMILITY.

——————You have worth
Richly enamell'd with modeſty;
And tho' your lofty merit might fit crown'd
On Caucaſus, or the Pyrenean mountains,
You chooſe the humble valley; and had rather
Grow a ſafe ſhrub below, than dare the winds,
And be a cedar.—Sir, you know there is not
Half ſo much honour in the pilot's place
As danger in the ſtorm.

Randolph's Muſe's Looking-glaſs.

I ſee, thoſe who are lifted higheſt on
The hill of Honour, are neareſt to the
Blaſts of envious Fortune; whilſt the low
And humble valley fortunes are far more ſecure.
Humble valleys thrive with their boſoms full
Of flow'rs, when hills melt with lightning, and
The rough anger of the clouds.

Ford's Love's Labyrinth.

Would I had trod the humble path, and made
My induſtry leſs ambitious: the ſhrub
Securely grows, the talleſt tree ſtands moſt
In the wind; and thus we diſtinguiſh the
Noble from the baſe: The noble find their
Lives and deaths ſtill troubleſome:
But Humility doth ſleep, whilſt the ſtorm
Grows hoarſe with ſcolding.

Davenant's Cruel Brother.

There

There are ſome that uſe
Humility to ſerve their Pride, and ſeem
Humble upon their way, to be prouder
At their wiſh'd journey's end.

Denham's Sophy.

HUNTING.

This I'll promiſe you, a piece of veniſon,
A cup of wine, and ſo forth, hunter's fare:
And, if you pleaſe, the ſtag we'll ſtrike ourſelves
Shall fill our diſhes with his well-fed fleſh.
If you will conſent,
And go with us, we'll bring you to a foreſt,
Where runs a luſty herd; among the which
There is a ſtag ſuperior to the reſt;
A ſtately beaſt, that when his fellows run,
He leads the race, and beats the fallen earth,
As tho' he ſcorn'd it with his trampling hoofs:
Aloft he bears his head, and with his breaſt
Like a huge bulwark, counterchecks the wind;
And when he ſtandeth ſtill he ſtretcheth forth
His proud ambitious neck, as if he meant
To wound the firmament with forked horns.

Shakespeare's Sir John Oldcaſtle.

1. I pity theſe poor beaſts,
Theſe ſylvan commoners, to ſee what taſks
Our cov'tous foreſters impoſe on them,
Who not content with impoſt of their breath,
Poor harts, purſue them ſmiling to their laſt.

2. 'Twas the end of their creation.

1. So was the end of ours to live in peace,
And not to tyrannize on harmleſs beaſts;
But foreſters, like images, ſet forth
The tyranny of greatneſs without pity:
As they the deer, ſo covetous wealth purſues
The trembling ſtate of their inferiors:
And to claſp up the volume of their ſins,

They

They drink their blood, and cloath them with their skins:
Then ceaſe to preſs poor beaſts with tyranny,
You love your lives; think they are loath to die.
Day's Iſle of Gulls.

The foreſt muſic is to hear the hounds
Rend the thin air, and with a luſty cry
Awake the drowſy echo, and confound
Their perfect language in a mingled voice. *Ibid.*

May a poor huntſman, with a merry heart,
A voice ſhall make the foreſt ring about him,
Get leave to live among ye? True as ſteel, boys;
That knows all chaſes, and can watch all hours,
And, with my quarter-ſtaff, tho' the devil bid ſtand,
Deal ſuch an alms, ſhall make him roar again:
Prick ye the fearful hare through croſs-ways, ſheep-walks,
And force the crafty Reynard climb the quick-ſets;
Rouze the lofty ſtag, and with my bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the woods ſhall mourn him,
Till in his funeral tears, he fall before me?
The pole-cat, marten, and the rich-ſkinn'd lucern,
I know to chaſe; the roe the wind out-ſtripping;
Iſgrim himſelf, in all his bloody anger
I can beat from the bay;
And with my arm'd ſtaff can turn the boar,
Spite of his foamy tuſhes, and thus ſtrike him,
Till he fall down my feaſt.
Beaumont and Fletcher's Beggar's Buſh.

HUSBAND and WIFE.

The lady Olivia has no folly;
She will keep no fool, Sir, till ſhe be marry'd;
And fools are as like huſbands, as pilchards
Are to herrings; the huſband's the bigger.
Shakeſpeare's Twelfth Night.

You are too amorous, too obſequious,
And make her too aſſur'd ſhe may command you.
When women doubt moſt of their huſbands loves,
They are moſt loving. Huſbands muſt take heed
They give no gluts of kindneſs to their wives,
But uſe them like their horſes, whom they feed
Not with a manger full of meat together,
But half a peck at once; and keep them ſo,
Still with an appetite to what they give them.
He that deſires to have a loving wife,
Muſt bridle all the ſhew of that deſire:
Be kind, not amorous; not betraying kindneſs,
As if love wrought it, but conſiderate duty.
Offer no love-rites, but let wives ſtill ſeek them;
For when they come unſought, they ſeldom like them.

B. Johnson's Every Man out of his Humour.

1, We hear you are
To marry an old citizen.
2. Then ſurely
You were not deaf.
1. And do you mean his age,
Which hath ſeen all the kingdom bury'd thrice;
To whom the heat of Auguſt is December;
Who, were he but in Italy' wou'd ſave
The charge of marble vaults, and cool the air
Better than ventiducts? ſhall he freeze between
Your melting arms? Do but conſider, he
But marries you as we would do his furs,
To keep him warm?
1. But he is rich, Sir.
2. Then
In wedding him you wed more infirmities
Than ever Galen wrote of; he has pains
That put the doctors to new experiments:
Half his diſeaſes in the city bill
Kill hundreds weekly. A lone hoſpital
Were but enough for him. Beſides,
He has a cough that nightly drowns the bellman;

Calls

Calls up his family; all his neighbours riſe
And go by it, as by the chimes and clock.
Not four loam walls, nor ſaw-duſt put between,
Can deaden it.
2. Yet he is ſtill rich.
1. If this
Cannot affright you, but that you will needs
Be blind to wholeſome counſel, and will marry
One, who by the courſe of Nature, ought t'have been
Rotten before the queen's time, and in juſtice
Should now have been ſome threeſcore years a ghoſt,
Let pity move you.

Main's City Match.

Men's eyes are not ſo ſubtle to perceive
My inward miſery: I bear my grief
Hid from the world. How am I wretched then?
For aught I know all huſbands are like me,
And ev'ry man I talk to of his wife,
Is but a well diſſembler of his woes,
As I am. *Beaumont's Maid's Tragedy.*

Few know what care a huſband's peace deſtroys,
His real griefs, and his diſſembled joys.

Dryden's Indian Emperor.

What can be ſweeter than our native home?
Thither for eaſe and ſoft repoſe we come.
Home is the ſacred refuge of our life,
Secur'd from all approaches but a wife.
If thence we fly, the cauſe admits no doubt,
None but an inmate foe could force us out.
Clamours our privacies uneaſy make,
Birds leave their neſts diſturb'd, and beaſts their haunts
forſake.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

And yet of marriage-bands I'm weary grown;
Love ſcorns all ties but thoſe that are his own:
Chains that are dragg'd muſt needs uneaſy prove,
For there's a godlike liberty in love. *Ibid.*

Sure

Sure of all ills domeſtic are the worſt;
When we lay next us what we hold moſt dear,
Like Hercules, envenom'd ſhirts we wear,
And cleaving miſchiefs. *Ibid.*

Secrets of marriage ſtill are ſacred held,
Their ſweet and bitter by the wife conceal'd.
Errors of wives reflect on huſbands ſtill,
And when divulg'd, proclaim they've choſen ill.
And the myſterious power of bed and throne,
Should always be maintain'd, but rarely ſhown.
Ibid.

Would I had never marry'd, for now methinks,
I've bound up for myſelf a weight of cares;
And how the burden will be borne, none knows:
A huſband may be jealous, rigid, falſe,
And ſhould Caſtalio e'er prove ſo to me,
So tender is my heart, ſo nice my love,
'Twould ruin and diſtract my breaſt for ever.
Otway's Orphan.

There's no condition ſure ſo curſt as mine:
I'm married! Death! I'm ſped! how like a dog
Look'd Hercules thus to a diſtaff chain'd. *Ibid.*

Now ſhe has bound me faſt ſhe means to lord it,
To run me hard, and ride me at her will,
Till by degrees ſhe ſhape me into fool,
For all her future uſes. *Ibid.*

——————What woman, when
Her blood boils up, and wantons in her veins,
When her hot-panting pulſe beats to the joy;
What woman then would quench a generous flame
In an unactive heavy huſband's arms,
That tires and jades our expectations
In the firſt ſtretch of love, then dully falls
To his old trot, and trudges out the courſe.
Southern's Diſappointment.

Oh!

Oh! for a curſe upon the cunning prieſt,
Who conjur'd us together in a yoke,
That galls me now. *Ibid.*

With gaudy plumes and jingling bells made proud,
The youthful beaſt ſets forth, and neighs aloud.
A morning ſun his tinſell'd harneſs gilds
And the firſt ſtage a down-hill greenſward yields.
But, oh!
What rugged ways attend the noon of life!
(Our ſun declines) and with what anxious ſtrife,
What pain we lug that galling load a wife.
All courſers the firſt heat with vigour run,
But 'tis with whip and ſpur the race is won.
Congreve's Old Batchelor.

Are we not one? Are we not join'd by Heav'n?
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are we not mix'd like ſtreams of meeting rivers,
Whoſe blended waters are no more diſtinguiſh'd,
But roll into the ſea one common flood?
Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Force, and the will of our imperious rulers,
May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;
But minds will ſtill look back to their own choice.
So the poor captive in a foreign realm,
Stands on the ſhore, and ſends his wiſhes back
To the dear native land from whence he came.
Ibid.

When ſouls, that ſhould agree to will the ſame,
To have one common object for their wiſhes,
Look different ways regardleſs of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedneſs enſues!
Love ſhall be baniſh'd from the genial bed,
The nights ſhall all be lonely and unquiet,
And every day ſhall be a day of cares. *Ibid.*

——————My Lord and I
Have mingled ſouls like melting ſtreams:

Can

Can you divide the waters drop by drop,
And re-unite them to their former currents?
Can you command the glorious light to ſtay,
When the ſun leaves us? Our two blended hearts
Are rivetted by Fortune, Time, and Fate.
Johnson's Succeſsful Pirate.

——————A prudent father
By Nature charg'd to guide and rule her choice,
Reſigns his daughter to a huſband's power,
Who with ſuperior dignity, with reaſon,
And with manly tenderneſs, will ever love her;
Not firſt a kneeling ſlave and then a tyrant.
Thomson's Tancred and Sigiſmunda.

HYPOCRISY.

The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe:
An evil ſoul producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outſide Falſehood hath!
Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.

Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For Villainy is not without ſuch rheum;
And he long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of Remorſe and Innocence.
Shakespear's King John.

I ſigh, and with a piece of ſcripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I clothe my naked villainy,
With old ends, ſtolen forth of holy writ,
And ſeem a ſaint when moſt I play the devil.
Shakespeare's Richard III.

Lords, cold ſnow melts with the ſun's hot beams.
Henry, my lord, is cold in great affairs,
Too full of fooliſh pity; Gloſter's ſhew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile

With

With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers:
Or, as the ſnake, roll'd in a flow'ry bank,
With ſhining checker'd ſlough, doth ſting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

Shakespeare's Henry VI.

Do not ſtand on quillets how to ſlay him:
Be it by gins, by ſnares, by ſubtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead: For that is good deceit
Which mars him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.

Ibid.

O ſerpent heart, hid with a flowery face,
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolviſh-rav'ning lamb!
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of divineſt ſhew!
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned ſaint, an honourable villain!
O Nature! what hadſt thou to do in Hell,
When thou didſt bow'r the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortal paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever book containing ſuch vile matter
So fairly bound? O that Deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!

Shakespeare's Much ado about Nothing.

You have learn'd
The cunning fowler's art, who pleaſantly
Whiſtles the bird into the ſnare: Good Heav'n!
How had you ſtrew'd th' enticing top o'th' cup
With Arabian ſpices; but you had laid i' th' bottom
Epheſian aconite? You are Love's hypocrite:
A fair poppy in a field of corn.

Davenport's City Night Cap.

——————Foul Hypocriſy's ſo much the mode
There is no knowing hearts from words or looks.
Thieves, bawds, and panders wear the holy leer;

Ev'n

Ev'n ruffians cant, and undermining knaves
Diſplay a mimic openneſs of ſoul.

W. Shirley's Parricide.

Glorious Hypocriſy! What fools are they,
Who, fraught with luſtful or ambitious views
Wear not thy ſpecious maſk.

Miller's Mahomet.

O Hypocrite, thy boldneſs ſtrikes at Heav'n
And makes its fervid ſaints appear impoſtors.

Francis's Eugenia.

Whilſt I liv'd honeſt, nothing did ſucceed.
Heav'n ſaw my heart; Hypocriſy was there!
And therefore did my vows reject: But now,
What ſees the devil in this dreaſt of mine,
That is not his own? O yet, here's ſtill Remorſe!
Confound Remorſe and Fortune, I renounce them.

Dancy's Love and Ambition.

IDLENESS.

IF you will needs ſay I am an old man,
You ſhould give me reſt: I would to God my
Name were not ſo terrible to the enemy
As it is: I were better to be eaten
To death with a ruſt, than to be ſcoured
To nothing with perpetual motion.

Shakespeare's Henry IV.

——————What is man.
If his chief good, and market of his time
Be but to ſleep and feed? A beaſt, no more.
Sure he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
Looking before and after, gave us not

To

That capability and god-like reaſon
To ruſt in us unuſed.

SHAKESPEARE's Hamlet.

See the iſſue of your ſloth:
Of ſloth comes pleaſure, of pleaſure comes riot;
Of riot comes whoring, of whoring comes ſpending,
Of ſpending comes want, of want comes theft,
And of theft comes hanging.

CHAP. JOHNS. MERST. Eaſtward Hoe.

If we ſhould do nothing,
Of that neceſſary muſt come ill: I'll
Prove it too. Of doing nothing comes idleneſs,
Of idleneſs comes no goodneſs, of no
Goodneſs neceſſary comes ill; therefore
If we do nothing, of neceſſity
We muſt do ill.

BROME's Cunning Lovers.

JEALOUSY. *See* REVENGE.

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the public ſtreet,
To gaze on Chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces;
But ſtop my houſe's ears; I mean my caſements.
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe.

SHAKESPEARE's Merchant of Venice.

The venom-clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems his ſleep was hindred by thy railing;
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make indigeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madneſs?

Thou ſay'ſt his ſports were hindred by thy brawls.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody and dull Melancholy,
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs Deſpair?
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures and foes to life.

SHAKESPEARE's Comedy of Errors.

Ay, ay, Anthipholis, look ſtrange and frown,
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurged would'ſt vow,
That never words were muſic to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing to thine eye,
That never touch were welcome to thine hand,
That never meat ſweet ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.

Ibid.

Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſies,
And never ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring,
Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by ruſhy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling winds,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport;
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made ſo proud
That they have o'erborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted e'er its youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flocks;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread are undiſtinguiſhable.
The human mortals want their winter here,

No

No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt;
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air,
That rheumatic diſeaſes do abound;
And through this diſtemperature we ſee
The ſeaſons alter, hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old Hyem's chin and ivy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of ſweet ſummer buds
Is, as in mock'ry ſet; the ſpring, the ſummer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liv'ries, and the 'mazed world
By their increaſe knows not which is which.

SHAKESPEARE's Midſummer Night's Dream.

Is whiſp'ring nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes?
Kiſſing with the inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty;) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would, unſeen, be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't is nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

SHAKESPEARE's Winter's Tale.

O, beware of Jealouſy!
It is a green-ey'd monſter, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.
Oh! what damn'd minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves.

SHAKESPEARE's Othello.

Think'ſt thou I'd make a life of Jealouſy,
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon,
With freſh ſuſpicions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolv'd. * * * * *

* * * * 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where Virtue is, these are most virtuous.
Nor from my weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt,
For she had eyes and chose. No, Iago,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove. *Ibid.*

——————If I do prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune; haply for I'm black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or, for I'm declin'd
Into the vale of years; yet that's not much,
She's gone, I'm abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loath her. Oh, the curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love.
For other's use. *Ibid.*

——————Trifles, light as air
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ. *Ibid.*

Villain! be sure thou prove my love a whore:
Be sure of it, give me the ocular proof,
Or by the worth of my eternal soul,
Thou'dst much better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath. * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
Make me to see it, or at least so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, no loop
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!
* * * * * * * * * * *
If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;

On Horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that. *Ibid.*

——————By the world,
I think my wife is honest, and think she is not,
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof, her name that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black,
If there be cords or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating steams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfy'd. *Ibid.*

Iago. How satisfy'd, my lord;
Would you be supervisor, grossly gape on,
Behold her tupp'd? * * * * * *
It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect;
What then? how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
* * * * But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might ha't. *Ibid.*

Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago,
All my fond love, thus do I blow to Heav'n,——
'Tis gone.
Arise, black Vengeance, from thy hollow Hell;
Yield up, O Love, thy crown and hearted throne,
To tyrannous Hate! swell bosom with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks tongues.

The devil gives this jealousy to man,
As Nature doth a tail unto a lion;
Which thinks in heat to beat away the flies,
When he doth most enrage himself with it.
Mrs. S——'s Cupid's Whirligig.

I would not wrong him for all the ſea's drown'd
Riches; for, if my heat of blood ſhould do it,
As he ſuppoſeth it doth, ev'n that blood
Would, like a traitor, write my faults with bluſhing
Red upon my cheeks: But becauſe I, as
All women and courtiers do, love good cloaths,
Which his eyes wear; yet he upbraids me, ſwearing
'Tis to pleaſe the multitude; and that I
Spread gay rags about me, like a net, to
Catch the hearts of ſtrangers: If I go poor,
Then he ſwears I am beaſtly, with a loath'd
Sluttiſhneſs: If I be ſad, then I grieve
He is ſo near: If merry, and with a
Modeſt wantoniſing kiſs, embrace his
Love, then are my twiſtings more dangerous than
A ſnake's; my luſt more inſatiate than was
Meſſalina's.
Yet this from jealouſy doth always grow,
What moſt they ſeek, they loath'ſt of all would know.
Ibid.

What could'ſt thou propoſe
Leſs to thyſelf than in this heat of wrath,
And ſtung with my diſhonour, I ſhould ſtrike
This ſteel into thee with as many ſtabs,
As thou wert gaz'd upon with goatiſh eyes?
B. Jonnson's Volpone.

——All jealouſy
Muſt ſtill be ſtrangled in its birth; or time
Will ſoon conſpire to make it ſtrong enough
To overcome the truth.
Sir Wm. Davenant's Cruel Brother.

——Of all
Our paſſions, I wonder Nature made
The worſt, foul Jealouſy, her favourite;——
And if it be not ſo, why took ſhe care
That every thing ſhould give the monſter nouriſhment,
And left us nothing to deſtroy it with.
Suckling's Brennoralt.

Thou

Thou wond'rous yellow fiend!
Temper an antidote with antimony,
And 'tis infectious; mix jealouſy with marriage,
It poiſons Virtue: Let the child feel the ſting,
He'll fly the honey-comb: Has ſhe one action
That can diſpoſe you to diſtruſt?
Davenport's City Night Cap.

——————Oh, Jealouſy,
Love's eclipſe! thou art in thy diſeaſe,
A wild mad patient, wond'rous hard to pleaſe. *Ibid.*

——————If you doubt
My chaſtity, why lock me up for ever.
Make me the heir of darkneſs, let me live
Where I may pleaſe your fears, if not your truſt.
Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Small jealouſies, 'tis true, inflame deſire,
The great not fan, but quite put out the fire. *Ibid.*

How frail, how cowardly is woman's mind!
We ſhriek at thunder, dread the ruſtling wind;
And glitt'ring ſwords the brighteſt eyes will blind.
Yet when ſtrong Jealouſy inflames the ſoul,
The weak will roar, and calms to tempeſts roul.
Lee's Alexander.

The greater care the higher paſſion ſhews;
We hold that deareſt, we moſt fear to loſe.
Diſtruſt in lovers is too warm a ſun;
But yet 'tis night in love when that is gone:
And in thoſe climes which moſt his ſcorching know,
He makes the nobleſt fruits and metals grow.
Dryden's Conqueſt of Granada.

Ah! why are not the hearts of women known?
Falſe women to new joys unſeen can move,
There are no prints left in the paths of love:
All goods beſides by public marks are known,
But that we moſt deſire to keep has none.

No ſign of love in jealous men remains,
But that which ſick men have of life, their pains.
Ibid.

O plague me, Heav'n, plague me with all the woes
That man can ſuffer! Root up my poſſeſſions!
Shipwreck my far-ſought ballaſt in the haven!
Fire all my cities! Burn my dukedoms down!
Let midnight wolves howl in my defart chambers!
May the earth yawn! Shatter the frame of Nature!
Let the wreck'd orbs in whirlwinds round me move!
But ſave me from the rage of jealous love!
Lee's Cæſar Borgia.

Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his throne by all his guard
Of furious wiſhes, fears, and nice ſuſpicions.
Otway's Orphan.

——————Jealouſy is a noble crime;
'Tis the high pulſe of paſſion in a fever;
A ſickly drought, but ſhews a burning thirſt.
Dryden's Amphitryon.

To doubt's an injury; to ſuſpect a friend
Is breach of friendſhip: Jealouſy's a ſeed
Sown but in vicious minds; prone to diſtruſt,
Becauſe apt to deceive. *Landsdown's Heroic Love.*

Unneceſſary jealouſies, make more whores
Than all baits elſe laid to entrap our frailties.
Beaumont and Fletcher's Little French Lawyer.

O Jealouſy! thou bane of pleaſing friendſhip!
Thou worſt invader of our tender boſoms!
How does thy rancour poiſon all our ſweetneſs,
And turn our gentle nature into bitterneſs!
See where ſhe comes! Once my eyes deareſt bleſſing!
Now my chang'd eyes are blaſted with her beauty,
Loath that known face, and ſicken to behold it.
Rowe's Jane Shore.

——Ac-

——————Accurſed Jealouſy!
O mercileſs, wild, and unforgiving fiend!
Blindfold it runs to undiſtinguiſh'd miſchief,
And murders all it meets. Curs'd be its rage!
For there is none ſo deadly. Doubly curs'd
Be all thoſe eaſy fools who give it harbour;
Who turn a monſter looſe among mankind,
Fiercer than Famine, War, or ſpotted Peſtilence,
Baneful as Death, and horrible as Hell. *Ibid.*

If you are wiſe and prize your peace of mind,
Believe me true, nor liſten to your Jealouſy,
Let not that devil which undoes your ſex,
That curſed curioſity ſeduce you,
To hunt for needleſs ſecrets, which neglected,
Shall never hurt your quiet, but once known,
Shall ſit upon your heart, pinch it with pain,
And baniſh the ſweet ſleep for ever from you. *Ibid.*

——————Of you I am not jealous;
'Tis my own indeſert that gives me fears,
And tenderneſs forms dangers where they're not.
I doubt and envy all things that approach thee:
Not a fond mother of a long-wiſh'd for only child,
Beholds with ſuch kind terrors her infant offspring,
As I do her I love. She thinks its food, if ſhe's not by,
Unwholeſome, and all the ambient air
Made up of fevers, and of quartan agues,
Except ſhe ſhrowds it in her arms;
Such is my unpitied anxious care for you.
Steele's Lying Lovers.

Down ſwelling anguiſh of a jealous mind:
Howe'er they rage, I muſt, I muſt ſuppreſs
Theſe throes, theſe ſtrivings, and theſe gnawing pangs,
That like reluctant ſubterraneous fires,
Working for birth, and ſtruggling to be looſe,
Diſdainful of their check, ſhoot all around
The dreadful foamings of impriſon'd fury.
Beckingham's Henry IV. of France.

I never yet,
'Tis true, ſurpriz'd them in the very fact;
But if our Thought can ſee, or Reaſon judge,
I have ſufficient proof to make me mad:
Shall I ſit then thus patient with diſgrace,
And like a tame believing doting huſband,
Careſs a ſtithleſs beauty in my arms,
Who in the height and fury of enjoyment,
Shall in her own laſcivious abſent thoughts
Beſtow her laviſh raptures on another? *Ibid.*

Are tortures, racks, and poiſon, nuptial ſounds?
Sweet Hymeneals for a new-made bride!
No! racks and daggers are for him, thou trait'reſs,
Whom you have drawn to your polluted bed,
And cozen'd in, a cov'ring for your luſt,
Nay, do not ſhake with a diſſembled horror,
Nor, as my Reaſon doubts not, but you are
A perfect miſtreſs in your ſex's arts,
Think to elude me with a ſpecious look
Of Innocence, Surprize and virtuous Rage;
The artifice is ſtale; I've ſeen and heard
Enough, beyond Suſpicion's pale diſtruſts,
To damn me with the knowledge of my fate. *Ibid.*

Go on as far as Jealouſy can drive thee;
Writhe to and fro with thought-corroding anguiſh:
Be that the juſtice that my doubted Fame
And bleeding Reputation ſhall inflict.
Clear in myſelf, I ſcorn to give reply,
Or make a falſe Suſpicion wear the face
Of Truth, by fondly ſtriving to confute
The weak chimera's of a poiſon'd brain. *Ibid.*

Jealouſy! each other paſſion's calm
To thee; thou conflagration of the ſoul!
Thou king of torments! Thou grand counterpoiſe
For all the tranſports Beauty can inſpire.
YOUNG's Revenge.

Jealouſy,

Jealouſy, that yellow fiend, hath dipp'd the torch in gall,
And now 'twill light no more.

Fenton's Mariamne.

——————I, whoſe life
Was bound with thine, by ſtriving to ſecure
Thy beauties all my own, have kill'd the dove
I fondly graſp'd too cloſe. *Ibid.*

Hence Jealouſy, thou fatal lying fiend,
Thou falſe ſeducer of our hearts, begone.

Ch. Johnson's Sultaneſs.

This Jealouſy's a hydra, 'tis a monſter
Which flouriſhes the more, the more we maim it.

Lewis's Philip of Macedon.

If once to Jealouſy the ſoul's reſign'd,
If Preposſeſſion gain th' unwary mind,
In vain prefers poor Innocence her plea,
'Tis as our paſſions dictate we decree:
Juſtice no more ſuſpends her equal ſcale,
And Fraud and Faction over Truth prevail;
The guiltleſs falls,—too late we then believe,
Too late repent, and too ſeverely grieve
The fatal error we can ne'er retrieve.

Ibid.

This, this has thrown a ſerpent to my heart;
While it o'erflow'd with tenderneſs, with joy,
With all the ſweetneſs of exulting Love;
Now nought but gall is there, and burning poiſon.

Thomson's Sophoniſba.

——————Is a woman's vengeance,
An injur'd, jealous woman's, to be ſlighted?
Weak in the field, unable to contend
With warring hoſts, we ſink, appal'd, unnerv'd;
But when we feel the pangs of Love contemn',
Let the wrong doer ſtand aghaſt, and know,

Not the red fire from Jove's unerring hand
Strikes surer than a jealous woman's rage.
C. Johnson's Medæa.

——————Oh, my tortur'd breast!
It burns! ten thousand scorpions sting my bosom!
All other evils intermit and feel
Some interval of ease,
——But the forsaken lover's pangs remain
A lasting and unutterable pain;
There Anger, Fear, Distraction, Horror, Rage,
The torn tumultuous soul at once engage,
Forlorn, like me, for ever doom'd to prove
(Relentless gods) the pangs of jealous love. *Ibid.*

——————————Thou Jealousy,
Almighty tyrant of the human mind,
Who can'st at will unsettle the calm brain,
O'erturn the scaled heart, and shake the man
Thro' all his frame with tempest and distraction;
Rise to my present aid: Call up thy powers,
Thy furious fears, thy blast of dreadful passion,
Thy whips, snakes, mortal stings, thy host of horrors;
Rouze thy whole war against him, and compleat
My purpos'd vengeance. *Mallet's Euridice.*

O Jealousy! thou merciless destroyer,
More cruel than the Grave! what ravages
Does thy wild war make in the noblest bosoms!
Ibid.

Cleora. The thirst of Fame, that noble zeal of daring,
Which still inspires the brave Pellæan youth,
Our's, and the world's great lord, to spread his conquests,
Burns not more strong than Jealousy in woman.
Craterus. Beware, fair princess, of that pois'nous passion,
Nor seek with prying eyes to know, what known,
If true distracts, if false condemns the search.

The

The fatal plagues of over curious tranſports,
Of which each day's experience gives ſad proof,
Betimes ſhould warn thee, from the treacherous paths,
Which leads at beſt to knowledge, beſt unfound.
The man who tells me that my love is falſe
May mean me well, but robs me of my quiet.

Fhowde's Philotas.

O Jealouſy! thou moſt unnatural offspring
Of a too tender parent! that in exceſs
Of fondneſs feeds thee, like the pelican,
But with her pureſt blood; and in return
Thou tear'ſt the boſom, whence thy nurture flows.

Ibid.

Jealouſy, ſaid'ſt thou? I diſdain it:—No—
Diſtruſt is poor, and a miſplac'd ſuſpicion
Invites, and juſtifies the Falſehood fear'd.

Hill's Zara.

When Jealouſy becomes a crime,—guard Heaven,
The huſband's honour whom his wife not loves!

Hill's Alzira.

Love has no power to act, when curb'd by Jealouſy.

Ibid.

Let wives beware of foul Suſpicion's taint;
It is a coward ſerpent, which immur'd
Preys on its breeder in a deathleſs pain.

Shirley's Parricide.

——See! how round yon branching elm the ivy
Twines its green chain, and poiſons what ſupports it.
Not leſs injurious to the blooming ſhoots
Of growing Love is fickly Jealouſy.

Mason's Elfrida.

——What other power can make him
Suſpect the man he loves? Ambition ſhall be Virtue,
And Treaſon ſeem Ambition. Then, my lord,
All other paſſions have their hour of thinking,

And

And hear the voice of Reaſon. This alone
Breaks at the firſt ſuſpicion, into frenzy,
And ſweeps the ſoul in tempeſts.

Francis's Conſtantia.

——————Thou, O, Jealouſy!
Invok'd, ariſe from thy profoundeſt Hell,
(To no mean ſcene of horror art thou call'd)
Ariſe, and with thee bring thy kindred fiends,
Revenge and Murder. *Ibid.*

——————Let Jealouſy
Diſtil her bane to taint their growing loves!
Light up Reſentment! Fan the dang'rous fire
With dark ſurmiſe, hints, invented tales,
Till it burſt all tender bands in ſunder
That knit their ſouls! *Crispe's Virginia.*

——————O, Jealouſy! I feel,
I feel thy ſerpent-touch! Thou torturing fiend!
Thy rage ſome dreadful ſacrifice demands.

Dow's Sethona.

JESTER.

This fellow is wiſe enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of the perſons, and the time:
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wiſe man's art.

Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.

IMAGINATION.

When the face of Nature's wrapt in night,
And the mind buſy on ſome great event,
Imagination then creates a world,
And fills the gloomy void with airy beings.

Lover

Lovers and madmen have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt Hell can hold,
The madman; while the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
And as Imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Shakespeare's Midſummer Night's Dream.

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glaſs,
Wherein m' imagination's run like ſands,
Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn:
So that I know not what to ſtay upon,
And leſs to put in act.

B. Jonson's Every Man in his Humour.

The little Ethiop infant had not been
Black in his cradle, had he not been firſt
Black in his mother's ſtrong imagination.
'Tis thought; the hairy child that's ſhewn about,
Came by the mother's thinking on the picture
Of St. John Baptiſt in his camel's coat.
See we not beaſts conceive, as they do fancy
The preſent colours plac'd before their eyes?
We owe py'd colts unto the vary'd horſe-cloth;
And the white partridge to the neighb'ring ſnow.
Fancy can ſave or kill; it hath clos'd up
Wounds when the balſam could not; and, without
The aid of ſalves, to think hath been a cure.

Cartwright's Ordinary.

IMPATIENCE.

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
To Phœbus's manſion! Such a waggoner
As Phaeton wou'd whip you to the Weſt,
And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing Night,
That the run-away's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to theſe arms, untalk'd of, and unſeen:
Lovers can ſee to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties; or if Love be blind,
It beſt agrees with Night.

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.

IMPRECATIONS.

See Falsehood. *See* Rival.

Let Heav'n kiſs Earth, nor let Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die;
And let the world no longer be a ſtage,
To feed contention in a ling'ring act,
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain,
Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead.

Shakespeare's Henry IV.

Hung be the Heav'ns with black, gild day to night;
Comets importing change to times and ſtates,
Brandiſh their golden treſſes in the ſkies,
And with them ſcourge the bad revolted ſtars
That have conſented unto Henry's death.

Shakespeare's Henry VI.

Let Ignominy brand thy hated name;
Let modeſt matrons at thy mention ſtart;
And bluſhing virgins, when they read our annals,
Skip o'er the guilty page that holds thy legend,
And blots the noble work.

Shakespeare's Troilus and Creſſida.

Blow winds and crack your cheeks, rage, blow,
You cataracts and hurricanoes ſpout
Till you have drench'd our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks.
You ſulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head. And thou, all-ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world,
Crack Nature's moulds, all germains ſpill at once,
That makes ingrateful man.

Shakespeare's King Lear.

Hear, Nature, hear? dear goddeſs, hear!
Suſpend thy purpoſe if thou didſt intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey ſterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate body never ſpring
A babe to honour her. If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her child of ſpleen, that it may live
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her;
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears, fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits,
To laughter and contempt. *Ibid.*

Whip me, you devils!
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphur,
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulphs of liquid fire!

Shakespeare's Othello.

That I could reach the axle, where the pins are
Which bolt this frame; that I might pull 'em out,
And pluck all into Chaos with myſelf!
Who would not fall with all the world about him?

B. Johnson's Cataline.

Oh, hear me, Heav'n! I'll ſpeak it tho' I burſt,
And tho' the air had ears, and ſerv'd the tyrant,
Out it ſhould go: O hear me, thou great juſtice,
The miſeries that wait upon his miſchiefs,
Let them be numberleſs, let no eye pity him,

E'en

E'en when his ſoul is loaded, and in labour,
And wounded thro' and thro' with Guilt and Horror,
Then when his monſtrous ſins, like earthquakes ſhake him,
And thoſe eyes that had forgot Heav'n wou'd look upwards;
The bloody alarms of Conſcience ſtill, ſtill beating;
Let Mercy fly, and day ſtruck into darkneſs,
Leave his blind Soul to hunt out her own horror.
Beaumont's Double Marriage.

——————Looſen'd Nature
Leap from its hinges, ſink the props of Heav'n,
And fall the ſkies to cruſh the nether world,
Dryden's All for Love.

Oh! that as oft I have at Athens ſeen
The ſtage ariſe, and the big clouds deſcend;
So now in very deed I might behold
The pond'rous earth, and all yond marble roof,
Meet like the hands of Jove, and cruſh mankind:
For all the elements, and all the powers
Celeſtial, nay, terreſtrial, and infernal,
Conſpire the rack of out-caſt Oedipus.
Fall Darkneſs then, and everlaſting Night;
Shadow the glow! May the ſun never dawn;
The ſilver moon be blotted from her orb!
And for a univerſal rout of Nature,
Thro' all the inmoſt chambers of the ſky,
May there not be a glimpſe, one ſtarry ſpark!
But gods meet gods, and joſtle in the dark!
That jars may riſe, and wrath divine be hurl'd,
Which may to atoms ſhake the ſolid world.
Lee's Oedipus.

Confuſion and Diſorder ſeize the world,
To ſpoil all truſt and converſe among men;
'Twixt families engender endleſs feuds,
In countries needleſs fears, in cities factions,
In ſtates rebellion, and in churches ſchiſms;

'T

Till all things move againſt the courſe of Nature;
Till forms diſſolv'd, the chain of cauſes broken,
And the original of Being loſt.

Otway's Orphan.

Final Deſtruction ſeize on all the world:
Bend down, ye Heav'ns! and ſhutting round this earth,
Cruſh the vile globe into its firſt confuſion;
Scorch it with elemental flames to one curſt cinder,
And all us little creepers in it, call'd men,
Burn, burn to nothing! But let Venice burn
Hotter than all the reſt: Here kindle Hell,
Ne'er to extinguiſh; and let ſouls hereafter
Groan here in all thoſe pains which mine feels now.

Otway's Veniee Preſerv'd.

——All curſes on me,
The whips of Conſcience, and the ſtings of Pleaſure,
Sores and diſtempers, diſappointments, plague me,
May all my life be one continu'd torment;
And that more racking than a woman's labour.

Lee's Princeſs of Cleve.

Rain, rain, ye ſtars, ſpout from your burning orbs
Precipitated fires, and pour in ſheets
The blazing torrent on the tyrant's head,
Scorch and conſume this curs'd perfidious king.

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head.
Hide me, ye rocks, within your ſecret caverns,
Caſt thy black veil upon my ſhame, O Night!
And ſhield me with thy ſable wing for ever.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Let me be branded for the public ſcorn,
Turn'd forth, and driven to wander like a beggar;
Be friendleſs and forſaken; ſeek my bread
Upon the barren, wild, and deſolate waſte;
Feed on my ſighs, and drink my falling tears. *Ibid.*

Blaſt,

Blaſt, blaſt her charms, ſome bloom-deſtroying air!
And turn his love to loathing; but let her's
Know no decreaſe, that Diſappointment,
Lovers' worſt Hell, may meet her warmeſt wiſhes,
And make her curſe the hour in which ſhe wedded.
E. Haywood's Frederick Duke of Brunſwick-Lunenburgh.

Fiends tear you, lightnings blaſt you, Hell, let Hell
Pour all its tortures out to rack your ſouls
With pains more fierce than wound my boſom now.
Banford's Virgin Queen.

O thou Almighty! awful, and ſupreme!
Redreſs, revenge an injur'd nation's wrongs:
Show'r down your curſes on the tyrant's head!
Ariſe the judge, diſplay your vengeance on him,—
Blaſt all his black deſigns, and let him feel
The anxious pains with which his country groans.
Martyn's Timoleon.

O Heaven, diſplay thy awful vengeance on him!
Eternal Darkneſs ſtrike upon his eyes,
And Horror on his mind! O let him live
Beſet with Poverty, with Shame, and Terror!
Ibid.

Curſt be the proſtitute, accurs'd her charms!
Let livid lightning blaſt them from above!
Diſtort her features, harrow up each grace,
And make her body odious as her ſoul.
Then for the traitor!—Oh, great Juno, hear me!
Goddeſs preſiding o'er the nuptial bed,
Thou too haſt known the pangs of injur'd love,
Its cruel tortures, agonizing pains:
Send down ſome choice, ſome mighty plague upon him!
O give him Jealouſy! between their hearts
Sow fell diſſenſion and ſuſpected love;
Then let him feel the torments that he gives.
Frowde's Philotas.

Ye righteous gods, if perfidy you hate,
Send down your ſwifteſt vengeance on his head,
On hers, on mine, cruſh'd in one common ruin. *Ibid.*

Together may they find their juſt reward!
On this ſide Hell, Contempt and Hate attend them!
And when ſome ſudden, unexpected death
Shall ſeize them, meditating future wrongs,
Then plunge them headlong to thoſe dreary plains,
There where their brother miſcreants howl in anguiſh;
The ſhades of virtuous heroes, as they paſs,
Shall gaze aloof with horror of their baſeneſs. *Ibid.*

If, ye powers divine!
Ye mark the movements of this nether world,
And bring them to account, cruſh, cruſh thoſe vipers,
Who, ſingled out by a community,
To guard their rights, ſhall, for a graſp of air,
Or paltry office, ſell 'em to the foe.

Miller's Mahomet.

——————————Perdition whelm
The proſtrate ſycophant!—May Heav'n exhauſt
Its thunder on my head—May Hell diſgorge
Infernal plagues to blaſt me, if I ceaſe
To perſecute the caitiff.

Smollet's Regicide.

If I pollute me with this horrid union,
Black as adultery or damned inceſt,
May ye, the miniſters of Heav'n, depart,
Nor ſhed your influence on the guilty ſcene!
May Horror blacken all our days and nights!
May Diſcord light the nuptial torch! and riſing
From Hell, may ſwarming fiends in triumph howl
Around th' accurſed bed.

Brown's Barbaroſſa.

May curſes blaſt thy arm! May Ætna's fires
Convulſe the land; to its foundations ſhake
The groaning iſle! May civil Diſcord bear

Her

Her flaming brand thro' all the realms of Greece:
And the whole race expire in pangs like mine.
Murphy's Grecian Daughter.

IMPRISONMENT.

Nay, be thou ſure, I'll well requite thy kindneſs;
For that it made my impriſonment a pleaſure!
Ay, ſuch a pleaſure, as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At laſt by notes of houſhold harmony,
They quite forget their loſs of liberty.
Shakespeare's Henry VI.

Why ſhould we murmur to be circumſcrib'd,
As if it were a new thing to wear fetters?
When the whole world was meant but to confine us;
Wherein, who walks from one clime to another,
Hath but a greater freedom of the priſon:
Our ſoul was the firſt captive, born to inherit
But her own chains; nor can it be diſcharg'd,
Till Nature tire with its own weight, and then
We are but more undone, to be at liberty.
Shirley's Court Secret.

——————Captivity,
That comes with honour, is true liberty.
Massinger and Field's Fatal Diſcovery.

——————How like
A priſon's to a grave! when dead, we are
With ſolemn pomp brought thither; and our heirs,
Maſking their joy in falſe diſſembled tears,
Weep o'er the hearſe; but earth no ſooner covers
The earth brought thither, but they turn away
With inward ſmiles, the dead no more remember'd:
So enter'd into a priſon.
Massinger's Maid of Honour.

INCEST.

INCEST.

Cuſtom our native royalty does awe,
Promiſcuous Love is Nature's eldeſt law:
For whoſoever the firſt lovers were,
Brother and ſiſter made the ſecond pair;
And doubled by their love their piety.
DRYDEN's Don Sebaſtian.

She is beauteous; yet, mighty Love,
I never offer'd to obey thy laws
But an unuſual chilneſs came upon me,
An unknown hand, ſtill check'd my forward joy:
Daſh'd me with bluſhes tho' no light was near,
That ev'n the act became a violation.
DRYDEN's Oedipus.

Murder and Inceſt! but to hear 'em nam'd,
My ſoul ſtarts in me, the good centinel
Stands to her weapons, takes the firſt alarm,
To guard me from ſuch crimes. *Ibid.*

————————By Heav'n, I'd rather
Embrue my hands, up to my very ſhoulders,
Than offer at the execrable act
Of damned Inceſt, *Ibid.*

————————Enjoy thy mother!
What! violate with beſtial appetite,
The ſacred veils, that wrapp'd thee yet unborn!
That is not to be borne. *Ibid.*

Now the baleful offsprings brought to ſight!
In horrid form they rank themſelves before me:
What ſhall I call this medley of creation?
Here one, with all the obedience of a ſon,
Borrowing Jocaſta's looks, kneels at my feet,
And calls me father: there a ſturdy boy,
Reſembling Laius, juſt as when I kill'd him,
Bears up, and with his cold hand graſping mine,
Cries out, how fares my brother Oedipus?

What?

What! ſons and brothers? ſiſters, and daughters too!
Fly, all be gone! fly from my whirling brain:
Hence, Inceſt, Murder! Hence, ye ghaſtly fiends!
O gods! gods! anſwer. Is there any mean?
Let me go mad, or die. *Ibid.*

——————Nature would abhor
To be forc'd back again upon herſelf;
And, like a whirl-pool, ſwallow her own ſtreams.
Ibid.

—— ——Inceſt! O name it not!
The very mention ſhakes my inmoſt ſoul:
The gods are ſtartled in their peaceful manſions,
And Nature ſickens at the ſhocking ſound.
Thou brutal wretch! thou execrable monſter!
To break thro' all the laws, that early flow
From untaught Reaſon, and diſtinguiſh man:
Mix, like the ſenſeleſs herd, with beſtial luſt;
Mother and ſon, prepoſterouſly wicked:
To baniſh from thy ſoul, the reverence due
To Honour, Nature, and the genial bed.
Smith's Phædra and Hyppolitus.

————Alaſs! I groan beneath
The Pain, the Guilt, the Shame of impious Love:
I love! alas, I ſhudder at the name!
My blood runs backward, and my fault'ring tongue
Sticks at the ſound—I love—O righteous Heav'n!
Why was I born with ſuch a ſenſe of Virtue?
So great abhorrence of the ſmalleſt crime,
And yet a ſlave to ſuch impetuous Guilt?
Rain on me, gods, your plagues, your ſharpeſt tortures,
Afflict my ſoul with any thing but Guilt;
And yet that Guilt is mine. *Ibid.*

—— ——————Were I that wretch;
Where ev'ry light extinguiſh'd in the mind,
Which brightens Virtue, and ſhews Vice moſt foul;
Were I forſaken of all ſenſe of good,
Abandon'd, and led captive to all ill:

One, whoſe experienced wickedneſs cou'd prove
Adultery no ſin; yet, ev'n there,
Among the common rout, you cou'd not hope,
Tho' I were fear'd againſt all other ſins,
Inceſt wou'd make me tremble: Sure it is
On this ſide Hell known only in the name:
A reprobate ſo loſt; there cannot be
So damn'd a reprobate to act it, ſure!

SOUTHERN's Spartan Dame.

O wretched king!—O dreadful fate!
Enjoy thy daughter! violate the bed
Of thy own ſon, ſprung ev'n from thy bowels?
Monſtrous effect of hot and gloating luſt!
And you, too cruel gods, that could withhold
Your lifted bolts, ah! why did you not ſtrike,
Quick drive me to the centre, e'er my ſoul
Was ſtain'd with the accurs'd inceſtuous act?

MARSH's Amaſis.

INCONSTANCY. *See* FALSEHOOD.

——————Were man
But conſtant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults.

SHAKESPEARE's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

O fair Cynthia, why do others term thee
Inconſtant, whom I've ever found immoveable?
Injurious time; corrupt manners; unkind
Men! who finding a conſtancy not to
Be match'd in my ſweet miſtreſs, have chriſten'd
Her with the name of wav'ring, waxing, and waning.
Is ſhe inconſtant that keeps a ſettled
Courſe, which ſince her firſt creation alters
Not one minute in her moving? There is
Nothing thought more admirable, or commendable
In the ſea, than the ebbing and flowing;
And ſhall the moon, from whom the ſea taketh
This virtue, be accounted fickle for

Ibid.

Increaſing and decreaſing? Flowers in
Their buds, are nothing worth till they be blown?
Nor bloſſoms accounted till they be ripe
Fruit: And ſhall we ſay then they be changeable,
For that they grow from ſeeds to leaves, from leaves
To buds, from buds to their perfections?
Then, why be not twigs that become trees;
Children that become men, and mornings that
Grow to evenings, term'd wav'ring, for that they
Continue not at one ſtay? Ay, but Cynthia,
Being in her fulneſs, decayeth, as
Not delighting in her greateſt beauty;
Or with'ring when ſhe ſhould be moſt honour'd.
When Malice cannot object any thing,
Folly will; making that a vice, which is
The greateſt virtue. What thing, my miſtreſs
Excepted, being in the pride of her
Beauty, and latter minute of her age,
That waxeth young again?

Lilly's Endymion.

Let us examine all the creatures, read
The book of Nature thro', and we ſhall find
Nothing doth ſtill the ſame; the ſtars do wander,
And have their divers influence; the elements
Shuffle into innumerable changes;
Our conſtitutions vary; herbs and trees
Admit their froſts, and ſummer; and why then
Should our deſires, that are ſo nimble, and
More ſubtile than the ſpirits in our blood,
Be ſuch ſtaid things within us, and not ſhare
Their nat'ral liberty? ſhall we admit a change
In ſmaller things, and not allow it in
What moſt of all concerns us?

Shirley's Traitor.

Clocks will go as they're ſet; but man,
Irregular man's never conſtant; never certain.

Otway's Venice Preſerv'd.

——————O inconſtant man!
How will you promiſe! how will you deceive!
Ibid.

How vainly would dull moraliſts impoſe
Limits on Love, whoſe nature brooks no laws:
Love is a god, and like a god, ſhould be
Inconſtant, with unbounded liberty;
Rove as he liſt.
Otway's Don Carlos.

Inconſtancy's the plague that firſt or laſt
Paints the whole ſex, the catching court diſeaſe.
Man therefore, was a lordlike creature made;
Rough as the winds, and as inconſtant too:
A lofty aſpect given him for command;
Eaſily ſoften'd when he would betray:
Like conqu'ring tyrants, you our breaſts invade,
Where you are pleas'd to ravage for a while:
But ſoon you find new conqueſts out, and leave
The ravag'd province ruinate and bare.
Otway's Orphan.

Could Providence ſtand pitileſs and ſee
A rigid father with a tyrant frown,
On pain of diſobedience, and the threats
Of a paternal curſe and exile fate,
Awe a devoted daughter to a match
Adverſe to Choice, to Nature or to Love.
Beckingham's Henry IV. of France.

INDOLENCE.

Give me purſuit and buſineſs; keep my mind
Awake with expectation, or enjoyment
Of real pleaſure, and of active good;
If you would make me bleſt. I'll ne'er be buried
Alive in your imagin'd Indolence;
Your gloomy Sloth miſtaken for Repoſe.
The working ſoul, unexercis'd abroad,

Like martial nations, turns its numerous powers
Upon itſelf; and ſunk by native weight,
Begins inteſtine broils, and war at home.

Jeffery's Edwin.

INDUSTRY.

——————Here you look about
One at another doubting what to do;
With faces, as you truſted to the gods,
That ſtill ſav'd you: and they can do't: But
They are not wiſhings, or baſe womaniſh prayers,
Can draw their aids; but Vigilance, Council, Action:
Which they will be aſhamed to forſake.
'Tis Sloth they Hate, and Cowardice.

B. Johnson's Cataline.

INFALLIBILITY.

Strikes it not deeply on a churchman's ſoul,
To ſee the mightieſt attribute he boaſts,
Infallibility, ſo ſlightly made of?
Exploded by a lay ſelf-judging crew,
The holy darling ſweets of prieſthood loſt?

Beckingham's Henry IV. of France.

INFAMY.

When pincers tear, and torturing engines ſtretch,
When anguiſh gnaws, and agonies convulſe,
The Soul can leave her ſhatter'd habitation
Regardleſs of its ruins.—But, alas!
Not the dark chambers of the tomb itſelf,
The wretch's laſt retreat, can fence her from
The aching wounds of endleſs Infamy,
That death of ſouls, which ſtabs beyond the grave.

Beller's Injured Innocence.

Shame ſticks ever cloſe to the ribs of Honour,
Great men are never found after it:

It leaves ſome ach or other in their names ſtill
Which their poſterity feels at ev'ry weather.
Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.

INFIDELITY.

Who ſhould be truſted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom? Protheus,
I am ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt.
Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

INGRATITUDE.

——————Filial Ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth ſhould tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?
Shakespeare's King Lear.

——————She has ty'd
Sharp-tooth'd Unkindneſs like a vulture here,
Look'd black upon me, ſtruck me with her tongue,
Moſt ſerpent-like upon the very heart. *Ibid.*

Rumble thy belly full, ſpit Fire, ſpout Rain;
Nor Rain, Wind, Thunder, Fire are my daughters;
I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindneſs:
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children,
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure. Here I ſtand your ſlave,
A poor infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man.
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high engender'd battles 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. *Ibid.*

Ingratitude! Thou marble hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea-monſter. *Ibid.*

Why, this is the world's ſoul;
Of the ſame piece, is ev'ry flatterer's ſpirit:
Who can call him his friend
That dips in the ſame diſh? for in my knowing,
Timon has been to this lord as a father,
And kept his credit with his bounteous purſe:
Supported his eſtate; nay Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks
But Timon's ſilver treads upon his lip:
And yet, oh! ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape:
He does deny him (in reſpect of his)
What the charitable afford to beggars.
Religion groans at it.

SHAKESPEARE's Timon of Athens.

——————I could ſtand upright
Under the tyranny of Age and Fortune;
But the ſad weight of ſuch Ingratitude
Will cruſh me into earth.

DENHAM's Sophy.

——————Both falſe and faithleſs!
Draw near, ye well-join'd wickedneſs, ye ſerpents,
Whom I have in my kindly boſom warm'd,
'Till I am ſtung to death.

DRYDEN's All for Love.

——————My whole life
Has been a golden dream of Love and Friendſhip,
But now I wake, I'm like a merchant rouz'd
From ſoft repoſe to ſee his veſſel ſinking,
And all his wealth caſt o'er. Ingrateful woman!
Who follow'd me but as the ſwallow ſummer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly beams,
Singing her flatteries to my morning wake;
But now my winter comes, ſhe ſpreads her wings,
And ſeeks the ſpring of Cæſar. *Ibid.*

He has profan'd the ſacred name of friend
And worn it into vileneſs:

Wi

With how ſecure a brow, and ſpecious form,
He gilds the ſecret villain! Sure that face
Was meant for Honeſty, but Heav'n miſmatch'd it;
And furniſh'd Treaſon out with Nature's pomp,
To make its work more eaſy.
See how he ſets his countenance for deceit,
And promiſes a lie before he ſpeaks. *Ibid.*

——————Two, two ſuch!
O there's no further name! two ſuch to me!
To me, who lock'd my ſoul within your breaſt,
Had no deſire, no joy, no life, but you.
When half the globe was mine, I gave it you
In dowry with my heart: I had no uſe,
No fruit of all, but you; a friend and miſtreſs,
Was all the world could give. O Cleopatra!
O Dolabella! how could you betray
This tender heart, which with an infant fondneſs
Lay lull'd between your boſoms, and there ſlept
Secure of injur'd faith? I can forgive
A foe, but not a miſtreſs, and a friend:
Treaſon is there in its moſt horrid ſhape,
Where truſt is greateſt! and the ſoul reſign'd,
Is ſtabb'd by her own guards. *Ibid.*

But there's a fate in kindneſs,
Still to be leaſt return'd where moſt 'tis given.
Dryden's Secret Love.

Is not the bread thou eat'ſt, the robe thou wear'ſt,
Thy wealth, and honours, all the pure indulgence
Of him thou would'ſt deſtroy?
And would his creature, nay, his friend betray him?
Why then no bond is left on human kind:
Diſtruſts, debates, immortal ſtrifes enſue;
Children may murder parents, wives their huſbands;
All muſt be Wars, Rapine, and Deſolation,
When Truſt and Gratitude no longer bind.
Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

So often try'd, and ever found ſo true,
Has given me truſt, and truſt has given me means
Once to be falſe for all. *Ibid.*

He truſts us both! Mark that! Shall we betray him?
A maſter, who repoſes life and empire
On our fidelity? I grant he is a tyrant:
That hated name my nature moſt abhors;
More, as you ſay, has loaded me with ſhame,
Ev'n with the laſt contempt to ſerve Sebaſtian:
Yet more, I know he vacates my revenge,
Which by this revolt, I cannot compaſs.
But while he truſts me, 'twere ſo baſe a part,
To fawn, and yet betray, I ſhould be hiſs'd
And whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude. *Ibid.*

——————To break thy faith,
And turn a rebel to ſo good a maſter,
Is an Ingratitude unmatch'd on earth:
The firſt revolting angel's pride could only
Do more than thou haſt done: Thou copieſt well,
And keep'ſt the black original in view.
Rowe's Tamerlane.

——————Baſe Ingratitude
Is ſuch a ſin to Friendſhip, as Heav'n's mercy,
That ſtrives with man's untoward monſtrous wickedneſs,
Unwearied with forgiving, ſcarce once pardons.
Rowe's Fair Penitent.

It was not always thus: The time has been,
When this unfriendly door, that bars my paſſage,
Flew wide, and almoſt leap'd from off its hinges,
To give me entrance here: When this good houſe
Has pour'd forth all its dwellers to receive me;
When my approach has made a little holiday,
And ev'ry face was dreſt in ſmiles to meet me:
But now 'tis otherwiſe, and thoſe who bleſs'd me,
Now curſe me to my face.
Rowe's Jane Shore.

There

There was a time, when my Alicia
Has thought unhappy Shore her deareſt bleſſing,
And mourn'd that live-long day ſhe paſs'd without me:
When pair'd, like turtles, we were ſtill together;
When often as we prattled arm in arm,
Inclining fondly to me, ſhe has ſworn,
She lov'd me more than all the world beſide. *Ibid.*

———Where are thy friends,
The dear companions of thy joyful days?
Whoſe hearts thy warm poſterity make glad;
Whoſe arms were taught to grow like ivy round thee,
And bind thee to their boſoms: Thus with thee,
Thus let us live, and let us die, they ſaid;
For ſure thou art the ſiſter of our loves,
And nothing ſhall divide us—Now where are they?
Ah! where indeed? They ſtand aloof,
And view my deſolation from afar!
When they paſs by, they ſhake their heads in ſcorn!
Ibid.

He that's ungrateful has no guilt but one,
All other crimes may paſs for virtues in him.
Young's Buſiris.

———Where Ingratitude, that ſin of upſtarts,
And vice of cowards, once takes root, a thouſand
Baſe, grov'ling crimes cling round its moſtrous growth,
Like ivy to old oaks, to hide its rottenneſs.
Madden's Themiſtocles.

All ſhould unite to puniſh the ungrateful.
Ingratitude is treaſon to mankind.
Thomson's Coriolanus.

———O cruel memory!
Do not torment me.—If there be a crime
Of deeper die than all the guilty train
Of human vices, 'tis Ingratitude.
Brooke's Earl of Warwick.

INJURY.

They that do pull down churches, and deface
The holiest altars, cannot hurt the godhead.
A calm wise man may shew as much true valour,
Amidst these popular provocations,
As can an able captain shew security,
By his brave conduct, thro' an enemy's country.
A wise man never goes the people's way;
But as the planets still move contrary
To the world's motion, so doth he to opinion:
He will examine if those accidents
Which common Fame calls injuries, happen to him.
Deservedly, or no: Come they deservedly?
They are no wrongs then; but his punishments:
If undeservedly, and he not guilty?
The doer of them first should blush, not he.
B. Johnson's New Inn.

If light wrongs touch me not,
No more shall great; if not a few, not many:
There's nought so sacred with us, but may find
A sacrilegious person; yet the thing is
No less divine, 'cause the prophane can reach it.
Ibid.

The purpose of an injury; 'tis to vex
And trouble me: Now nothing can do that
To him that's truly valiant. He that is affected
With the least injury, is less than it.
It is but reasonable to conclude
That should be stronger still, which hurts, than that
Which is hurt: Now, no wickedness is stronger
Than what opposeth it; not Fortune's self,
When she encounters Virtue, but comes off
Both lame and less. Why should a wise man then
Confess himself the weaker, by the feeling
Of a fool's wrong? There may an injury
Be meant me; I may choose, if I will take it:

But we are now come to that delicacy
And tenderneſs of ſenſe, we think an inſolence
Worſe than an injury; bare words worſe than deeds:
We are not ſo much troubled with the wrong,
As with the opinion of the wrong; like children
We are made afraid of vizards. Such poor ſounds
As is the lie, or common words or ſpite,
Wiſe laws thought never worthy a revenge;
And 'tis the narrowneſs of human nature,
Our poverty, and beggary of ſpirit,
To take exception at theſe things. He laugh'd at me!
He broke a jeſt! a third took place of me!
How moſt ridiculous quarrels are all theſe?
The main part
Of the wrong, is our vice of taking it! *Ibid.*

INJUSTICE.

The man who wears Injuſtice by his ſide
Tho' pow'rful millions follow'd him to war,
Combats againſt the odds—againſt high Heav'n.
Havard's Scanderbeg.

——————He that acts unjuſtly
Is the worſt rebel to himſelf, and tho' now
Ambition's trumpet and the drum of Pow'r
May drown the ſound, yet Conſcience will, one day,
Speak loudly to him.
Havard's King Charles I.

INNOCENCE.

Is all the council that we two have ſhar'd:
The ſiſter vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed Time,
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
All ſchool-days friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods
Created with our needles both one flow'r;

Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both on one key,
As if our hands, our ſides, voices and minds
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely bloſſoms moulded on one ſtem.
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rend our antient loves aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for't,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Shakespeare's Midſummer Night's Dream.

——————I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing Apparitions
To ſtart into her face; a thouſand innocent Shames,
In angel whiteneſs, bear away thoſe bluſhes,
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that theſe princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth.

Shakespeare's Much ado about Nothing.

——————Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful ſpirits inſtruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurſes: Wolves and bears, they ſay,
Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide, have done
Like offices of pity. *Ibid.*

——————Innocence ſhall make
Falſe Accuſation bluſh, and Tyranny
Tremble at Patience. *Ibid.*

We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to day,
And to boy eternal.
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i'th' ſun,
And

And bleat the one at the other: What we chang'd
Was Innocence for Innocence; we knew not the
Doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd,
That any did: Had we purſu'd that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Shakespeare's Winter's Tale.

The ſilence oft of pure Innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails. *Ibid.*

What ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that has his quarrel juſt;
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in ſteel,
Whoſe conſcience with Injuſtice is corrupted.

Shakespeare's Henry IV.

O, Innocence! thou ſacred amulet
'Gainſt all the poiſons of Infirmity,
Of all misfortunes, Injury and Death:
That makes a man in tune ſtill in himſelf:
Free from the Hell to be his own accuſer,
Ever in quiet, endleſs joys enjoying;
No ſtrife, nor no ſedition in his pow'rs:
No motion in his will againſt his reaſon;
No thought 'gainſt thought, nor as 'twere in the confines
Of wiſhing and repenting, doth poſſeſs
Only a wayward and tumultuous peace;
But all parts in him friendly and ſecure:
Fruitful of all beſt things in all worſt ſeaſons,
He can with ev'ry wiſh, be in their plenty;
When the infectious guilt of one foul crime,
Deſtroys the free content of all our time.

Chapman's Byron's Conſpiracy.

——————Wealthy men,
That have eſtates to loſe, whoſe conſcious thoughts
Are full of inward guilt, may ſhake with horror,
To have their actions ſifted, or appear
Before the judge: But we that know ourſelves

As

As innocent as poor: that have no fleece,
On which the talons of the griping Law
Can ſure take hold, may ſmile with ſcorn on all
That can be urg'd againſt us.

Beaumont's Spaniſh Curate.

——————Innocence unmov'd
At a falſe accuſation, doth the more
Confirm itſelf, and Guilt is beſt diſcover'd
By its own fears.

Beaumont and Fletcher's ——————

I have a boy
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet ſeen in the court: Hunting the buck
I found him ſitting by a fountain ſide,
Of which he borrow'd ſome to quench his thirſt,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears;
A garland lay by him, made by himſelf
Of many ſeveral flow'rs, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that myſtic order that the rareneſs
Delighted me: But ever, when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon them, he wou'd weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing ſuch pretty helpleſs innocence
Dwell in his face, I aſk'd him all his ſtory;
He told me that his parents gentle, died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots, and of the cryſtal ſprings
Which did not ſtop their courſes; and the ſun,
Which ſtill he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did ſhew
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did ſignify; and how all order'd thus,
Expreſt his grief, and to my thoughts did read
The prettieſt lecture of his country art
That could be wiſh'd, ſo that methought I could
Have ſtudied it.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaſter.

——Be

——————But I,
And ſhe (I ſigh and ſpoke of) were things innocent,
Lov'd, for we did; and like the elements
That knows not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare iſſues by their operance; our ſouls
Did ſo to one another: What ſhe liked was
Then of me approved; what not, condemned:
No more arraignment. The flower that I would pluck
And put between my breaſts, (oh, then but beginning
To ſwell about the bloſſom) ſhe'd long
Till ſhe had ſuch another, and commit
To the like innocent cradle, where Phœnix like,
They died in perfume: On my head no toy
But was her pattern: Her affections (pretty,
Tho' happily they careleſs were) I follow'd
For my moſt ſerious decking: Had mine ear
Stolen ſome new air, or at adventure humm'd one
From muſical coinage, why it was a note,
Whereon her ſpirits would ſojourn, (rather dwell on)
And ſing it in her ſlumbers: This rehearſal,
Which ſurely Innocence wots well, comes in
Like old Importment's baſtard, has this end,
That true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in ſex dividual.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Noble Kinſmen.

——————————Innocence
Conceal'd is the ſtol'n pleaſure of the gods;
Which never ends in ſhame, as that of men
Doth oft-times do; but like the ſun breaks forth,
When it hath gratified another world,
And to our unexpecting eyes appears
More glorious through its late obſcurity.

Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

——————————All your attempts
Shall fall on me, like brittle ſhafts on armour,
That break themſelves; or like waves againſt a rock
That leave no ſign of their o'erboiling fury
But foam and ſplinters: My Innocence, like theſe,

Shall

Shall ſtand triumphant, and your Malice ſerve
But for a trumpet, to proclaim my conqueſt;
Nor ſhall you, though you do the worſt Fate can,
Triumph o'er him whom Innocence protects.
Massinger and Field's Fatal Dowry.

I thank the gods, no ſecret thoughts reproach me,
No; I dare challenge Heav'n to turn me outward,
And ſhake my ſoul quite empty in their ſight.
A general fierceneſs dwells with Innocence,
And conſcious Virtue is allow'd ſome pride.
Dryden's Oedipus.

See her my friend! why is ſhe innocent?
O let the tongues of angels tune that word,
When they ſpeak comfort to deſpairing ſouls!
For there are charms in ev'ry letter there:
The very winds in ſilent reverence
Muſt liſten to the muſic of that ſound,
And bear about the accent of my joy.
Southern's Diſappointment.

Lead on to dungeons, horror, chains, and death:
The brave and honeſt never are ſurpriz'd.
If there's a life to come the good are bleſt;
And if there's none, all have eternal reſt.
Higgons' Generous Conqueror.

There is no courage, but in Innocence;
No conſtancy, but in an honeſt cauſe.
Southern's Fate of Capua.

We only who with Innocence unſhaken,
Have ſtood the aſſaults of Fortune, now are happy:
For tho' the worſt of men, by high permiſſions
A while may flouriſh, and the beſt endure
The ſharpeſt trials of exploring miſery,
Yet let mankind from theſe examples learn,
That powerful Villainy at laſt ſhall mourn,
And injur'd Virtue triumph in its turn.
Trap's Abramule.

The

The righteous gods that innocence require,
Protect the goodneſs which themſelves inſpire:
Unguarded Virtue human art defies,
Th' accus'd is happy, while th' accuſer dies.

Smith's Phædra and Hippolytus.

O! thou eternal Power, whoſe piercing eye
Diſcerns each ſecret guilt,—ſearch thou my heart!
And, as thou know'ſt me innocent, ſupport me;—
And, to the world, acquit my blemiſh'd Fame.

Philips's Humphrey Duke of Glouceſter.

——————On a ſoul ſecure
In native Innocence, or Grief, or Joy,
Should make no deeper prints than air retains;
Where fleet alike the vulture and the dove,
And leave no trace.

Fenton's Mariamne.

Innocence can never be a crime—yet the murderer and robber have not ſo many enemies. How difficult is it for women, eſpecially the neceſſitous, to preſerve their virtue! but how ungenerous is it for a gentleman to take the advantage of a wretch's misfortunes to undo her! We have all an equal right to be happy: What authority then has any one to rob us of our Innocence, which is the only charter of that happineſs?

The Footman.

Guiltleſs to deprecate my father's juſtice,
That were to give up Innocence a crime;
Guilty to captivate his good opinion,
That were to do his equal juſtice wrong:
No, let him duly ſearch, and weigh my actions;
And whom he might not pardon, he'll acquit.

Lewis's Philip of Macedon.

——————I am arm'd with Innocence,
Leſs penetrable than the ſteel-ribb'd coats
That harneſs round thy warriors.

Madden's Themiſtocles.

Againſt

Againſt the head which Innocence ſecures,
Inſidious Malice aims her darts in vain;
Turn'd backwards by the pow'rful breath of Heav'n.
S. Johnson's Irene.

INQUIETUDE.

——————Some ſtrange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lips and ſtarts;
Stops on a ſudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple;
Strait ſprings out into faſt gait, then ſtops again;
Strikes his breaſt hard, and then, anon he caſts
His eye againſt the moon: In moſt ſtrange poſtures
We've ſeen him ſet himſelf.
Shakespeare's Henry VIII.

I had a thing to ſay—but, let it go:
The ſun is in the Heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one into the drowſy race of night;
If this ſame were a church-yard, where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit, Melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that ideot Laughter keep men's eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment;
(A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes)
Or if thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſoul of words;
Then, in deſpight of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts;
But, ah! I will not. *Shakespear's King John.*

The

The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpoſe and his conſcience;
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles ſent,
Tho' paſſion is ſo ripe it needs muſt break. *Ibid.*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the firſt motion, all the interim is
Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæſar.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the aſſaſſination
Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch
With its ſurcreaſe ſucceſs; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all—here,
But here upon this bank and ſhoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come; but in the caſes
We ſtill have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions; which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. Even-handed Juſtice
Returns the ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips—He's here in double truſt;
Firſt, as I'm his kinſman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed; then, as his hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murderers ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife myſelf. Beſides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd 'gainſt
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or Heav'n's cherubim hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs courſers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye;
That tears ſhall drown the wind—I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my Intent, but only

Vaulting

Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps itſelf,
And falls on th' other.

Shakespeare's Macbeth.

O, think what anxious moments paſs between
The birth of Plots, and their laſt fatal periods!
Oh 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with Death.

Addison's Cato.

INSTRUCTION.

If to do, were as eaſy as to know
What were good to do, chapels had been churches;
And poor men's cottages, princes' palaces.
He is a good divine, that follows his
Own inſtructions; I can eaſier
Teach twenty what were good to be done, than
To be one of the twenty to follow
My own teaching: The brain may deviſe laws
For the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er
A cold decree.

Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.

Be careful of our children: Let them know
That to be truly great they muſt be good;
Let Glory, like a ſea-mark, guide their courſe
In the rough voyages of tempeſtuous life;
Seaſon their early youth with wholeſome precepts;
Teach them to merit, not deſire dominion:
But above all, let Fortitude and Courage
Prepare their minds for Fortune's fickle turns,
That they in all events may be the ſame.

E. Haywood's Frederick Duke of Brunſwick-Lunenburgh.

Seek not to govern by the luſt of power;
Make not thy will thy law; believe thy people
Thy children all; ſo ſhalt thou kindly mix

Their

Their intereſt with thy own, and fix the baſis
Of future happineſs in godlike Juſtice.

Ch. Johnson's Medæa.

Clelia, I have beſtow'd thee to thy wiſh;
Let not thy wiſh be neighbour to diſlike
As ſome have prov'd it: There are of thy ſex,
Who thro' the glaſs of ſtraining expectation
Look for the bleſſing, e'er enjoyment comes;
That over——then their proſpect is no more
But thro' Satiety's ſick eye.——
Clelia, be thou as conſtant in the race,
As thou was conſtant who ſhould ſtart with thee:
And ſo regard your huſband, that you love him,
Not for you ſhould obey him—but obey him,
Becauſe you love him.——

Hazard's Regulus.

——————————Decius!
If Rome ſhould raiſe thee to her higheſt ſervice,
(As thou haſt merit to expect her honours)
Serve her for love of Rome, and not for intereſt;
Let Glory be thy ſecond motive only,
Thy Country's love be ever firſt and deareſt:
In Liberty's defence, fight conſtant, ſingle
Die with her—'tis no life if you ſurvive her;
The greateſt glory of a free-born people,
Is to tranſmit that Freedom to their children.
Search out for hidden worth—and then reward it:
The nobleſt proſpect to a Roman eye,
Is Greatneſs, lifting Merit up to Fame.
Let Falſehood be a ſtranger to thy lips;
Shame on the policy that firſt began
To tamper with the heart to hide its thoughts!
And doubly ſhame on that inglorious tongue
That ſold its honeſty and told a lie!
* * * * * * * * * * *
Be ready for all changes in thy fortune,
Be conſtant when they happen—but, above all,
Moſtly diſtruſt good Fortune's ſoothing ſmile;

There

There lurks the danger, tho' we leaſt ſuſpect it:
Hunt for no offices—accept them offer'd—
But never to the wrong of ſuffering Merit;
Or thy own Virtue—there may chance a time
When by refuſing honours—you moſt gain them.
* * * * * * * * * * *
If thy paternal acres be well till'd
Thou haſt a ſuperfluity; for gold,
See it adorn the temples of the gods,
But baniſh it your coffers, and your houſe:
Let the vain-glorious, or the villain hoard it,
Who loves a flatterer—or who ſells his country:
Be honeſt Poverty thy boaſted wealth;
So ſhall thy friendſhips be ſincere, tho' few,
So ſhall thy ſleep be ſound, thy waking chearful.
Ibid.

'Tis but inſtruction all! Our parents hand
Writes on our heart, the firſt, faint characters,
Which Time, re-tracing, deepens into ſtrength,
That nothing can efface, but Death, or Heav'n.
Hill's Zara.

——————————Hear me, James,
And lay up this laſt leſſon in thy heart:
When I am dead, look on thy brother Charles,
Not as thy brother only, but thy king;
Pay him fraternal love and ſubject duty:
Nor let Ambition, or the thirſt to reign
Poiſon thy firm allegiance: When thou ſeeſt him,
Bear him my bleſſing, and this laſt advice:
If Heav'n reſtores him to his lawful crown,
Let him wreak no revenge upon his foes,
But think it his beſt conqueſt to forgive:
With kindneſs let him treat Succeſs, ſo ſhall ſhe be
A conſtant gueſt; his promiſe, when once given,
Let no advantage break; nor any view
Make him give up his honeſty to reach it;
Let him maintain his pow'r, but not increaſe it;
The ſtring Prerogative when ſtrain'd too high

Cracks

Cracks like the tortur'd chord of Harmony,
And ſpoils the concert between king and ſubject;
Let him regard his people more than miniſters,
Whoſe intereſt and ambition may miſlead him.
Havard's Charles I.

Let Truth and Virtue be their earlieſt teachers.
Keep from their ear the ſyren-voice of Flattery,
Keep from their eye the harlot-form of Vice,
Who ſpread, in every court, their ſilken ſnares,
And charm but to betray. Betimes inſtruct them.
Superior rank demands ſuperior worth;
Pre-eminence of Valour, Juſtice, Mercy:
But chief, that tho' exalted o'er mankind
They are themſelves but men—frail ſuffering duſt;
From no one injury of human lot
Exempt; but fever'd by the ſame heat, chill'd
By the ſame cold, torn by the ſame diſeaſe,
That ſcorches, freezes, racks and kills the beggar.
Mallet's Alfred.

——————————Oh, Ilyſſus!
Whate'er becomes of me, when thou ſhalt reach
That envied pinnacle of earthly greatneſs,
Where faithful monitors but rarely follow,
Ev'n there, amidſt the kindeſt ſmiles of Fortune,
Forget not thou wer't once diſtreſs'd and friendleſs.
Be ſtrictly juſt; but yet, like Heav'n, with mercy
Temper thy juſtice: From thy purg'd ear
Baniſh baſe Flattery, and ſpurn the wretch
Who would perſuade thee thou art more than man;
Weak, erring, ſelfiſh man, endued with power
To be the miniſter of public good.
If Conqueſt charm thee, and the pride of war
Blaze on thy ſight, remember thou art plac'd
The guardian of mankind, nor build thy fame
On rapines and on murders. Should ſoft Peace
Invite to luxury, the pleaſing bane
Of happy kingdoms, know from thy example
The bliſs and woe of nameleſs millions ſprings,

Their Virtue, or, their Vice. Nor think by laws
To curb licentious man; thoſe laws alone
Can bend the headſtrong many to their yoke
Which make it preſent int'reſt to obey them.

WHITEHEAD's Creuſa.

INTENTION.

Be virtuous ends purſued by virtuous means,
Nor think th' intention ſanctifies the deed:
That maxim publiſh'd in an impious age,
Would looſe the wild enthuſiaſt to deſtroy,
And fix the fierce uſurper's bloody title.
Then Bigotry might ſend her ſlaves to war,
And bid Succeſs become the teſt of Truth!
Unpitying Maſſacre might waſte the world,
And Perſecution boaſt the call of Heav'n.

S. JOHNSON's Irene.

INTEREST.

——————Rounded in the ear,
With that ſame purpoſe. Changer, that ſly devil,
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pale of faith:
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external things to loſe,
But the word *maid*, cheats the poor maid of that.
The ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity;
Commodity! the biaſs of the world:
The world, who of itſelf is poiſed well,
Made to run even upon even ground;
'Till this advantage, this vile-drawing biaſs,
This ſway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent:
And this ſame biaſs, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, that all changing world,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle Fancy,

Hath

Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid;
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe, and vile concluded peace.
And why rail'd I on this Commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not woo'd me yet;
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm:
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.

SHAKESPEARE's King John.

Intereſt, that bold impoſer on our fate,
That always to dark ends miſguides our wills,
And with falſe happineſs ſmooths o'er our wills.

OTWAY's Don Carlos.

Intereſt makes all ſeem reaſon, that
Leads towards it.

DRYDEN's Secret Love.

All ſeek their ends, and each would other cheat;
They only ſeem to hate, and ſeem to love;
But Intereſt is the point on which they move;
Their friends are foes, and foes are friends again,
And in their turns are knaves, and honeſt men:
Our iron age is grown an age of gold:
'Tis who bids moſt, for all men would be ſold.

DRYDEN's Amphitrion.

Far as the ſun his radiant courſe extends,
Intereſt, my friend, with ſway deſpotic rules.
Some fight for Intereſt, ſome for Intereſt pray,
And were not Honeſty the road to Want,
It would not be that ſlighted thing it is.

GENTLEMAN's Oſman.

INTREATY.

Have you the heart? when your head did but ach
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me)

And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still anon chear'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lack you, and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a prince;
Nay you may think my love was a crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will:
If Heav'n be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then you muſt—will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes that never did, and never ſhall
So much as frown on you. * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

Alas! what need you be ſo boiſt'rous rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone ſtill.
For Heav'n's ſake, Hubert, let me not be bound;
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily;
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you
Whatever torment you put me to:
Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Art. O Heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe;
Then feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

SHAKESPEARE's *King John.*

——————But whate'er you are
That in this deſart inacceſſible
Under the ſhade of melancholy boughs,
Loſe and neglect the creeping hours of time;

If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knell'd the church,
If ever ſat at any good man's feaſt,
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And known what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleneſs my ſtrong enforcement be.

SHAKESPEARE's As you like it.

INTRIGUE.

Thou can'ſt not ſurely be confirm'd ſo deep
In the lewd trade and cunning of intrigues,
As to out-face me that theſe eyes were blind,
Theſe ears have loſt their faculty, and all
Gave falſe reports, all faulty but thy virtue!

BUCKINGHAM's Henry IV. of France.

INVOCATION.

——————Ye myſterious powers!
Whoſe ways are ever gracious, ever juſt,
As ye think wiſeſt, beſt, diſpoſe of me;
But whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on your mountains walk, give me the calm,
The ſteady, ſmiling ſoul, where wiſdom ſheds
Eternal ſunſhine, and eternal peace.

THOMSON's Sophoniſba.

Mona on Snowdon calls:
Hear, thou king of mountains, hear;
Hark, ſhe ſpeaks from all her ſtrings;
Hark, her loudeſt echo rings;
King of mountains, bend thine ear,
Send thy ſpirits, ſend them ſoon,
Now, when midnight and the moon
Meet upon thy front of ſnow,
See their gold and ebon rod,
Where the ſober ſiſters nod,
And great in whiſpers, ſage and ſlow.

Snowdon mark! 'tis Magic's hour,
Now the mutter'd ſpell hath power,
Pow'r to rend thy ribs of rock
And burſt thy baſe with thunder's ſhock;
But to thee no ruder ſpell
Shall Mona uſe, than thoſe that dwell
In Muſic's ſecret cells, and lie
Steep'd in the ſtream of harmony.

Snowdon has heard the ſtrain.
Hark, amid the wand'ring grove
Other harpings anſwer clear,
Other voices meet our ear.
Pinions flutter, ſhadows move,
Buſy murmurs hum around,
Ruſtling veſtments bruſh the ground;
Round, and round, and round they go
Thro' the twilight, thro' the ſhade,
Mount the oak's majeſtic head,
And gild the tufted miſletoe.
Ceaſe, ye glitt'ring race of light,
Cloſe your wings, and check your flight:
Here, arrang'd in order due,
Spread your robes of ſaffron hue;
For lo, with more than mortal fire,
Mighty Mador ſmites the lyre.

Mason's Caractacus.

Thou god omnipotent, tremendous Mars!
Behold on earth thy humble ſuppliant kneel.
If from my early years I ſtill have been
Thy faithful votary, train'd up in arms;
Thy glorious toils ſtill my ſublimeſt joy:
O give thy ſoldier now to face thoſe terrors,
Nor wild Amazement wither his ſtrong heart!

Frowde's Philotas.

Open thou Earth, beneath theſe ſtaggering feet,
And cover me with everlaſting Night!

Duncombe's Junius Brutus.

Oh!

Oh!—Thou! dark, awful, vaſt, myſterious Power
Whom Chriſtians worſhip, yet not comprehend!
If ignorant of thy new laws I ſtray,
——Shed, from thy diſtant Heav'n, where'er it ſhines,
One ray of guardian light, to clear my way:
And teach me firſt to find, then act, thy will.
Hill's Alzira.

——————O wonder-working hand,
That in majeſtic Silence, ſways the will,
The mighty movements of unbounded Nature;
O grant me, Heaven! the virtues to ſuſtain
This awful burden of ſo many heroes!
Let me not be exalted into ſhame
Set up the worthleſs pageant of vain Grandeur.
Thomson's Tancred and Sigiſmunda.

——————Ye ſacred powers,
My country's gods, that for three thouſand years
Have reign'd protectors of the tribe of Iſhmael;
And thou, O Sun! reſplendent torch of day,
The image of thoſe gods, who in thy march
Beam'ſt their light on us, O ſupport my ſpirit
In that firm purpoſe it has always held,
To combat Violence, Fraud and Uſurpation,
To pluck the ſpoil from the oppreſſor's jaws,
And keep my country as I found it, Free.
Miller's Mahomet.

——————O witneſs, Heaven,
Whoſe eye the heart's profoundeſt depth explores!
That if not to perform my regal taſk;
To be the common father of my people,
Patron of Honour, Virtue and Religion;
If not to ſhelter uſeful Worth, to guard
His well-earn'd portion from the ſons of Rapine,
And deal out juſtice with impartial hand;
If not to ſpread on all good men thy bounty,
The treaſures truſted to me, not my own;
If not to raiſe anew our Engliſh name,

By peaceful arts, that grace the land they bleſs,
And generous War to humble proud oppreſſors:
Yet more; if not to build the public weal
On that firm baſe which can alone reſiſt
Both Time and Chance, and Liberty and Law;
If I for theſe great ends am not ordain'd——
May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England.

Mallet's Alfred.

Ye pow'rs of Darkneſs that rejoice in ill;
All ſworn by Styx, with peſtilential blaſts
To wither every virtue in the bud;
To keep the door of dark Conſpiracy,
And ſnuff the grateful fumes of human blood!
From ſulphur blue, or your red beds of fire,
On your black ebon thrones, auſpicious riſe;
And burſting thro' the barriers of this world,
Stand in dread contraſt to the golden ſun;
Fright Daylight hence with your infernal ſmile,
And howl aloud your formidable joy,
While I tranſport you with the fair record
Of what your faithful miniſter has done,
Beyond your inſpiration, ſelf-impell'd,
To ſpread your empire, and ſecure his own.
Hear and applaud.

Young's Brothers.

On you, celeſtial arbiters, we call.
Now as we ſtand environ'd by diſtreſs,
Now weigh our actions paſt, deform'd or fair,
If e'er Oppreſſion hath defil'd his valour;
In help or pity to the woes of others,
Our hearts been ſcanty, or our hands reſerv'd,
Let our tranſgreſſions ratify our doom:
Elſe with your juſtice let our merits plead
To hold its ſhield before us, and repel
Theſe undeſerv'd misfortunes.

Glover's Boadicea.

JOCKEY.

JOCKEY.

My lord, upon Newmarket courſe,
Whips, ſpurs, and bears the ſtraining horſe,
Doſt thou not think it ſomewhat odd,
To ſee a peer upon the ſod,
His family and rank debaſe,
(To family and rank diſgrace)
Shake hands with raſcals, thieves and ſharpers.
'Tis ſaid they're much the ſame at A——r's
To bring clear off—clear——not a guinea,
Won't you pronounce him knave or ninny?
Think him or ſenſible or crazy;
He cares not—faſhion makes him eaſy:
While Madam Prudence truckles under,
And Wiſdom gazes ſtruck with wonder,
To ſee the chieftains of the nation,
Thus ſerving Villainy's probation.
Nay leſs perplex their patriot brains,
With making laws than guiding reins;
And ſtudy more to win a heat,
Than ſhine in ſenatorial ſeat.

Gentleman's Camillo.

JOVE.

So when of old, Jove from the Titans fled,
Ammon's rude front his radiant face bely'd;
And all the majeſty of Heav'n lay hid:
At length by Fate, to power divine reſtor'd,
His thunder taught the world to know its lord;
The god grew terrible again, and was again ador'd.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

So Jove look'd down upon the war of atoms,
And rude tumultuous Chaos, when as yet,
Fair Nature, Form, and Order had no being:
But Diſcord and Confuſion troubl'd all:

Calm and ſerene upon his throne he ſate,
Fix'd there by the eternal law of Fate:
Safe in himſelf, becauſe he knew his power,
And knowing what he was, he knew he was ſecure.

Rowe's Ulyſſes.

——————The mighty Jove
Fatigu'd with empire, left his throne above,
And for a while enjoy'd the ſweets of Love;
Then tow'ring high to his ſublime abode,
Shook earth and ſeas with his imperial nod,
Return'd to thund'ring, and reſum'd the god.

Trap's Abramule.

JOY.

——————My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow.

Shakespeare's Macbeth.

Let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

——————O my ſoul's joy!
If after every tempeſt come ſuch calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd Death,
And let the lab'ring bark climb hills of ſeas
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As Hell's from Heav'n. If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy! For I fear,
My Soul has her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort, like to this,
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Shakespeare's Othello.

——————Death, I fear me,
Swooning Deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,

For

For the capacity of my rude pow'rs;
I fear it much, and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Shakespeare's Troilus and Creſſida.

My joys, like men in crowds, preſs out ſo faſt;
They ſtop by their own numbers, and their haſte.

Sir Rt. Howard's Veſtal Virgin.

How all our joys are ſet in toils of woe,
As after darkneſs, light the brighter ſhews;
So from our ſorrows all our joys encreaſe. *Ibid.*

Wonder and Joy ſo faſt together flow,
Their haſte to paſs has made their paſſage ſlow;
Like ſtruggling waters in a veſſel pent,
Whoſe crouding drops choak up the narrow vent.

Sir Rt. Howard's Indian Queen.

Now my veins ſwell, and my arms graſp the poles;
My breaſts grow bigger with the vaſt delight:
'Tis length of Rapture, and an age of Fury!

Lee's Alexander.

Oh! you are ſo divine, and cauſe ſuch fondneſs,
That my heart leaps, and beats, and fain would out,
To make a dance of joy about your feet!
Such extaſy, life cannot tarry long!
The Day comes on ſo faſt, and beamy joy
Darts with ſuch fierceneſs on me, Night will follow.

Ibid.

Be this the gen'ral voice ſent up to Heav'n,
And every public place repeat this echo:
To Pomp and Triumph give this happy day:
Let Labour ceaſe: Set out before your doors
The images of your ſleeping fathers,
With laurels crown'd: With laurel wreath your poſts,
And ſtrew with flowers the pavement. Let the prieſts

Do preſent ſacrifice: Pour out the wine,
And call the gods to join with you in gladneſs.
Dryden's All for Love.

My joy ſtops at my tongue;
But it has found two channels here for one,
And bubbles out above. *Ibid.*

——————My heart's ſo full of joy,
That I ſhall do ſome wild extravagance
Of love in public; and the fooliſh world,
Which knows not tenderneſs, will think me mad.
Ibid.

Known, be it known to the limits of the world;
Yet further, let it paſs yon dazzling roof,
The manſions of the gods, and ſtrike 'em deaf
With everlaſting peals of thund'ring joy!
Oh! for this news, let waters break their bounds!
Rocks, vallies, hills, with ſplitting Io's ring!
Io Jocaſta, Io Pæan ſing.
Lee's Oedipus.

Were my whole life to come one heap of troubles,
The pleaſure of this moment would ſuffice,
And ſweeten all my griefs with its remembrance.
Lee's Mithridates.

Why doſt thou come to make my bliſs run o'er?
What is there more to wiſh? Fortune can find
No flaw in ſuch a glut of Happineſs,
To let one Miſery in.—O, my Varanes!
Thou, who of late didſt ſeem to walk on clouds,
Now give a looſe, let go the ſlacken'd reins:
Let us drive down this precipice of joy,
As if that all the winds of Heav'n were for us.
Lee's Theodoſius.

I cannot ſpeak, tears ſo obſtruct my words,
And choak me with unutterable joy.
Otway's Caius Marius.

Be

Be ſtill my Sorrows! and be loud my Joys!
Fly to the utmoſt circle of the ſeas,
Thou furious Tempeſt that haſt toſs'd my mind,
And leave no thought but Leonora there.
What's this I feel a boding in my ſoul,
As if this day were fatal? Be it ſo!
Fate ſhall have but the leavings of my Love!
My Joys are gloomy, but withal are great:
The lion, tho' he ſees the toils are ſet,
Yet, pinch'd with raging hunger, ſcours away,
Hunts in the face of Danger all the day,
At night with ſullen pleaſure grumbles o'er his prey.

Dryden's Spaniſh Fryar.

She bids me hope: O Heav'ns ſhe pities me;
And Pity ſtill fore-runs approaching Love,
As lightning does the thunder. Tune your harps,
Ye angels, to that ſound! and thou, my heart,
Make room to entertain thy flowing joys:
Hence all my griefs, and every anxious care;
One look, and one kind glance can cure Deſpair.

Ibid.

Am I then pity'd? I have liv'd enough!
Death, take me in this moment o' my joy:
But when my ſoul is plung'd in long oblivion;
Spare this one thought, let me remember pity,
And ſo deceiv'd, think all my life was bleſs'd. *Ibid.*

Too weak is man this rapture to contain,
And I ſhall die with tranſport;
My grief repell'd with extaſy of joy,
The jarring tides will overflow my heart.

Hoooons' Generous Conqueror.

Joy is in every face without a cloud:
As in the ſcene of opening Paradiſe,
The whole creation danc'd at their new Being:
Pleas'd to be what they were, pleas'd with each other.

Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

A ſecret pleaſure trickles thro' my veins;
It works about the inlets of my ſoul. *Ibid.*

Now, by my ſoul, and by theſe hoary hairs,
I'm ſo o'erwhelm'd with pleaſure, that I feel
A latter ſpring within my wither'd limbs,
That ſhoots me out again. *Ibid.*

Some ſtrange reverſe muſt ſure attend
This vaſt profuſion, this extravagance
Of Heav'n to bleſs me thus! 'Tis gold ſo pure,
It cannot bear the ſtamp without allay. *Ibid.*

————How, which way ſhall I try,
To utter my full bliſs? 'Tis in my head,
'Tis in my heart, and takes up all my ſoul:
The labour of my Fancy; and too vaſt
A birth of Joy, to be diſclos'd ſo ſoon.
Southern's Fatal Marriage.

There's not a ſlave, a ſhackled ſlave of mine,
But ſhould have ſmil'd that hour thro' all his care,
And ſhook his chains in tranſport and rude harmony.
Congreve's Mourning Bride.

————O let me find ſome way
To tell the mighty joy that fills my breaſt,
Leſt I grow mad with height of furious bliſs.
Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

————O the tranſporting joy!
Impetuous flood of unexpected rapture!
Whether I live, or no, I cannot tell.
Dennis's Iphigenia.

————My charmed ears ne'er knew
A ſound of ſo much rapture, ſo much joy:
Not voices, inſtruments, nor warbling birds;
Not winds, nor murmuring waters join'd in concert;
Not tuneful Nature, nor th' according ſpheres,

Utter

Utter ſuch harmony, as when my Selima,
With down-caſt looks and bluſhes ſaid, I love.
Rowe's Tamerlane.

Begone, my cares, I give you to the winds,
Far to be borne; far from the happy Altamont;
Far from the ſacred æra of my love:
A better order of ſucceeding joys
Come ſmiling forward, white, and lucky all.
Caliſta is the miſtreſs of the year,
She crowns the ſeaſons with auſpicious beauty,
And bids even all my hours be good and joyful.
Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Let Mirth go on, let Pleaſure know no pauſe;
But fill up every minute of this day. *Ibid.*

Thou ſhou'dſt have brought me the tranſporting news
Of her arrival, with as great impatience,
As if the inferior monarchs of the world,
Were all unanimouſly come to lay
Their ſcepters at my footſtool, and reſign
The yet unconquer'd globe.
Trap's Abramule.

——————I'm loſt in extaſy!
How ſhall I ſpeak the tranſport of my ſoul!
I am ſo bleſs'd, I fear 'tis all a dream:
Fortune, thou now haſt made amends for all
Thy paſt unkindneſs: Labſolve my ſtars.
Addison's Cato.

——————A ſpringing joy,
A pleaſure, which no language can expreſs,
An extaſy, that mothers only feel,
Plays round my heart, and brightens up my ſorrow,
Like gleams of ſunſhine in a low'ring ſky.
A. Phillip's Diſtreſt Mother.

——————'Tis enchantment this;
Thus to be reſcued from impending fate,
Beyond my hope or thought! to ſtand poſſeſs'd

Of

Of all that Life can give! All! All in thee,
Thus in an inſtant too! the ſwelling joy
Will quite o'erwhelm my ſoul.

Jeffrey's Edwin.

——————What are the moſt perfect joys?
What the vain boaſt of frail mortality?
The birth of Accidents, th' event of Time?
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * Well we know
Whole years of Joy glide unperceiv'd away,
While Sorrow counts the minutes as they paſs.

Havard's Scanderbeg.

How exquiſite is Pleaſure after Pain!
Why throbs my heart ſo turbulently ſtrong,
Pain'd at thy preſence, this redundant Joy,
Like a poor miſer, beggar'd by his ſtore?

Young's Brothers.

IRRESOLUTION.

Irreſolution frames a thouſand horrors
Embodying each. *Martyn's Timoleon.*

I long to ſee the Chriſtian's happy climes;
Yet in the moment, while I form that prayer,
I ſigh a ſecret wiſh, to languiſh, here.
How ſad a ſtate is mine, my reſtleſs ſoul
All ign'rant what to do, or what to wiſh?
My only perfect ſenſe is, that of Pain.

Hill's Zara.

Talk not of Oſmond, but perfidious Tancred,
Rail at him, rail! invent new names of ſcorn!
Aſſiſt me Laura; lend my rage freſh fewel;
Support my ſtaggering purpoſe, which already
Begins to fail me—Ah, my vaunts, how vain!
How have I ly'd to my own heart!—Alas!
My tears return, the mighty flood o'erwhelms me!

Ten-

Ten thousand crowding images distract
My tortur'd thought.

Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.

ITALY.

Oh, Italy! Oh, miserable country!
Once wast thou stil'd the arbiter of kings,
Th' expanded globe, all bending to thy laws;
But Heav'n has now forsook thee in its vengeance:
Thy crimes have made thee weak; yes, yes, 'twas those,
Not Genseric raz'd thy temples to the ground;
By those thy costly palaces have blaz'd,
And now, tho' guiltless, feel the guilty's fate.

Motley's Imperial Captive.

JUDGE.

Fly, judges fly, Corruption's in your court;
The judge of truth hath made your judgment short:
Look so to judge, that at the latter day
Ye be not judg'd with those that went astray;
Who passeth judgment for his private gain,
He well may judge he is adjug'd to pain.

Lodge and Green's Looking-glass for Lond. and Eng.

1. Yet shew some pity.
2. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those I do not know;
Which a dismiss'd offence, would after gall;
And do him right, that answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another.

Shakespeare's Measure for Measure.

May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:
There, is no shuffling; there, the action lies

In

In his true nature, and we ourſelves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

It well becomes that judge to nod at crimes,
That does commit greater himſelf and lives.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

——————The gods
Grow angry with your patience: 'Tis their care
And muſt be yours, that guilty men eſcape not:
As crimes do grow, Juſtice ſhould rouze itſelf.

B. Johnson's Cataline.

He was then a judge, and in Cathedra,
In which he could not err; it may be your
Lordſhip's caſe: Out of the chair and ſeat
Of juſtice, he hath his frailties, is loos'd,
And expos'd to the condition of other
Human natures; ſo ev'ry judge, your lordſhips
Are not ign'rant, hath a kind of priv'lege
While he is in ſtate, office and being;
And although he may, *quoad ſe*, internally,
And privately, be guilty of brib'ry of
Juſtice; yet *quoad nos*, and in public,
He is an upright and innocent judge:
We are to take no notice, nay, we deſerv'd
To ſuffer, if we ſhould detect or ſtain
Him: for in that, we diſparage the office,
Which is the king's, and may be our own; but
Once remov'd from his place by juſt diſhonour
Of the king, he is no more a judge, but
A common perſon whom the law takes hold
On; and we are then to forget what he
Hath been; and without partiality,
To ſtrip and lay him open to the world,
A counterfeit and corrupt judge. As for
Example, he may, and ought to flouriſh
In his greatneſs, and break any man's neck,

With

With as much facility as a jeſt;
But the caſe be alter'd, and he down;
Ev'ry ſubject ſhall be heard: A wolf may
Be apparel'd in a lamb-ſkin; and if
Ev'ry man ſhould be afraid to ſpeak truth,
Nay and more than truth; if the good of the
Subject, which are clients, ſometimes require
It, there would be no remove of officers;
If no remove, no motions; if no motion
In court, no heat; and by conſequence but
Cold terms: Take away this moving, this removing
Of judges, the law may bury itſelf
In buckram, and the kingdom ſuffer for
Want of due execution.

Chapman and Shirley's Admiral of France.

Juſt men are only free, the reſt are ſlaves.

Chapman's Cæſar and Pompey.

——————For in a government
Th' offence is greateſt in the inſtrument
That hath the pow'r to puniſh; and in laws
The author's treſpaſs makes the fouleſt cauſe.

Nabb's Microcoſmus.

Who painted Juſtice blind; did not declare
What magiſtrates ſhould be, but what they are:
Not ſo much 'cauſe they rich and poor ſhould weigh
In their juſt ſcales alike; but becauſe they
Now blind with bribes, are grown ſo weak of ſight,
They'll ſooner feel a cauſe, than ſee it right.

Heath's Claraſtella.

Juſtice, like lightning, ever ſhould appear
To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear.

Fletcher's Woman Hater.

——————With an equal ſcale
He weighs th' offences betwixt man and man;
He is not ſo ſooth'd with adulation,
Nor mov'd with tears, to wreſt the courſe of Juſtice
Into

Into an unjuſt current, t' oppreſs th' innocent;
Nor does he make the laws
Puniſh the man, but in the man the cauſe. *Ibid.*

When juſt Revenge hath a right level made,
Home to the head ſhe may the arrow bring;
And when provoked Juſtice draws her blade,
Into the fire ſhe will the ſcabbard fling.
Juſtice and Sin ſhould keep an equal race;
If Sins do gallop, Juſtice muſt not pace.
ALLEYN's Henry VII.

This noble youth, a ſtranger t' every thing
But gallantry: ignorant in our laws and cuſtoms,
Has made perchance,
In ſtrange ſeverity, a forfeit of himſelf;
But ſhould you take it,
The gods when he is gone will ſure revenge it:
If from the ſtalk you pull this bud of Virtue,
Before it has ſpread and ſhewn itſelf abroad,
You do an injury to all mankind;
And public Miſchief cannot be private Juſtice.
SUCKLING's Goblins.

The miſer's gold, the painted cloud
Of titles, that make vain men proud;
The courtier's pomp, or glorious ſcar
Got by a ſoldier in the war;
Can hold no weight with his brave mind,
That ſtudies to preſerve mankind.
Sir WM. DAVENANT's News from Plymouth.

JURYMAN.

An office that requires the pureſt mind!
They whom their country chooſe for ſuch a truſt,
Upon whoſe verdict, as on Fate, depend
Our properties, our lives, and liberties,
Shou'd to the aweful ſeat of Juſtice bring
An ear that's deaf to the Deceiver's voice,

A

A breaſt untainted, and a hand unſtain'd:
And he that fills the ſolemn judgment-ſeat
Shou'd not too raſhly paſs the dreadful ſentence
On the accus'd, but weigh each circumſtance
'Till not a ſingle doubt's left in the ſcale;
Then judge with Reaſon, and decree with Truth.

Cooke's Innocent Murderer.

JUSTICE.

——————If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at naught;
To pluck down Juſtice from your awful bench;
To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon?
Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,
And mock your working in a ſecond body.
Queſtion your royal thoughts, make the caſe yours;
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon:
Hear your own dignity ſo much profan'd;
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold yourſelf ſo by a ſon diſdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your pow'r ſo ſilencing your ſon.

Shakespeare's Henry IV.

The gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to ſcourge us.

Shakespeare's King Lear.

——————O immortal Juſtice,
Thou undivided particle from Heav'n,
That lengthens to its ſubſtitute below,
And arms his ſubject-hand with majeſty
Terrific; for thy cauſe, a willing agent,
My ſword I draw: Do thou inſpire the ſtroke
With prevalence divine—As thine the wrong,
Vengeance and puniſhment to thee belong;

This

The injur'd ſtate of Innocence reſtore,
Cruſh the bold inſults of aſpiring pow'r,
Shine like thy radiant ſource, and make the world adore.

Havard's Scanderbeg.

——————They have great odds,
Againſt the aſtoniſh'd ſons of Violence,
Who fight with awful Juſtice on their ſide.

Thomson's Tancred and Sigiſmunda.

To ſend the injur'd unredreſs'd away,
How great ſoe'er the offender, and the wrong'd,
Howe'er obſcure, is wicked—weak and vile—
Degrades, defiles, and ſhould dethrone a king.

Smollet's Regicide.

Let not Rage and Vengeance mix their rancour;
Let them not trouble with their fretful ſtorm,
Their angry gleams, that azure, where enthron'd
The calm divinity of Juſtice ſits
And pities, while ſhe puniſhes mankind.

Thomson's Coriolanus.

I bow in adoration to the gods;
I venerate their ſervants. But there is,
There is a power, their chief, their darling care,
The guardian of mankind, which to betray
Were violating all—And that is Juſtice. *Ibid.*

JUSTIFICATION.

Juſtice, with favour, have I always done;
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never;
When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent, to maintain, the king, the realm, and you;
Large gifts have I beſtow'd on learned clerks;
Becauſe my book prefer'd me to the king:
And ſeeing, ignorance is the curſe of God,

Knowledge

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to Heav'n,
Unleſs you be poſſeſs'd with dev'liſh ſpirit,
You cannot but forbear to murther me.
Shakespeare's Henry VI.

KENT.

KENT, in the commentaries Cæſar writ,
Is term'd the civil'ſt place in all this iſle;
Sweet is the country, becauſe full of riches,
The people lib'ral, valiant, active, wealthy.
Shakespeare's Henry VI.

KING.

O poliſh'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keep'ſt the ports of Slumber open wide
To many a watchful Night: Sleep with it now,
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he whoſe brow with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of Night. O Majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,
That ſcald'ſt with ſafety.
Shakespeare's Henry IV.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in gliſt'ring grief,
And wear a golden ſorrow.
Shakespeare's Henry VIII.

Sorrow breaks ſeaſons and repoſing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And for unfelt imaginations,

They

They often feel a world of reſtleſs cares;
So that between their title and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
Shakespeare's Richard III.

Know when the ſearching eye of Heav'n is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world;
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders, and in outrage bloody here.
But when from under this terreſtrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
And darts his light thro' every guilty hole;
Then Murders, Treaſons, and deteſted Sins,
The cloak of Night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves;
So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,
Who all this while has revell'd in the night,
Whilſt we were wand'ring with the Antipodes,
Shall ſee us riſing in our throne, the Eaſt;
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face
Not able to endure the ſight of day;
But, ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea,
Can't waſh the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath preſt,
To lift ſharp ſteel againſt our golden crown,
Heav'n for his Richard, hath in heav'nly pay
A glorious angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall, for Heav'n ſtill guards the right.
Shakespeare's Richard II.

It is the curſe of kings to be attended
By ſlaves, that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody houſe of Strife;
And, on the winking of Authority
To underſtand a law, to know the meaning

Of

Of dang'rous majeſty: when perchance it frowns
More upon Honour than advis'd Reſpect.

SHAKESPEARE's King John.

The love of kings is like the blowing of
Winds, which whiſtle ſometimes gently among
The leaves, and ſtraightway turn the trees up by
The roots; or fire, which warmeth afar off,
And burneth near hand; or the ſea, which makes
Men hoiſt their ſails in a flattering calm,
And to cut their maſts in a rough ſtorm. They
Place affection by times, by policy,
By appointment: if they frown, who dares call
Them unconſtant? if they betray ſecrets, who
Will term them untrue? if they fall to other
Loves, who trembles not, if he calls them unfaithful?
In kings there can be no love, but to queens:
For as near muſt they meet in majeſty,
As they do in affection.
It is requiſite to ſtand aloof from
King's love, Jove, and lightning.

LILLY's Alexander and Campaſpe.

Why man, I never was a prince till now,
'Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Gilt tip-ſtaves, Tyrian purple, chairs of ſtate,
Troops of py'd butterflies, that flutter ſtill
In greatneſs, that confirm a prince;
'Tis not the unſav'ry breath of multitudes,
Shouting and clapping with confuſed din,
That makes a prince. No, Lucio, he's a king,
A true, right king, that dares do aught, ſave wrong;
Fear nothing mortal, but to be unjuſt;
Who is not blown up with flatt'rings
Of ſpungy ſycophants; who ſtands unmov'd,
Deſpight the juſtling of opinion;
Who can enjoy himſelf, maugre the throng,
That ſtrive to preſs his quiet out of him;
Who ſits upon Jove's footſtool as I do,
Adorning, not affecting majeſty:

Whoſe

Whoſe brow is wreathed with a ſilver crown
Of clear Content; this, Lucio, is a king—
And of this empire ev'ry man's poſſeſs'd
That's worth his ſoul.

Marston's Antonio and Mellida.

Men are deceiv'd who think there can be thrall
Beneath a virtuous prince. Wiſh'd Liberty
Ne'er lovelier looks than under ſuch a crown:
But when his grace is merely but lip good,
And that, no longer than he airs himſelf
Abroad in public; this is a caſe
Deſerves our fear, and doth preſage the nigh
And cloſe approach of blood and tyrany.

B. Johnson's Sejanus.

——————Miſery of princes,
That muſt of force be cenſur'd by their ſlaves!
Not only blam'd, for doing things are ill;
But, for not doing all, that all men will.

Webster's White Devil.

The lives of princes, ſhould like dials move;
Whoſe regular example is ſo ſtrong,
They make the times by them go right or wrong.

Ibid.

Some would think the ſouls
Of princes were brought forth by ſome more weighty
Cauſe than thoſe of meaner perſons: They are
Deceived; there's the ſame hand to them; the like
Paſſions ſway them; the ſame reaſon that makes
A vicar go to law for a tythe pig,
And undo his neighbours, makes them ſpoil
A whole province, and batter down goodly
Cities with their cannon.

Webster's Dutcheſs of Malfy.

——————Wherefore pay you
This adoration to a ſinful creature?
I'm fleſh and blood, as you are; ſenſible

Of

Of heat and cold; as much a ſlave unto
The tyranny of my paſſions as the meaneſt
Of my poor ſubjects. The proud attributes
By oil'd tongue Flattery impos'd upon us,
As ſacred, glorious, high, invincible,
The deputy of Heav'n, and in that
Omnipotent; with all falſe titles elſe,
Coin'd to abuſe our frailty, though compounded,
And by the breath of ſycophants apply'd,
Cure not the leaſt fit of an ague in us.
We may give poor men riches; confer honours
On undeſervers; raiſe, or ruin ſuch
As are beneath us; and with this puffed up,
Ambition would perſuade us to forget
That we are men: But he that ſits above us,
And to whom, at our utmoſt rate, we are
But pageant properties, derides our weakneſs:
In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis moſt apparent:
Can I call back yeſterday, with all their aids
That bow unto my ſcepter? or reſtore
My mind to that tranquillity and peace
It then enjoyed?

Massinger's Emperor of the East.

He does not think he is then like Jove,
When he can thunder, but when he can hold
It in; not when he is the voice of Death,
But when he ſits harmleſs, with the power
Of Death about him. Revenge and torments,
Executions, are not expreſſions of a king,
But of deſtruction: He rivals not
Th' immortal powers in temples, ſtatues,
Adoration, but tranſcendent virtues,
Divine performances; theſe are the additions
By which he climbs to Heaven, and appears
A god on earth.

Killegrew's Conſpiracy.

Alas! what are we kings?
Why do you gods place us above the reſt,

To be ſerv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;
And when we come to try the pow'r we have,
There's not a leaf ſhakes at our threatning.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaſter.

Thou art deceiv'd; 'twas not his hand,
But the juſt hand of Heav'n that whips my ſins,
And through my veins pours out the innocent blood
Which I had ſpilt before; the hand that holds
The equal balance to diſcern the weight
'Twixt princes juſtice and their tyranny,
Meaſures their bleſſings and their plagues alike,
To their fair virtues or black infamies?
And makes the horrid acts of murd'rous minds
But inſtruments of plagues to puniſh guilt;
And pay us in the coin with which we hop'd
To buy our glutt'nous ſurfeits. Such is the ſtate
Of prince's privilege, that we may run
Into the depth of ſin, and uncontroul'd
Pull Vengeance on our heads; while the ſmooth han
Of peſt'lent Flatt'ry claps us on the back,
And gives us edge to Villainy, till they ſee
Mis'ry and Deſolation cloſe us round;
Then they fly back and gaze, as on a place
Stricken with furious thunder in a ſtorm:
When ev'ry vulgar hand has laws, and fear
Of prying Authority to hold him back,
And friendly enemies to upbraid him with
His faults, and keep him in the bounds of Mercy;
Only our heights bereave us of theſe helps;
And we are ſooth'd in vices, till we run
Beyond the reach of Grace, and ſtand within
The ſhot of heavieſt Vengeance, which ſeldom com
Short of our merits.

Jones's Adraſta

——————The faults kings do
Shine like the fiery beacons on a hill,
For all to ſee, and ſeeing tremble at,

Its not a ſingle ill which you commit;
What in the ſubject is a petty fault,
Monſters your actions, and's a foul offence:
You give your ſubjects licence to offend
When you do teach them how.

Hemming's Fatal Contract.

——————I bow, and give
My crown, pray take it; and with it, give me leave
To tell you, what it brings the hapleſs wearer,
Beſide the outſide glory; for I am
Read in the miſerable fate of kings.
You think it glorious to command, but are
More ſubject than the pooreſt pays you duty;
And muſt obey your fears, your want of ſleep,
Rebellion from your vaſſals, wounds ev'n from
Their very tongues, whoſe quietneſs you ſweat for;
For whoſe dear health you waſte and fright your
Strength to paleneſs, and your blood into a froſt.
You are not certain of a friend or ſervant,
To build your faith upon; your life is but
Your ſubjects' murmur, and your death their ſacrifice.

Shirley's Politician.

What poor things are kings!
What poorer things are nations to obey
Him, whom a petty paſſion does command?
Fate, why was man made ſo ridiculous?
Oh! I am mortal. Men but flatter me.
Oh, Fate! Why were not kings made more than men?
Or why will people have us to be more?
Alas! we govern others, but ourſelves
We cannot rule; as our eyes that do ſee
All other things, but cannot ſee themſelves.

Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

Kings, like Heav'n's eye, ſhould ſpread their beams around,
Pleas'd to be ſeen while Glory's race they run:
Reſt is not for the chariot of the ſun.

Luxurious kings are to the people loſt;
They live like drones upon the public coſt.
Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Thoſe kings who rule with limited commands,
Have players ſceptres put into their hands:
Power has no balance! one ſide ſtill weighs down,
And either hoiſts the common-wealth, or crown.
Dryden's Conqueſt of Granada.

O Diadem! thou centre of Ambition,
Where all its different lines are reconcil'd,
As if thou wert the burning-glaſs of Glory.
Lee's Oedipus.

Princes are barr'd the liberty to roam,
The fetter'd Mind ſtill languiſhes at home;
In golden bands ſhe treads the thoughtful round,
Buſineſs and cares eternally abound.
Lee's Theodoſius.

O hard eſtate of empire! wretched kings!
How are we ſnar'd in errors not our own;
And, hood-wink'd, led to crimes we moſt ſhould ſhun!
Hence 'tis our names ſtain'd black in chronicles,
When impious counſellors betray our reaſon
With eloquence, and enſnare us,
And make injuſtice neceſſary.
Tate's Loyal General.

Kings titles commonly begin by force,
Which time wears off, and mellows into right;
And power, which in one age is tyranny,
Is ripen'd in the next to true ſucceſſion.
Dryden's Spaniſh Friar.

——————Some are born kings;
Made up of three parts fire; ſo full of Heav'n,
It ſparkles at their eyes; inferior ſouls
Know 'em as ſoon as ſeen, by ſure inſtinct,
To be their lords, and naturally worſhip
The ſecret god within 'em. *Dryden's Cleomenes.*

——Kings

——————Kings are like other miſers,
Greedy of more: They uſe not what they have,
As merchants vent'ring on the faithleſs ſeas,
For needleſs wealth, are driven by ſudden ſtorms
On banks of ſands, or daſh'd againſt the rocks;
And all they have is ſunk, and loſt at once!
Kings ruſh to wars, more faithleſs than the ſeas;
Where more inconſtant Fortune waits their arms;
Where, in a moment, one unhappy blow
Ruins the progreſs of an age before.

Hopkins's Pyrrhus.

The gods have for themſelves alone reſerv'd
A quiet ſtate: Kings are the ſtewards here,
Intruſted with the conqueſt of the world;
And like good careful ſervants, muſt ſubmit
Their ſingle profit to the general welfare.

Lansdown's Heroic Love.

Unbounded power and height of greatneſs give
To kings that luſtre which we think divine;
The wiſe who know 'em, know they are but men,
Nay, ſometimes, weak ones too. The croud indeed,
Who kneel before the image, not the god,
Worſhip the deity their hands have made.

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

The thoughts of princes dwell in ſacred privacy,
Unknown and venerable to the vulgar;
And like a temple's innermoſt receſſes,
None enter to behold the hallowed myſteries,
Unbidden of the god that dwells within. *Ibid.*

——————O Axalla!
Could I forget I am a man, as thou art,
Would not the Winter's cold, or Summer's heat,
Sickneſs, or Thirſt, or Hunger, all the train
Of Nature's clamorous appetites, aſſerting
An equal right in kings, and common men,
Reprove me daily! No, if I boaſt of aught,
Be it to have been Heav'n's happy inſtrument,

The means of good to all my fellow-creatures:
This is a king's beſt praiſe.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

——————'Tis true, I am a king:
Honour and Glory too have been my aim:
But tho' I dare face Death, and all the dangers
Which furious War wears in its bloody front,
Yet could I chooſe to fix my Fame by Peace,
By Juſtice, and by Mercy; and to raiſe
My trophies on the bleſſings of mankind:
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I ſway,
Or forfeit of my honour. *Ibid.*

That king ſtands ſureſt, who by virtue riſes
More than by birth or blood. That prince is rare,
Who ſtrives in youth, to ſave his age from care.

Middleton's Phœnix.

We view the outward glories of a crown;
But dazzl'd with the luſtre, cannot ſee
The thorns which line it, and whoſe painful prickings
Embitter all the pompous ſweets of empire.
Happier the wretch, who at his daily toils,
Sweats for his homely dinner, than a king
In all the dangerous pomp of royalty!
He knows no fears of ſtate to damp his joys;
No treaſon ſhakes the humble bed he lies on;
Nor dreads he poiſon in his peaceful bowls:
He ſleeps contented in the guiltleſs arms
Of his unjealous conſort:—Frightful dreams
Break not his ſlumbers, with the ſhocking ſight
Of bloody daggers, and ideal murders.
True, he's a ſtranger to the power of kings;
But then again, he is as much a ſtranger
To kingly cares and miſeries.

Hill's Fair Inconſtant.

——I will not wear the crown in vain,
Subjects ſhall work my will, or feel my power.
Young's Buſiris.

——Though the ſlaves
Fall off from their obedience, and deny
That I'm their monarch, I'm Buſiris ſtill.
Collected in myſelf I ſtand alone,
And hurl my thunder, tho' I ſhake my throne:
Like Death, a ſolitary king I'll reign
O'er ſilent ſubjects and a deſart plain;
E'er brook their pride, I'll ſpread a general doom,
And every ſtep ſhall be from tomb to tomb. *Ibid.*

The vulgar call us gods, and fondly think,
That kings are caſt in more than mortal moulds:
Alas! they little know that when the mind
Is cloy'd with pomp, our taſte is pall'd to joy;
But grows more ſentible of grief or pain.
The ſtupid peaſant, with as quick a ſenſe,
Enjoys the fragrance of the roſe as I;
And his rough hard hand is proof againſt the thorn,
Which, rankling in my tender ſkin, would ſeem
A viper's tooth. O bliſsful Poverty!
Nature too partial to thy lot, aſſigns
Health, Freedom, Innocence, and downy Peace,
Her real goods; and only mocks the great,
With empty pageantries.
Fenton's Mariamne.

Th' unbuſy'd ſhepherd ſtretch'd beneath the haw-
thorn,
His careleſs limbs thrown out in wanton eaſe,
With thoughtleſs gaze peruſing the arch'd Heav'ns,
And idly whiſtling, while his ſheep feed round him,
Enjoys a ſweeter ſhade than that of canopies,
Hemm'd in with Care, and ſhook by ſtorms of Treaſon.
Hill's Henry V.

Who ſtrikes at ſov'reign pow'r had need ſtrike home;
For ſtorms that fail to blow the cedar down,
May tear the branches, but they fix the roots.
Jeffery's Edwin.

What is this Pow'r, whoſe luſt inflames you ſo?
Is it to be a king? To range unqueſtion'd
Thro' each dark maze of Guilt, of Death, and Rapine?
Is't to diſſolve in Softneſs and in Riots?
Is it to reign o'er Ignorance and Vice?
For Wiſdoms droops where Tyranny prevails;
Oppreſſion ever is the grave of Virtue.
If there is one who's form'd to be a king,
He muſt be wiſe, be merciful and brave;
Of Virtue, Learning, and of Arts the patron;
Studious his country's intereſt to know,
And active to purſue it—Juſt to his word,
Courteous, familiar to his people's view,
Hope of th' oppreſt, and dread of the oppreſſor.
This is a king; he is a father too,
The public father; for, where kings ſhould reign,
He ſeeks his empire in the people's hearts.
Martyn's Timoleon.

——————'Tis the office,
'Tis the firſt duty of the magiſtrate,
To guard the people's welfare, and ſecure,
As far as human wiſdom can ſecure,
Their future peace.——
C. Johnson's Medæa.

Thou know'ſt th' unhappy, envy'd ſtate of kings;
How perilous the height, ſo near to Heav'n;
Ten thouſand ways expos'd; here to the luſt
Of lawleſs will; there to the darker ruin
Of venal Flattery. *Mallet's Euridice.*

The ſubject's reverence, and the prince's love,
Graſping and graſp'd, walk hand in hand together,
Strengthen'd by union; then the king's command
Is loſt in the obedience of the ſubject;

The

The king unask'd, confirms the people's rights,
And by the willing gift prevents the claim:
These are the virtues that endear a king,
Adorn a people, and true greatness bring.
Havard's King Charles I.

O wretched state of monarchs! Why does Heav'n
(Since 'tis by Heav'n they reign) deny them prescience?
Then they might look into the hearts of men;
And there behold the seeds of Vice and Virtue
Yet immature, and growing in their breasts;
And punish or reward as Justice dictates,
Marsh's Anaxis.

——A prince's life is not his own:
Not for himself, he lives for human race.
This universal duty to your kind
Cancels all private bonds. The future blifs,
Or woe of millions, you were born to rule,
Hangs on your great resolve.
Mallet's Mustapha.

Shew wondering nations what a monarch should be;
Heav'n's true vicegerent, whose superior soul
Rais'd high above the tyrant's selfish poorness,
Pants but for power of doing good, rejects
All power of doing ill: who makes no war
But to revenge his people's wrongs, no peace
But what secures their safety; courts no Fame
But from their happiness: A parent he,
The public parent; they not slaves, but sons. *Ibid.*

——Yes, we have lost a father!
The greatest blessing Heaven bestows on mortals,
And seldom found amidst these wilds of time,
A good, a worthy king!—Hear me, my Tancred,
And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,
How he deserv'd that best, that glorious title.
'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as Truth and Virtue.
He lov'd his people, deem'd them all his children;
The good exalted, and depress'd the bad:

He ſpurn'd the flattering crew, with ſcorn rejected
Their ſmooth advice, that only means themſelves,
Their ſchemes to aggrandize him into baſeneſs:
Well knowing that a people in their rights
And induſtry protected; living ſafe
Beneath the ſacred ſhelter of the laws,
Encourag'd in their genius, arts, and labours,
And happy each, as he himſelf deſerves,
Are ne'er ungrateful. With an unſparing hand
They will for him provide: Their filial love,
And confidence are his unfailing treaſury,
And every honeſt man his faithful guard.
THOMSON's Tancred and Sigiſmunda.

They whom juſt Heaven has to a throne exalted,
To guard the rights and liberties of others,
What duty binds him to betray his own? *Ibid.*

O! 'tis the curſe of princes to be ſerv'd
By ſlaves, that take their wiſhes for a warrant;
That on the bare inquietude of looks,
Preſume t' expound our paſſions into law,
And on the ſanction of a frown commit
Such deeds as damns the conſcience that conceives them.
CIBBER's King John.

Princes are ſlaves, that ſubjects may have liberty.
Driven or attracted ever!—Why was a king
Call'd ruler? Infamous abuſe of phraſe!
Faction and Clamour are more kings than he.
HILL's Merope.

————I am told, thou call'ſt thyſelf a king.
Know if thou art one, that the poor have rights:
And Power, in all its pride, is leſs than Juſtice. *Ibid.*

Complaint is for the vulgar: Kings muſt act;
Reſtore a ruin'd ſtate, or periſh with it.
MALLET's Alfred.

When thoſe whom Heaven diſtinguiſhes o'er millions
And ſhowers profuſely power and ſplendor on them,
Whate'er

Whate'er th' expanded heart can wish; when they,
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
Or worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,
Is there a wretch they rule so base as they?
Guilty, at once, of sacrilege to Heaven!
And of perfidious robbery to man! *Ibid.*

I own no guilt: Or kings of every age
Are criminal, thy ancestors and mine.
What is all war, but mere diffusive robbery
Made sacred by success? What object swells
A monarch's highest aim?—Increase of power
And universal sway. This glorious end
All means must sanctify, that can secure. *Ibid.*

A sovereign's great example forms a people;
The public breast is noble, or is vile,
As he inspires it. *Ibid.*

Kings of their envy cheat a foolish world:
Fate gives us all in spite, that we alone
Might have the pain of knowing all is nothing.
The seeming means of bliss, but heighten woe,
When impotent to make their promise good:
Hence kings, at least, bid fairest to be wretched.
Young's Brothers.

Tho' kings delight in raising what they love,
Less owe they to themselves, than to the throne;
Nor must they prostitute its majesty
To swell a subject's pride, howe'er deserving.
* * * * * * * * * * *
What a king ought not, that he cannot give;
And what is more than meet for princes bounty
Is plunder, not a grant. * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *
True Majesty's the very soul of kings;
And Rectitude's the soul of Majesty;
If mining minions sap that Rectitude
The king may live, but Majesty expires;
And he that lessens Majesty, impairs

That juſt obedience public good requires,
Doubly a traitor to the crown and ſtate.
* * * * * * * * * * *
Can a king give thee more than is his own?
Know a king's dignity is public wealth;
On that ſubſiſts the nation's fame and power.
Shall fawning ſycophants to plump themſelves,
Eat up their maſter and dethrone his glory?
What are ſuch wretches? What, but vapours foul
From fens and bogs, by royal beams exhal'd,
That radiance intercepting, which ſhould chear
The land at large? Hence ſubjects hearts grow cold,
And frozen loyalty forgets to flow:
But, then 'tis ſlipp'ry ſtanding for the minion:
Stains on his ermin, to their royal maſter
Such miſcreants are, not jewels in his crown.

Young's Brothers.

O vain diſtinction of exalted ſtate!
No rank aſcends above the reach of Care,
Nor Dignity can ſhield a queen from woe.
Deſpotic Nature's ſtronger ſceptre rules,
And Pain and Paſſion in her right prevail.
O the unpitied lot, ſevere condition,
Of ſolitary, ſad, dejected Grandeur!
Alone condemn'd to bear th' unſocial throb
Of heart-felt Anguiſh, and corroding Grief;
Depriv'd of what, within his humble ſhed,
The pooreſt peaſant in affliction finds,
The kind condoling comfort of a dear
Partaking friend.

Jones's Earl of Eſſex.

Unhappy ſtate where Mercy and Compaſſion
Too often meet with Clamour and Reproach;
But princes muſt endure, for public good,
The narrow cenſures of miſguided crowds. *Ibid.*

———'Tis the curſe of kings
To be ſurrounded by a venal herd

On

Of flatterers, that ſooth his darling vices,
And rob their maſter of his ſubjects love.
Brooke's Earl of Warwick.

——————The king, who delegates
His pow'r to other's hands, but ill deſerves
The crown he wears. *Ibid.*

KISSES *and* KISSING.

If I prophane with my unworthieſt hand
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this;
My lips, two bluſhing pilgrims, ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſs.
Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.

——————He kiſs'd me hard,
As if he'd pluck up kiſſes by the roots,
That grow upon my lips.
Shakespeare's Othello.

Sweet were his kiſſes on my balmy lips,
As are the breezes breath'd amidſt the groves
Of ripening ſpices on the height of day.
Behn's Abdelazar.

Kiſs you at firſt, my lord! 'tis no fair faſhion;
Our lips are like roſe-buds, blown with men's breaths,
They loſe both ſap and ſavour.
Beaumont and Fletcher's Mad Lover.

——————May I taſte
The nectar of her lip? I do not give it
The praiſe it merits: Antiquity is too poor
To help me with a ſimile t'expreſs her:
Let me drink often from this living ſpring,
To nouriſh new invention.
Massinger's Emperor of the East.

I felt the while a pleaſing kind of ſmart,
The kiſs went tingling to my very heart.

When

When it was gone, the ſenſe of it did ſtay,
The ſweetneſs cling'd upon my lips all day,
Like drops of honey loth to fall away.
Dryden's Marriage A-la-mode.

Nectar, and flames, and ſweets of Hybla grow
About her lips, ambroſial odours flow.
Lee's Sophoniſba.

She brought her cheek up cloſe, and lean'd on his;
At which he whiſper'd kiſſes back on her's.
Dryden's All for Love.

——————O let me run and ſeal
My melting ſoul upon their bubbling wounds!
I'll print upon their coral mouths ſuch kiſſes,
As ſhall retal their wandering ſpirits home.
Dryden's Oedipus.

He ſcarce afforded one kind parting word,
But went away ſo cold, the kiſs he gave me
Seem'd the forc'd compliment of ſated love.
Otway's Orphan.

Balmy, as cordials that recover ſouls,
Chaſte as maids ſighs, and keen as longing mothers.
Lee's Lucius Junius Brutus.

——————Oh! could I give the world;
One kiſs of thine, but thus to touch thy lips,
I were a gainer by the vaſt exchange.
The fragrant infancy of opening flowers,
Flow'd to my ſenſes in that melting kiſs.
Southern's Diſappointment.

I will provoke thy lips, lay ſiege ſo cloſe,
That all thy ſallying breath ſhall turn to bleſſings.
Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

They kiſs'd with ſuch a fervor,
And gave ſuch furious earneſt of their flames,
That their eyes ſparkled, and their mantling blood
Flew flaſhing o'er their faces. *Ibid.*

How

How could I dwell for ever on theſe lips!
Oh! I could kiſs 'em pale with eagerneſs!
So ſoft, by Heav'n! and ſuch a juicy ſweet,
That ripen'd peaches have not half their flavour.
Dryden's Amphitrion.

Oh! let me live for ever on thoſe lips!
The nectar of the gods to theſe is taſteleſs. *Ibid.*

I ſwear, I love you with my firſt virgin fondneſs;
I live all in you, and I die without you:
At your approach, my heart beats faſt within me;
A pleaſing trembling thrills thro' all my blood,
Whene'er you touch me with your melting hand:
But when you kiſs, Oh! 'tis not to be ſpoke!
Gildon's Fatal Divorce.

The kiſs you take is paid by that you give;
The joy is mutual, and I'm ſtill in debt.
Landsdown's Heroic Love.

LADY's PICTURE.

FAIR Portia's counterfeit! what demi-god
Hath come ſo near creation? Move theſe eyes?
Or, whether riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath! ſo ſweet a bar!
Such ſunder! ſuch ſweet friends! Here in her hair
The painter plays the ſpider, and hath woven
A golden meſh t' intrap the hearts of men
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes!
How could he ſee to do 'em? Having made one,
Methinks it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfiniſh'd.
Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.

LADY *at* PRAYERS.

So ſweet a face, harmleſs, ſo intent
Upon her prayers, it froſted my devotion
To gaze on her; till by degrees I took
Her fair idea, thro' my covetous eye,
Into my heart, and knew not how to eaſe
It ſince of the impreſſion:
Her eye did ſeem to labour with a tear,
Which ſuddenly took birth, but over-weigh'd
With its own weight, ſwelling, dropp'd upon her boſom.
Which, by reflection of her light, appear'd
As Nature meant her ſorrow for an ornament;
After, her looks grew chearful, and I ſaw
A ſmile ſhoot graceful upward from her eyes
As if they had gain'd a victory over Grief;
And with it many beams twiſted themſelves;
Upon whoſe golden threads the angels walk
To and again from Heav'n. *Shirley's Brothers.*

LAMB.

Come, lead me forward now, like a tame lamb,
To ſacrifice. Thus, in his fatal garlands,
Deck'd fine, and pleas'd, the wanton ſkips, and plays,
Trots by th' enticing, flattering prieſteſs' ſide;
And much tranſported with its little pride,
Forgets his dear companions of the plain,
Till by her bound, he's on the altar lain;
Yet then too, hardly bleats, ſuch pleaſure's in the pain.

Otway's Venice Preſerv'd.

So ſafe are lambs within the lion's power,
Ungrip'd, and play'd with, till fierce hunger calls;
Then Nature ſhews itſelf, the cloſe hid nails
Are ſtretch'd, and open'd to the panting prey.

Dryden's King Arthur.

LAMEN-

LAMENTATIONS.

——————But ſhe ſleeps happy.
I muſt wake for ever.——This object! this!
This face of fatal beauty——
Will ſtretch my lips with vaſt eternal tears!
Here lies my fate,——
And all my victories for ever folded up:
My banners all in this dear body loſt:
My ſtandards, triumphs, gone!
Oh! when ſhall I be mad! Give orders to
The army, that they break their ſhields, ſwords, ſpears;
Pound their bright armour into duſt! away!
Is there not cauſe to put the world in mourning?
Tear all your robes: He dies that is not naked
Down to the waſte; all like the ſons of ſorrow:
Burn all the ſpires that ſeem to hiſs the ſky:
Beat down the battlements of every city:
And for the monument of this lov'd creature,
Root up thoſe bowers, and pave 'em all with gold:
Draw dry the Ganges, make the Indies poor:
To build her tomb, no ſhrines, nor altars ſpare,
But ſtrip the ſhining gods, to make it rare.
Lee's Alexander.

Still, cold, and pale! where are thy beauties now?
Thy bluſhes, that have warm'd ſo many hearts:
All hearts, that ever felt her conqu'ring beauty,
Sigh till you break; and all you eyes, that languiſh'd
In my Lavinia's brightneſs, weep with me,
Till grief grow general, and the world's in tears.
Otway's Caius Marius.

LARK.

——————Now hear the lark,
The herald of the morn; whoſe notes do beat

The vaulty Heav'ns, ſo high above our heads,
Making ſuch ſweet diviſions.

SHAKESPEARE's Romeo and Juliet.

——————The lark,
That gives ſweet tidings of the ſun's upriſe.

SHAKESPEARE's Titus Andronicus.

LAW *and* LAWYER.

We have ſtrict ſtatutes, and moſt biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs for headſtrong ſteeds,
Which for theſe nineteen years we have let ſleep;
Ev'n like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight,
For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod's
More mock'd than fear'd: So our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead:
And Liberty plucks Juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

SHAKESPEARE's Meaſure for Meaſure.

I oft have heard him ſay, how he admir'd
Men of your large profeſſion that could ſpeak
To every cauſe, and things mere contraries
Till they were hoarſe again, yet all be law.
That with moſt quick agility could turn,
And return, make knots and undo them,
Give fork'd council, take provoking gold
On either hand, and put it up. Theſe men,
He knew would thrive with their humility,
And (for his part) he thought he ſhould be bleſt
To have his heir of ſuch a ſuffering ſpirit;
So wiſe, ſo grave, of ſo perplex'd a tongue,
And loud withal, that could not wag nor ſcarce
Lie ſtill without a fee.

B. JOHNSON's Volpone.

One

One that not long ſince was the buckram ſcribe,
That would run on men's errands for an aſper;
And from ſuch baſeneſs having rais'd a ſtock,
To bribe the covetous judge, call'd to the bar;
So poor in practice too, that he would plead
A needy client's cauſe for a ſtarv'd hen,
Or half a little loin of veal, tho' fly blown:
And theſe the greateſt fees, you could arrive at
For juſt proceedings.

Beaumont's Spaniſh Curate.

Law is the ſacred child of Heav'n and Nature.

Dennis's Appius and Virginia.

I have been a term-trotter myſelf theſe five
And forty years; a goodly time, and a gracious!
In which ſpace, I have been at leaſt ſixteen times
Beggar'd, and got up again; and in the mire again.
You ſee I am old, yet have at this preſent
Nine and twenty ſuits in law, and all not worth forty ſhillings.
The pleaſure of man is all:
A ſtake pull'd out of my hedge, there's one:
I was well beaten, I remember, that's two:
I took one a-bed with my wife againſt her will, that's three;
Was call'd cuckold for my labour, that's four:
I took another a-bed with her, that's five;
And then one call'd me wittall, that's the ſixth:
He kill'd my dog for barking, that's ſeven;
My maid-ſervant was kiſs'd at that time, eight:
My wife miſcarried with a puſh, nine;
Et ſic de cæteris.
I have ſo vex'd and beggar'd the whole pariſh
With proceſſes, ſubpœnas, and ſuch like moleſtations,
They are not able to ſpare ſo much ready money
From a term, as would ſet up a new weather-cock:
The churchwardens are fain to go to law
With the poor's money: And ſo I ſetch up all the men
Ev'ry term-time, that 'tis impoſſible

To

To be at civil cuckoldry within ourſelves,
Unleſs the whole country riſe upon our wives.
2. O' my faith a pretty policy.
3. Nay, an excellent ſtratagem:
But of all I moſt wonder at the continual
Subſtance of thy wit, that having had ſo
Many ſuits in law from time to time, thou
Haſt ſtill money to relieve them.
1. Why do you ſo much wonder at that? Why this is my courſe:
My mare and I come up ſome five days 'fore the term,
Here I lodge, as you ſee, among inns and places
Of moſt receipt; by which advantage I
Dive into the countrymen's cauſes, furniſh them
With knaviſh council, little to their profit;
Buzzing into their ears, this courſe, that writ,
This office, that *ultimum refugium*;
As you know I have words enough for the purpoſe.
2. Enough a conſcience in faith.
1. Enough in law, no matter for conſcience;
For which buſy laborious ſweating courteſy,
They cannot chooſe but feed me with money,
By which I maintain mine own ſuits.
Another ſpecial trick I have, which is
To prefer moſt of thoſe men to one attorney
Whom I affect beſt; to anſwer which kindneſs of mine,
He'll ſweat the better in my cauſe, and do them
The leſs good. Take it of my word, I help'd
My attorney to more clients the laſt term,
Than he'll diſpatch in all his life time.

Middleton's Phœnix.

——————Rogues that can extract
Fines out of looks, and death from double meanings.

Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

I heard the deep-mouth'd pack, that ſcented blood
From their firſt ſtarting, and purſued their view
With the law muſic of long-winded calumny.
Well I remember one among the tribe,

A

A reading cut-throat ſkill'd in parallels,
And dark compariſons of wond'rous likeneſs,
Who in a ſpeech of unchew'd eloquence,
Muſter'd up all the crimes, ſince Noah's days,
To put in balance with this fancied plot,
And made e'en Cataline a ſaint to Raleigh:
The ſycophant ſo much o'er-play'd his part,
I could have hugg'd him, kiſs'd the unſkilful lies,
Hot from his venal tongue. *Ibid.*

If ſlight ſuſpicious witneſſes have weight,
Perverted law may ſtrike the burning brand
E'en on the cheek of virgin Innocence,
And blot our chaſteſt matrons with diſgrace,
Whenever baſe Detraction ſtains their names
With its envenom'd breath.
Beller's Injured Innocence.

What is law more than the breathleſs form
Of ſome fall'n hero, ſpiritleſs and cold,
To be deſpis'd and trampled on at pleaſure
By every bold offender; unleſs ſteady
And vigorous execution give it life.
Lillo's Elmerick.

Law, that ſhocks Equity, is Reaſon's murder.
Hill's Merope.

LEARNING.

Learning was firſt made pilot to the world,
And in the chair of contemplation,
Many degrees above the burning clouds,
Held in his hand the nine-leav'd marble book,
Drawn full of ſilver lines and golden ſtars.
But farther, it was Learning's place,
'Till empty outſides, ſhadows daub'd with gold,
Pluck'd him down headlong, then he loſt his wits,
And ever ſince lives zany to the world;
Turns pageant-poet, toiler to the preſs;

Makes

Makes himſelf cheap, deteſted, hiſs'd, and ſtale,
To every bubble and dull groom:
Who, for his outſides gaudy, will preſume
To make poor Wit an hackney to his pride:
And with blunt rowell'd jeſts ſpur-gall his ſide,
Till his ſoul bleed. O, I am more than mad,
To ſee mere ſhadows cenſure and controul
The ſubſtance, worthier both in ſenſe and ſoul.

Beaumont and Fletcher's ——

LEGACY.

Think upon the deed;
Think on your own decrepid age; and know
That day, by Nature's poſſibility,
Cannot be far from hence, when you muſt leave
Thoſe wealthy hoards that you ſo baſely lov'd;
And carry nothing with thee, but the guilt
Of impious getting: Then, if you would give
To pious uſes what you cannot keep,
Think what a wretched charity it is?
And know this act ſhall leave a greater ſtain
On your deteſted memory, than all
Thoſe ſeeming deeds of charity can have
A pow'r to waſh away; when men ſhall ſay,
In the next age, this goodly hoſpital,
This houſe of alms, this ſchool, tho' ſeeming fair,
Was the foul iſſue of a curſed murder,
And took foundation in a kinſman's blood.
The privilege that rich men have in evil,
Is, that they go unpuniſh'd to the devil.

May's Old Couple.

LIBERTINE.

Fly, fly Varanes, fly this ſacred place,
Where Virtue and Religion are profeſs'd:
This city will not harbour infidels,
Traitors to Chaſtity, licentious princes:

Fly

Fly to imperial libertines abroad:
In foreign courts thou'lt find a thouſand beauties,
That will comply for gold; for gold they'll weep,
For gold be fond, as Athenais was;
And charm thee ſtill, as if they lov'd indeed:
Thou'lt find enough companions too for riot,
Luxuriant all, and royal as thyſelf;
Tho' thy loud vices ſhould reſound to Heav'n.
Lee's Theodoſius.

——Howſoe'er the libertine may rove
And fruitleſs tread the rounds of guilty love;
In the ſoft rage of joys without controul,
Secret Remorſe ſhall once reproach his ſoul.
When ſated in the lawleſs wanton's arms,
He weighs with cooler thoughts her ſyren-charms,
Wak'd from his dream, now wonders at the art,
The ſpecious ſhews ſeduc'd his eaſy heart.
Convinc'd, at length, he this great truth ſhall own,
Pleaſure ſincere chaſte Hymen gives alone,
While far away the proſtitute is thrown.
Frowde's Philotas.

LIBERTY.

——Oh! give me liberty!
For were ev'n Paradiſe itſelf my priſon,
Still I ſhould long to leap the cryſtal walls.
Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.
Addiſon's Cato.

What is life? 'Tis not to ſtalk, and draw freſh air,
From time time; or gaze upon the ſun:
'Tis to be free: When liberty is gone,
Life grows inſipid, and has loſt its reliſh. *Ibid.*

Remember, O my friends! the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,

From

From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers;
So dearly bought, the price of ſo much blood!
O let it never periſh in your hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inſpire our ſouls,
And make our lives in thy poſſeſſion happy;
Or our deaths glorious in thy juſt defence. *Ibid.*

Our free-born ſons in freedom ſhall expire,
Viſit the Elyſian fields all true and brave,
And not one ſingle ſoul deſcend the ſhades a ſlave.
Frowde's Fall of Saguntum.

——————When liberty is loſt,
Let abject cowards live; but in the brave
It were a treachery to themſelves, enough
To merit chains.
Thomson's Sophoniſba.

How muſt the glorious change tranſport us all,
When into freedom, tyranny is turn'd?
When each may ſay his fortune is his own,
And ſleep in fulneſs of tranquillity?
Then ſhall we taſte the ſweets of life and eaſe,
Which happier climes have known: Then, then enjoy
That liberty, which Britain's ſmiling iſle
So long has boaſted thro' a length of years.
Havard's Scanderbeg.

'Tis liberty alone, that makes life dear:
He does not live at all, who lives to fear.
Hill's Alzira.

O Liberty! Heav'n's choice prerogative!
True bond of law! Thou ſocial ſoul of Property!
Thou breath of Reaſon! Life of Life itſelf!
For thee the valiant bleed. O ſacred Liberty!
Wing'd from the Summer's ſnare, from flattering Ruin.
Like the bold ſtork you ſeek the wint'ry ſhore,
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to ſlaves,
Cleave to the cold, and reſt upon the ſtorm.
Upborne

Upborne by thee, my ſoul diſdain'd the terms
Of empire—offer'd at the hands of tyrants.
With thee I fought this fav'rite ſoil; with thee
Theſe fav'rite ſons I fought; thy ſons, O Liberty,
For ev'n among the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low rafted cottage to the clouds,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from the mountain tops
Beam glory to the nations.

Brooke's Guſtavus Vaſa.

——————When he beheld the temple
Sacred to Liberty, he cried aloud——————
" Here let us ſacrifice, my noble friends,
" To this beſt bleſſing that adorns our Rome
" To Liberty, that makes our name rever'd;
" To ſacred Liberty—the gift of gods—
" To Liberty—their gift and their enjoyment;
" Which, did they want,——they could not be im-
" mortal."

Havard's Regulus.

The rich man that beholds the brave in chains
And pants not for his freedom, is a ſlave.

Hill's Inſolvent.

L I F E.

Life's but a walking ſhadow; a poor player,
That frets and ſtruts his hour upon a ſtage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an ideot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Shakespeare's Macbeth.

O gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely were too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.

Shakespeare's Henry IV.

They live too long, who happineſs out-live:
For life and death are things indifferent:
Each to be choſe, as either brings content.
Dryden's Indian Emperor.

'Tis not for nothing that we life purſue;
It pays our hopes with ſomething ſtill that's new;
Each day's a miſtreſs unenjoy'd before;
Like travellers, we're pleas'd with ſeeing more.
Dryden's Aurengzebe.

When I conſider life, 'tis all a cheat:
Yet fool'd with Hope, men favour the deceit;
Truſt on, and think, to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falſer than the former day;
Lies more, and while it ſays we ſhall be bleſs'd
With ſome new joys, cuts off what we poſſeſs'd:
Strange cozenage! none would live paſt years again,
Yet all hope pleaſure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the firſt ſprightly running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this chymic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.
Ibid.

Let guilty wretches, and plebeian ſouls,
Cling on the joyleſs precipice of life,
And tremble on the rack of Hope and Fear.
Motley's Imperial Captive.

Who, would live, my Narva, juſt to breathe
This idle air, and indolently run,
Day after day, the ſtill-returning round
Of life's mean offices, and ſickly joys?
But in the ſervice of mankind to be
A guardian god below—ſtill to employ
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,
Such as may raiſe us o'er the groveling herd,
And make us ſhine for ever—that is life.
Thomson's Coriolanus.

——Life

——————Life is vainly ſhort;
A very dream of being: And when death
Has quench'd this finer flame that moves the heart
Beyond is all oblivion, as waſte night
That knows no following dawn, where we ſhall be
As we had never been; the preſent then
Is only ours. *Mallet's Euridice.*

——————Human life is chequer'd at the beſt
And Joy and Grief alternately preſide
The good and evil dæmon of mankind.
Tracy's Periander.

——————What, what is life or man?
How quickly do we paſs from one extreme
To the ſteep verge of t' other—How we haſte
From joy to miſery—From life to death——
And from a ſomething, buſtle into nothing.
Havard's Scanderbeg.

——————When life or death
Becomes the queſtion, all diſtinctions vaniſh;
Then the firſt monarch, and the loweſt ſlave
On the ſame level ſtand, in this the ſons
Of equal Nature all.
Thomson's Edward and Eleonora.

What is vain life? an idle flight of days,
A ſtill deluſive ſound of fickly joys,
A ſcene of little cares, and trifling paſſions,
If not ennobled by ſome deeds of Virtue. *Ibid.*

What art thou, Life, ſo dearly lov'd by all?
What are thy charms that thus the great deſire thee,
And to retain thee part with pomp and titles?
To buy thy preſence, the gold-watching miſer
Will pour his mouldy bags of treaſure out,
And grow at once a prodigal. The wretch
Clad with Diſeaſe and Poverty's thin coat,
Yet holds thee faſt, tho' painful company.
O Life! thou univerſal wiſh; what art thou?

Thou'rt but a day—A few uneasy hours:
Thy morn is greeted by the flocks and herds,
And every bird that flatters with its note,
Salutes thy rising sun: Thy noon approaching,
Then haste the flies and every creeping insect
To bask in thy meridian; that declining
As quickly they depart, and leave thy evening
To mourn the absent ray: Night at hand,
Then croaks the raven Conscience, time misspent,
The owl Despair seems hideous, and the bat
Confusion flutters up and down——
Life's but a lengthen'd day not worth the waking for.
Havard's Charles I.

Crowns, as the gift of men, men may resume,
But life, the gift of Heaven, let Heaven dispose of.
Ibid.

——————————By day or night,
In florid youth, or mellow age, scarce fleets
One hour without its care! Not sleep itself
Is ever balmy; for the shadowy dream
Oft bears substantial woe. *Smollet's Regicide.*

Life has its various seasons, as the year;
And after clust'ring autumn * * * *
* * * * in rich Harvest's rear
Bleak Winter must have lagg'd. *Ibid.*

Reflect that Life and Death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being,
Reflect that Life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone,
Not for itself but for a nobler end
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is Virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
And Virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.
S. Johnson's Irene.

He

He has too poor a view from life to prize it,
Whoſe death can only ſerve to ſhorten pain.
Hill's Merope.

The days of life are ſiſters; all alike,
Now juſt the ſame; which ſerves to fool us on
Thro' blaſted hopes, with change of fallacy;
While Joy is like to-morrow, ſtill to come;
Nor ends the fruitleſs chace but in the grave.
Young's Brothers.

LIGHTNING.

——————Like lightning's fatal flaſh,
Which by deſtructive thunder is purſu'd,
Blaſting thoſe fields on which it ſhin'd before.
Rochester's Valentinian.

As when ſome dreadful thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged fire ſhoots ſwiftly thro' the ſky;
Strikes, and conſumes, e'er ſcarce it does appear!
And by the ſudden ill prevents the fear.
Dryden's Indian Emperor.

LION.

The prince in a lone court was plac'd,
Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he wore
A pair of gauntlets.
At laſt, the door of an old lion's den
Being drawn up, the horrid beaſt appear'd:
The flames which from his eyes ſhot glaring red,
Made the ſun ſtart, as the ſpectators thought,
And round them caſt a day of blood and death;
The prince walk'd forward: The large beaſt deſcry'd
His prey; and with a roar that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him: But Lyſimachus
Starting aſide, avoided his firſt ſtroke,
With a ſlight hurt, and as the lion turn'd,
Thruſt gauntlet, arm and all into his throat:

Then, with Herculean force, tore forth by th' roots,
The foaming bloody tongue; and while the savage,
Faint with the loss, sunk to the blushing earth,
To plough it with his teeth, your conqu'ring soldier
Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his scull to pieces.
Lee's Alexander.

Like a caught lion, raging in the snare,
He plunges in his passion, spends his force,
And struggles with the toil that holds him faster.
Lee's Mithridates.

——————It breeds contempt,
For herds to listen, and presume to pry,
When the hurt lion groans within his den.
Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Thus lions to their keepers couch, and fawn,
And disobey their hunger.
Dryden's Cleomenes.

——————Like a lion,
Who long has reign'd the terror of the woods,
And dar'd the boldest huntsman to the combat;
Till caught at length within some hidden snare,
With foaming jaws he bites the toils that hold him,
And roars, and rolls his fiery eyes in vain:
While the surrounding swains wound him at pleasure.
Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

LOOKS.

But who art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Shakespeare's Henry VI.

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in it: Tho' thy tackle's torn
Thou shew'st a noble vessel.
Shakespeare's Coriolanus.

Read

Read o'er the volume of his lovely face,
And find Delight writ there with Beauty's pen:
Examine ev'ry ſeveral lineament,
And what obſcur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.

O ſerpent heart! hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragons keep ſo fair a cave?
O deſpis'd ſubſtance of divineſt ſhew!
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt!
O Nature! what hadſt thou to do in Hell,
When thou didſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend,
In mortal Paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever book containing ſuch vile matter,
So fairly bound? Oh! that Deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace! *Ibid.*

———If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myſelf, vex'd I am
Of late with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to myſelf,
Which gives ſome ſoil perhaps to my behaviour.
Shakespeare's Julius Cæſar.

See! what a grace was ſeated on his brow!
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himſelf;
An eye, like Mars, to threaten, or command:
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every god did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
To give the world aſſurance of a man.
Shakespeare's Hamlet.

———In his looks appears
A wild diſtracted fierceneſs: I can read
Some dreadful purpoſe in his face.
Sometimes his anger breaks thro' all diſguiſes,
And ſpares not gods nor men: And then he ſeems
Jealous of all the world; ſuſpects, and ſtarts,
And looks behind him. *Denham's Sophy.*

Her look grows black, as a tempestuous wind,
Some raging thoughts are rolling in her mind.
Dryden's Indian Emperor.

——————He has I know not what,
Of greatness in his looks, and of high fate
That almost awes me.
Dryden's Marriage A-la-mode.

——————For his late disgrace,
His conscious virtue rages in his face.
Sedley's Anthony and Cleopatra.

See where he comes, all pensive and alone:
A gloomy fury has o'erspread his face.
Dryden's Conquest of Granada.

Mark but how terrible his eyes appear!
And yet there's something roughly noble there,
Which in unfashion'd Nature looks divine,
And like a gem, does in the quarry shine. *Ibid.*

Fate is in thy face,
And from thy haggard eyes, looks wildly out,
And threatens e'er thou speakest.
Dryden's All for Love.

——————By his warlike port,
His fierce demeanour, and erected look,
He's of no vulgar note. *Ibid.*

So fiery fierce, that those who see him nearly,
May see his haughty soul still mounting in his face.
Lee's Theodosius.

——————He looks
As if some mighty secret work'd within him,
And laboured for a vent. *Ibid.*

Why dost thou shake thy brows with that stern look?
Speak: For to me thy face is as the Heav'n's,
And when thou smil'st I cannot fear a storm:
But now thy gather'd brows prognosticate

Ill weather; lightning ſparkles from thy eyes:
Speak too, tho' thunder follow.

Lee's Ceſar Borgia.

My heart quakes in me: In your ſettled face,
And clouded brow methinks I ſee my fate.

Otway's Orphan.

Ne'er think to fright me with your mighty looks:
Know, I dare ſtem that tempeſt in your brow,
And daſh it back upon you.

Dryden's Secret Love.

Hadſt thou thyſelf been by, and but beheld him,
Thou would'ſt have thought, ſuch was his majeſty,
That the gods lighten'd from his awful eyes,
And thunder'd from his tongue.

Lee's Lucius Junius Brutus.

——————What diſorder?
What ſad fate's that that bodes upon your brow?
I ſee your face
Pale, as the cherubims at Adam's fall.

Dryden's Duke of Guiſe.

——————Methinks you breathe
Another ſoul; your looks are more divine;
You ſpeak a hero, and you move a god.

Otway's Venice Preſerv'd.

——————An awful gloom
Spreads o'er his face, and gnawing cares of Love
Indent his furrow'd brows.

Hiscon's Generous Conqueror.

Why are thoſe graceful ſorrows on that brow?
Why frown thoſe looks, by Nature form'd to ſmile?

Ibid.

That gloomy outſide, like a ruſty cheſt,
Contains the ſhining treaſure of a ſoul
Reſolv'd and brave.

Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

He looks ſecure of death: Superior greatneſs:
Like Jove, when he made Fate, and ſaid, thou art
The ſlave of my creation.
He looks as man was made, with face erect,
That ſcorns his brittle corps, and ſeems aſham'd
He's not all ſpirit: His eyes with a dumb pride,
Accuſing Fortune, that he fell not warm;
Yet now diſdains to live. *Ibid.*

What brutal miſchief ſits upon his brow!
He may be honeſt, but he looks damnation. *Ibid.*

Each vaſſal has a wild diſtracted face,
And looks as full of buſineſs, as a blockhead
In times of danger. *Ibid.*

——————On your brow,
A thouſand deaths ſit menacing my ſoul.
Lee's Maſſacre of Paris.

——————See, the king reddens,
The Fear which ſeiz'd him at Alphonſo's ſight
Is vaniſh'd now;
And a new tide returns upon his cheeks,
And Rage and Vengeance ſparkle in his eyes,
Dryden's Love Triumphant.

What's he, who with contracted brow,
And ſullen port, glooms downwards with his eyes,
At once regardleſs of his chains or liberty?
He ſhuns my kindneſs;
And with a haughty mien, and ſtern civility,
Dumbly declines all office. If he ſpeaks,
'Tis ſcarce above a word; as he was born
Alone to do, and did diſdain to talk,
At leaſt to talk, where he muſt not command.
Congreve's Mourning Bride.

Yet Sorrow on his brow majeſtic ſits,
And ſhews that from no common cauſe it ſprings:

His

His mein ſeems earneſt, and his looks profound,
Like one upon important buſineſs bent.

Dennis's Iphigenia.

——————He wears affliction in his aſpect,
And the black cloud that low'rs upon his brow,
Seems to declare ſtrange wretchedneſs of ſorrow.

Ibid.

Whom would not that majeſtic mein deceive?
And his friends, godlike eyes that look divinity?
Why ſhould the ſacred character of Virtue
Shine on a villain's countenance? Ye powers!
Why fix'd you not a brand on Treaſon's front,
That we might know t' avoid perfidious mortals.

Ibid.

My form, alas! has long forgot to pleaſe:
The ſcene of beauty and delight is chang'd:——
No roſes bloom upon my fading cheeks,
No laughing Graces wanton in my eyes:
But haggard Grief, lean-looking, ſallow Care,
And pining Diſcontent, a rueful train,
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.——

Rowe's Jane Shore.

——————A venerable aſpect!
Age ſits with decent grace upon his viſage,
And worthily becomes his ſilver locks:
He wears the marks of many years well ſpent,
Of Virtue, Truth well try'd, and wiſe Experience.

Ibid.

Even your anger charms. and you appear
Awfully fair and lovely in your frowns.

Trap's Abramule.

I have obſerv'd of late thy looks are fallen:
O'ercaſt with gloomy Care, and Diſcontent.

Addison's Cato.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry ſmiles and ſun-ſhine in my face,
When Diſcontent ſits heavy at my heart. *Ibid.*

All thy deformity of mind breaks out
Upon thy cruel face, and blaſts my eyes.
Dennis's Appius and Virginia.

Juſt now I met him, at my ſight he ſtarted,
Then with ſuch ardent eyes he wander'd o'er me,
And gaz'd with ſuch malignity of love,
Sending his ſoul out to me in a look.
Young's Buſiris.

What glory blazes from his eye,
What force, what majeſty in every motion,
As at each ſtep he trod upon a foe. *Ibid.*

——— His viſage ſeem'd to bear
A mixture of uncertain chearfulneſs,
Like Hope corrected by ſome cautious fear.
Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

———Where are now thoſe looks,
Thoſe looks of ſmiling Heaven, of radiant ſweetneſs,
That wak'd our morn of love? Within whoſe ſphere,
No evil durſt approach, no ſadneſs dwell;
While the charm'd gazer knew nor fear nor danger?
Thomſon's Agamemnon.

How diſtant are your looks, and how reſerv'd!
Full of indiff'rence! Coldneſs and Averſion
Sit at the entrance like two baleful fiends,
To tell no Pity is contain'd within.
Havard's Scanderbeg.

I owe full confidence to all ſhe looks,
For in her eye ſhines Truth, and ev'ry beam
Shoots confirmation round her.
Hill's Zara.

But

But ſee, ſhe comes; and with a face of ſorrow
That ſpeaks, as one would think, a guiltleſs ſoul:
But looks are all deceitful, and the eyes
Oft ill expreſs the motions of the heart.
Shirley's Parricide.

Behold, unchang'd, my viſage bears the ſhock
Of accuſation, with ſo foul a crime
As infamy can hardly go beyond!
Does this expreſs my guilt or innocence?
Where is the fault'ring tongue? The crimſon glow,
And livid paleneſs in alternate rule?
Where is the down-caſt eye? Unſteady look?
And all appearances of conſcious ſhame? *Ibid.*

If ſhe be falſe—how innocent ſhe looks!——
The ſun is made of darkneſs, and the ſtars
Are rayleſs as the duſt. If ſhe be falſe,
The Heav'n that pour'd theſe thouſand graces round her,
Marrs its own lovelieſt work, and mocks all truth.
Francis's Conſtantine.

LORDS.

——————Ye are lords:
A lazy, proud, unprofitable crew,
The vermin, gender'd from the rank corruption
Of a luxurious ſtate.
Cumberland's Timon of Athens.

LOQUACIOUS.

Manhood is turn'd and melted into courteſy,
Valour into compliment, men into tongues,
And trim ones too: He now is valiant,
Aye, as Hercules, that only tells a lie
And ſwears to it.
Shakespeare's Much ado about Nothing.

Gratiano.

Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing,
More than any man in Venice; his reaſons are
Two grains of wheat hid in a buſhel of chaff;
You ſhall ſeek all day 'ere you find them,
And when you find them they're not worth the ſearch.

SHAKESPEARE's Merchant of Venice.

Oh! rid me of this torture quickly there,
My madam with the everlaſting voice;
The bells in time of peſtilence ne'er made
Like noiſe, or were in that perpetual motion!
——————————All my houſe
But now ſteam'd like a bath with her thick breath;
A lawyer could not have been heard, nor ſcarce
Another woman, ſuch a hail of words
She has let fall.

B. JOHNSON's Volpone.

LOVE.

A heat full of coldneſs, a ſweet full of
Bitterneſs, a pain full of pleaſantneſs,
Which maketh thoughts have eyes, and hearts,
And ears; bred by Deſire, nurs'd by Delight,
Wean'd by Jealouſy, kill'd by Diſſembling,
Buried by Ingratitude—and this is Love.

LILLY's Gallathea.

They ſay, baſe men in love, have then
A nobility in their natures more
Than is native to them.

SHAKESPEARE's Othello.

1. Didſt thou but know th' inly touch of Love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow
As ſeek to quench the fire of Love with words.
2. I don't ſeek to quench your Love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extremer rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.

1. Thr

1. The more thou damm'ſt it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſic with th' enamell'd ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſs to ev'ry ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays
With willing ſport to the wide ocean.
Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

To be in love, where ſcorn is bought with groans:
Coy looks, with heart-ſore ſighs: One fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful weary tedious nights;
If haply won, perhaps, a hapleſs gain:
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won:
However, but a Folly bought with Wit,
Or elſe a Wit by Folly vanquiſh'd. *Ibid.*

Fie! fie! how wayward is this fooliſh love!
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently all humbl'd will kiſs the rod!
How churliſhly I chid Lucella hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile. *Ibid.*

Oh! how this ſpring of love reſembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day!
Which now ſhews all the beauty of the ſun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away. *Ibid.*

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I ſhould love a bright partic'lar ſtar,
And think to wed it; he is ſo above me.
In his bright radiance and collateral light,
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
Th' Ambition in my Love thus plagues itſelf;
The hind that wou'd be mated by the lion

Muſt

Muſt die for love: 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To ſee him ev'ry hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: Heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy,
Muſt ſanctify his relicks.

Shakespeare's All's Well that Ends Well.

——————There is no woman's ſides
Can 'bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion
As Love does give my heart: No woman's heart
So big to hold ſo much; they lack retention:
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite;
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That ſuffers ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt:
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.

Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity!
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taſte:
Wings, and no eyes, figure, unheedy haſte:
And therefore is Love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he often is beguil'd.
As waggiſh boys themſelves in game forſwear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.

Shakespeare's Midſummer Night's Dream.

Love, fair maid, is an extreme deſire,
That's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd:
To aſk the reaſon why thou art in love;
Or, what might be the nobleſt end in love;
Would overthrow that kindly riſing warmth,
That many times ſlides gently o'er the heart:
'Twould make thee grave and ſtaid, thy thoughts would be

Like

Like a thrice-married widow, full of ends,
And void of all compaſſion; and to fright thee
From ſuch enquiries: Whereas thou art now
Living in ignorance, mild, freſh, and ſweet,
And but ſixteen; the knowing what love is,
Would make thee ſix and forty.

Beaumont's Coxcomb.

I'll tell you juſt how long Love's bred in the blood,
Proſpers as long as Beauty's in the bud:
When Beauty withers luſtful Love grows cold;
And e'er it be half ripe, 'tis rotten old.

Day's Law Tricks.

Ah! I remember well, and how can I
But ever more remember well, when firſt
Our flame begun? when ſcarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; when as we ſat and ſighed,
And look'd upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ail'd, yet ſomething we did ail,
And yet were well; and yet we were not well:
And what was our diſeaſe we could not tell:
Then would we kiſs, then ſigh, and look: And thus
In the firſt garden of our ſimpleneſs
We ſpent our childhood; but when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge, ah! how then,
Wou'd ſhe with graver look, with ſweet ſtern brow,
Check my preſumption, and my forwardneſs,
Yet ſtill wou'd give me flowers, ſtill wou'd ſhe ſhew,
What ſhe wou'd have me, yet not have me know.

Daniel's Hymen's Triumphs.

Love is a joy which upon pain depends,
A drop of ſweet drown'd in a ſea of ſours;
What Folly doth begin oft Fury ends,
They hate for ever, who loved for hours.

Earl of Sterling's Craſus.

——————Young wenches' loves
Are like the courſe of quartanes, they may ſhift,
And ſeem to ceaſe ſometimes, and yet we ſee

The

The leaſt diſtemper pulls them back again,
And ſeats them in their old courſe.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Monſieur Thomas.

Hear ye, ladies, that deſpiſe,
What almighty Love has done;
Fear examples, and be wiſe,
Fair Caliſto was a nun.
Leda ſailing on the ſtream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a ſilver ſwan.
Danæ in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, lov'd a ſhower.

Hear ye, ladies, that are coy,
What almighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceneſs of the boy,
The chaſte moon he makes to woo.
Veſta kindling holy fires,
Circle round about with ſpies,
Never dreaming looſe deſires,
Doting at the altar dies.
Ilion in a ſhort hour higher
He can build, and once more fire.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.

What ſacrifice of thanks, what age of ſervice;
What danger of more dreadful look than death?
What willing martyrdom to crown me conſtant,
May merit ſuch a goodneſs, ſuch a ſweetneſs!
A love ſo nobly great no power can ruin.

Beaumont's Cuſtom of the Country.

To what ſcurvy things this love converts us!
What ſtinking things, and how ſweetly they become us!
Murder's a moral virtue with theſe lovers,
A ſpecial piece of divinity I take it:
I may be mad, or violently drunk,
Which is a whelp of that litter; or I may be covetous,
And

And learn to murder men's eſtates too; that's baſe too;
Or proud, but that's a Paradiſe to this;
Or envious, and fit eating of myſelf,
At other's Fortunes: I may lye, and damnably,
Beyond the patience of an honeſt hearer:
Cozen, cut-purſes, ſit i' th' ſtocks for apples:
But when I am a lover, Lord have mercy!
Theſe are poor polting ſins, or rather plagues.
Love and Ambition draw the devil's couch.

Beaumont's Iſland Princeſs.

1. Do not too much aggravate the crime,
Rather impute it to their childiſh love.
2. To love, my lords; if that were tolerable,
What are ſo vile but might be ſo excus'd?
The murd'rer that ſheddeth innocent blood
Might plead it was for love of his revenge:
The felon likewiſe might excuſe his theft,
With love of money; and the traitor too,
Might ſay it was for love of ſovereignty:
And indeed all offenders ſo might plead.

Beaumont's Woman Hater.

Young men's love is like ivy, it muſt have
Something to cleave to, or it never proſpers.
Love is like faſting days, but the body
Is like fleſh days; and it is our Engliſh
Gallant's faſhion, to preſer a morſel
Of fleſh, before all the faſting days in the year.

Middleton's Any Thing for Love.

——————Love is a god,
Strong, free, unbounded, and as ſome define,
Fears nothing, pitieth none. *Mason's Muleaſſes.*

For this is held a principle in ſchools:
Love makes not fools wiſe men, but wiſe men fools.

Mrs. S——'s Cupid's Whirligig.

In love of women, my affection firſt
Takes fire out of the frail parts of my blood;

Which,

Which, till I have enjoy'd, is paſſionate
Like other lovers; but fruition paſt,
I then love out of judgement; the deſert
Of her I love ſtill ſticking in my heart,
Tho' the deſire and the delight be gone;
Which muſt chance ſtill, ſince the compariſon
Made upon trial 'twixt what reaſon loves,
And what affection, makes in me the beſt
Ever preferr'd; what moſt love valuing leaſt
They love being judgment then, and of the mind,
Marry thy worthieſt miſtreſs.
If there were love in marriage, ſo I would;
But I deny that any man doth love
Affecting wives, maids, widows, any women;
For neither flies love milk, altho' they drown
In greedy ſearch thereof; nor doth the bee
Love honey tho' the labour of her life
Is ſpent in gathering it; nor thoſe that fat,
Or beaſts, or fowls, do any thing therein
For any love: For, as when only Nature
Moves men to meat, as far as her power rules,
She doth it with a temp'rate appetite,
The too much men devour, abhorring Nature
And in our moſt health, is our moſt diſeaſe:
So, when Humanity rules men and women,
'Tis for ſociety confin'd in reaſon.
But what excites the bed's deſire in blood
By no means can be juſtly conſtru'd love;
For, when love kindles any known ſpirit,
It ends in virtue and effects divine;
And as in friendſhip chaſte and maſculine.

Chapman's Revenge of Buſſy D'Ambois.

All men that are in love deal with the devil,
Only with this difference: he that dotes
Upon a woman, is abſolutely poſſeſt,
And he that loves the leaſt is haunted
With a familiar. *Shirley's Siſters.*

Thus

Thus can the flame of Heaven, with ſubtle art,
Leave the ſkin whole, and yet conſume the heart.
Ibid.

——————She quite o'ercame
My dallying thoughts, and turn'd them at length
To a true dotage. O ſhe would often ſit
And breath a cloud of ſighs, tell me how much
I ſhould abuſe a credulous virgin, if
I did but perſonate the love I made:
How, if I did enjoy another miſtreſs,
Her ghoſt, for ſure ſhe could not long outlive it,
Would fright my ſoul from this my body to her;
O ſhe would caſt ſuch powerful glances on me!
Such charming ſpirits danc'd in the bright rays
Of every view, they did draw up my ſoul,
And chain'd it faſt to her's! Thus the fond lark,
Playing about the glitt'ring ſnare, does tempt
The net, and dares its priſon, till at length
He finds his liberty betray'd, and all
That pomp of brightneſs but a glorious bait.
Mead's Combat of Love and Friendſhip.

A lover's like a hunter: If the game be got
With too much eaſe, he cares not for't. *Ibid.*

Bluſhes a woman's paſſion may reveal,
But men their paſſions by their words ſhould tell.
E. of Orrery's Triphon.

Love is a god, and cannot be withſtood,
Yet he's a god alone to fleſh and blood:
For thoſe whoſe ſouls are active and ſublime
Reſiſt his power, and ſo prove gods to him.
E. of Orrery's Muſtapha.

Love never was to Reaſon's rule confin'd,
For 'tis a paſſion, Sir, which only knows
Such laws as on itſelf it will impoſe,
The greateſt men the world e'er did grace,
Have ſtill allow'd to Love the higher place. *Ibid.*

Oh!

Oh! what a traitor is my Love,
That thus unthrones me!
I ſee the errors that I would avoid,
And have my reaſon ſtill, but not the uſe of 't:
It hangs about me like a wither'd limb,
Bound up, and numb'd by ſome diſeaſes froſt;
The form the ſame, but all the uſe is loſt.

Howard's Veſtal Virgin.

——————The fate of Love is ſuch,
That ſtill it ſees too little, or too much.

Dryden's Indian Emperor.

Love is the nobleſt frailty of the mind. *Ibid.*

Love gives eſteem, and then he gives deſert;
He either finds equality, or makes it:
Like Death, he knows no difference in degrees,
But plains and levels all.

Dryden's Marriage A-la-mode.

——————It enters at the eyes,
And to the heart like ſubtle lightning flies.

Sedley's Antony and Cleopatra.

Love's an heroic paſſion, which can find
No room in any baſe degenerate mind:
It kindles all the ſoul with Honour's fire,
To make the lover worthy his deſire.

Dryden's Conqueſt of Granada.

Love is that madneſs which all lovers have:
But yet 'tis ſweet and pleaſing ſo to rave:
'Tis an enchantment where the Reaſon's bound;
But Paradiſe is in th' enchanted ground:
A palace void of Envy, Cares and Strife,
Where gentle hours delude ſo much of life;
To take thoſe charms away, and ſet me free,
Is but to ſend me into miſery:
And Prudence, of whoſe care you ſo much boaſt,
Reſtores the pain which that ſweet folly loſt. *Ibid.*

To

To Providence and Chance commit the reſt;
Let us but love enough, and we are bleſt. *Ibid.*

In Love what uſe of Prudence can there be?
More perfect I, and yet more pow'rful ſhe!
One look of hers my reſolution breaks,
Reaſon itſelf turns Folly when ſhe ſpeaks;
And aw'd by her, whom it has made to ſway,
Flatters her power, and does its own betray.
Dryden's State of Innocence.

———My love's a noble madneſs,
Which ſhews the cauſe deſerves it. Moderate ſorrow
Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man:
But I have lov'd with ſuch tranſcendent paſſion,
I ſoar'd, at firſt, quite out of Reaſon's view,
And now am loſt above it.
Dryden's All for Love.

All love may be expell'd by other love,
As poiſons are by poiſons. *Ibid.*

But I muſt rouze myſelf, and give a ſtop
To all thoſe ills by headlong paſſion caus'd:
In minds reſolv'd weak love is put to flight,
And only conquers when we dare not fight:
But we indulge our harms, and while he gains
An entrance, pleaſe ourſelves into our pains.
Dryden's Secret Love.

Love various minds does variouſly inſpire;
He ſtirs in gentle Nature's gentle fire,
Like that of incenſe on the altar's laid:
But raging flames tempeſtuous ſouls invade:
A fire, which every windy paſſion blows,
With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows.
Dryden's Tyrannic Love.

Small hope attends my mighty care;
But of all paſſions, Love does laſt deſpair. *Ibid.*

——————A love ſo pure,
As will the teſt of Heav'n itſelf endure;
A love which never knew a hot deſire,
But flam'd as harmleſs as a lambent fire:
A love which pure from ſoul to ſoul might paſs,
As light tranſmitted thro' a cryſtal glaſs. *Ibid.*

——————Love is a paſſion,
Which kindles Honour into noble acts.
Dryden's Rival Ladies.

Love is a child that talks in broken language,
Yet then he ſpeaks moſt plain.
Dryden's Troilus and Creſſida.

——————Let Honour go, or ſtay,
There's more religion in my Love than fame.
Ibid.

Love is that paſſion which refines the ſoul;
Firſt made men heroes, and thoſe heroes gods:
Its genial fires inform the ſluggiſh maſs;
The rugged ſoften, and the tim'rous warm;
Gives wit to fools, and manners to the clown:
The reſt of life is an ignoble calm;
The ſoul unmov'd by Love's inſpiring breath,
Like lazy waters ſtagnates and corrupts.
Higgons's Generous Conqueror.

Oh! ſhun that paſſion, as thou would'ſt thy bane;
The deadlieſt foe to human happineſs,
That poiſons all our joys, deſtroys our quiet.
Love like a beauteous field at firſt appears,
Whoſe pleaſing verdure raviſhes the ſight;
But all within the hollow treacherous ground,
Is nought but caverns of perdition. *Ibid.*

Methinks it lightens
The weight of my calamities, that thou
Art yet a kin to my infirmity,
And bear'ſt thy part in Love's melodious ills;

Love

Love that like bane perfum'd infects the mind,
That ſad delight, that charms all womankind.
Lee's Theodoſius.

Early thou know'ſt laſt night I went to reſt;
But long, my friend, e'er ſlumber clos'd my eyes:
Long was the combat fought 'twixt Love and Glory;
The fever of my paſſion eat me up;
My pangs grew ſtronger, and my rack was doubled:
My bed was all afloat with the cold drops,
That mortal pain wrung from my lab'ring limbs:
My groans more deep than others dying graſps.
Ibid.

Oh! he is loſt in a fond maze of love;
The idle truantry of callow boys!
I'd ſooner truſt my fortune with a daw,
That hops at every butterfly he ſees,
Than have to do in honour with a man,
That ſells his virtues for a woman's ſmiles.
Otway's Orphan.

Curſe on this Love, this little ſcare-crow, Love;
That frights fools, with his painted bow of lathe,
Out of their feeble ſenſes. *Ibid.*

If it be hopeleſs love, uſe gen'rous means;
And lay a kinder beauty to the wound:
Take in a new infection to the heart,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die.
Otway's Caius Marius.

With folded arms, and down-caſt eyes he ſtands,
The marks and emblems of a woman's fool. *Ibid.*

I knew 'twere madneſs to declare this truth,
And yet 'twere baſeneſs to deny my love:
But ſuch a love kept at ſuch awful diſtance,
As what it loudly dares to tell a rival,
Shall fear to whiſper there! Queens may be lov'd,
And ſo may gods; elſe why their altars rais'd?
Why ſhine the ſun, but that he may be view'd?

But, Oh? when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep, and close our eyes in darkneſs.
Dryden's Spaniſh Friar.

And love once paſs'd, is at the beſt forgotten,
But oft'ner ſours to hate. *Ibid.*

Do you yet love the cauſe of all your woes?
Or is ſhe grown, as ſure ſhe ought to be,
More odious to the ſight, than toads or adders?
Ibid.

Alas! thou know'ſt not what it is to love;
A grove of pikes,
Whoſe poliſh'd ſteel from far ſeverely ſhines,
Is not ſo dreadful as this beauteous queen:
When we behold an angel, not to fear,
Is to be impudent. *Ibid.*

Didſt thou but know, as I do,
The pangs, the tortures of a ſlighted love,
Thou would'ſt not wonder at this ſudden change!
For when ill-treated, it turns all to hate,
And the then darling of our ſoul's Revenge.
Powel's Treacherous Brother.

Love is not ſin, but where 'tis ſinful love:
Mine is a flame ſo holy, and ſo clear,
That the white taper leaves no ſoot behind,
No ſmoke of luſt.
Dryden's Don Sebaſtian.

Ye niggard gods! ye make our lives too long;
You fill them with diſeaſes, wants, and woes;
And only daſh 'em with a little love:
Sprinkled by fits, and with a ſparing hand.
Dryden's Amphitrion.

O artleſs Love! where the ſoul moves the tongue,
And only Nature ſpeaks, what Nature thinks.
Dryden's King Arthur.

Love's

Love's force is ſhewn in countries cak'd with ice,
Where the pale pole-ſtar in the north of heav'n
Sits high, and on the frozy Winter broods,
Ev'n there Love reigns:
There the proud god diſdaining Winter's bounds,
O'erleaps the fences of eternal ſnow;
And with his warmth ſupplies the diſtant ſun. *Ibid.*

True Love is never happy, but by halves;
An April ſunſhine, that by fits appears;
It ſmiles by moments, but it mourns by years. *Ibid.*

Love rais'd his noble thoughts to brave atchievements:
For love's the ſteel that ſtrikes upon the flint,
Gives coldneſs heat, exerts the hidden flame,
And ſpreads the ſparkles round, to warm the world.
Dryden's Love Triumphant.

——————Let the fools,
Who follow Fortune, live upon her ſmiles;
All our proſperity is plac'd in love:
We have enough of that to make us happy.
Southern's Oroonoko.

Love is a ſubject to himſelf alone,
And knows no other empire than his own.
Lansdown's Britiſh Enchanters.

O Love! thou bane of the moſt gen'rous ſouls!
Thou doubtful pleaſure, and thou certain pain!
What magic's thine that melts the hardeſt hearts?
That fools the wiſeſt minds?
Landsdown's Heroic Love.

O Love! how hard a fate is thine!
Obtain'd with trouble, and with pain preſerv'd;
Never at reſt. *Ibid.*

Love, like a meteor, ſhews a ſhort-liv'd blaze;
Or treads thro' various ſkies a wand'ring maze:
Begot by Fancy, and by Fancy led;
Here in a moment, in a moment fled:

But fix'd by obligations it will laſt;
For Gratitude's the charm that binds it faſt.
Lansdown's Jew of Venice.

Life without Love's a load, and Time ſtands ſtill:
What we refuſe to him, to Death we give;
And then, then only, when we love we live.
Congreve's Mourning Bride.

Alas! Beliza! thou haſt never known
The fatal power of a reſiſtleſs love!
Like that avenging Guilt which haunts the impious,
In vain we ſtrive by flying to avoid it;
In courts and temples it purſues us ſtill,
And in the loudeſt clamours will be heard:
It grows a part of us, lives in our blood;
And every beating pulſe proclaims its force.
Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

Believe me, my Beliza, I am grown
So fond of the deluſion that has charm'd me,
I hate the officious hand that offers cure. *Ibid.*

Talk not of Reaſon: What but Love is Reaſon?
For what but Love is Happineſs?
Love firſt appears with Reaſon in the ſoul;
And by degrees with Reaſon it decays.
Dennis's Rinaldo and Armida.

The idle god of Love ſupinely dreams,
Amidſt inglorious ſhades and purling ſtreams;
In roſy fetters, and fantaſtic chains,
He binds deluded maids, and ſimple ſwains;
With ſoft enjoyments, woos them to forget
The hardy toils, and labour of the great:
But, if the warlike trumpet's loud alarms
To virtuous acts excite, and manly arms;
The coward boy avows his abject fear,
On ſilken wings ſublime he cuts the air;
Scar'd at the noble noiſe and thunder of the war.
Rowe's Tamerlane.

Spigh

Spight of the high-wrought tempeſt in my ſoul;
Spight of the pangs which Jealouſy has coſt me,
This haughty woman reigns within my breaſt:
In vain I ſtrive to put her from my thoughts,
To drive her out with Empire and Revenge;
Still ſhe comes back like a retiring tide,
That ebbs a while, but ſtrait returns again,
And ſwells above the beach. *Ibid.*

——————————It exceeds
My power to ceaſe to love; but tho' a wretch
Scorch'd in a fever, cannot ceaſe to thirſt,
Yet he may throw the baneful draught away,
Or beg ſome friend to bind his deſperate arms;
May chooſe the preſent miſery to avoid
A greater in reverſion, and endure
The cravings of unſatisfy'd deſire.

Trap's Abramule.

Did I not labour, ſtrive, all-ſeeing powers!
Did I not weep and pray? implore your aid?
Burn clouds of incenſe on your loaded altars?
Oh! I call Heav'n and Earth to my aſſiſtance,
All the ambitious fame of thirſt and empires;
And all the honeſt pride of conſcious Virtue:
I ſtruggled, rav'd, the new-born paſſion reign'd
Almighty in its birth.

Smith's Phædra and Hippolytus.

Love is a blind and fooliſh paſſion:
Pleas'd, and diſguſted with it knows not what.

Addison's Cato.

When love's well tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love:
The ſtrong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wiſe,
Sink in the ſoft captivity together. *Ibid.*

Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer Love,
'Tis eaſy to direct, and break its force:
Abſence might cure it, or a ſecond miſtreſs
Light up another flame, or put out this. *Ibid.*

Now, Marcus, now thy Virtue's on the proof;
Put forth thy utmoſt ſtrength, work every nerve,
To quell the tyrant Love, and guard thy heart
On this weak ſide, where moſt our Nature fails. *Ibid.*

Bid me for Honour plunge into a war
Of thickeſt foes, and ruſh on ſudden Death;
Then thou ſhalt ſee that Marcus is not ſlow
To follow Glory, and confeſs his father:
Love is not to be reaſon'd down, or loſt
In high Ambition, and a thirſt of Greatneſs:
'Tis ſecond life, it grows into the ſoul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulſe:
I feel it here, my reſolution melts. *Ibid.*

O Lucia! Language is too faint to ſhew
His rage of love; it preys upon his life:
He pines, he ſickens, he deſpairs, he dies!
His paſſion, and his virtues lie confus'd,
And mix'd together in ſo wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite diſfigured in him:
Heav'ns! would one think 'twere poſſible for Love
To make ſuch ravage in a noble ſoul! *Ibid.*

I have ſtrove,
Reſiſted all in vain, Love ſtill maintains
It's high pre-eminence, whilſt I, like Syſiphus,
Rolling a weighty ſtone up an aſcent,
Which ſoon with violence and rapid ſpeed
Comes hurrying downward, only can begin
A ſecond and leſs labour.

Buckingham's Scipio.

The hero ſhakes in vain the whizzing ſpear,
Boaſts the rich trophies, and the pomp of war;
Tho' captive princes ſweat beneath his chains,
A greater foe unconquer'd yet remains;
Love feels with rival's pride and envious ſhame,
His growing honours and aſpiring fame;

Then

Then his big ſchemes are in a moment croſt,
Beauty unnerves him, and the world is loſt. *Ibid.*

But why ſhould Love be falſely charg'd the vice,
That ought to be the glory of a man!
As the ſuperior paſſion of the mind,
Be it the ſuperior privilege of kings,
The foremoſt of mankind. Have I not heard
That all thoſe mighty ſons of war, who ſhine
In hiſtory, ſo fam'd for great exploits,
And battles never loſt, have yielded there.
Buckingham's Henry IV. of France.

On what a troubled main do we imbark,
When firſt we enter on the ſtate of love!
One conſtant ſeries of unconſtant tides,
Mixtures of doubt and hope attend us all:
Th' unhappy live in one continual curſe
Of ever-craving, never-quench'd deſire;
The happy, (if we ſuch may happy call,
Whom Fortune flatters with her ſyren tongue)
Find every fickle hour their tortures too,
Their fears, their griefs, their jealouſies, and wants.
Ibid.

Love ſtrong in wiſh, is weak in reaſon, ſtill
Forming a thouſand ills which ne'er ſhall be,
And, like a coward, kills itſelf to-day
With fancy'd grief for fear it die to-morrow.
Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

O Love! what miracles by thee are wrought!
How doſt thou mix thy cauſes in one day,
Crowding the woes and happineſs of years;
All paſſions that divide the human breaſt,
Sink it in ſorrow, or exalt with joy!
Hope, Anguiſh, Tranſport, Anger, Fear,
All have reign'd here within the ſcanty ſpace.
Let this ſuffice, imperious deity.
Be all my future view, one bright, ſerene,

One lengthen'd ſunſhine of unſpotted bliſs,
Where fear, nor damps, nor ſorrow caſts a ſhade.
Ibid.

——Love, like od'rous Zephyr's grateful breath
Repays the flow'r that ſweetneſs which it borrow'd;
Uninjuring, uninjur'd, lovers move
In their own ſphere of happineſs confeſt,
By mutual truth avoiding mutual blame.
Milton's Comus.

Love's a godlike paſſion that diſdains
Cold policy, and the dull forms of ſtate.
Ch. Johnson's Sultaneſs.

Love, ſole lord and monarch o'er itſelf,
Allows no ties; no dictates but its own.
To that myſterious arbitrary power,
Reaſon points out, and Duty pleads in vain.
Motley's Imperial Captives.

'Tis Beauty, Madam, animates the warrior;
And Love that ſpurs him to the tracts of Glory:
Lay the world's ſeveral empires in his graſp,
The conqueſt would be judg'd a trivial purchaſe,
If Love, as well as Fame, were not to crown
The victor's brow, and heighten his reward. *Ibid.*

I'd tear my heart out ſooner, far,
Than yield dominion to this rebel paſſion!
If I have lov'd, I lov'd but for an hour;
Inſtant fruition gave me preſent eaſe:
I cannot, will not, wait a ſlow return.
Dull expectations are for vulgar lovers,
A monarch's time wears precious, and diſdains
To be expended at a woman's feet! *Ibid.*

When o'er our hearts fond Love has got dominion,
With his own blindneſs he infects his ſubjects.
Frowde's Fall of Saguntum.

——Love

——————Love is not in our power,
Nay, what ſeems ſtranger, is not in our choice:
We only love, where Fate ordains we ſhould,
And, blindly fond, oft ſlight ſuperior merit. *Ibid.*

The hapleſs maid who to Love's pow'r gives way,
Becomes to endleſs cares a certain prey:
No more her paſt tranquillity regains,
In vain ſhe ſtruggles with the galling chains,
A ſlave ſhe is, and ſtill a ſlave remains.
E. Haywood's Frederick Duke of Brunſwick-Lunenburgh.

——————Love, my lord, you know
Is not th' effect of reaſon, or of will.
Few feel that paſſion's force becauſe they chooſe it,
And fewer yet, when it becomes their duty. *Ibid.*

Why ſhould we kill the beſt of paſſions, Love?
It aids the hero, bids Ambition riſe
To nobler heights, inſpires immortal deeds,
Even ſoftens brutes, and adds a grace to Virtue.
Thomson's Sophoniſba.

'Tis all the buſ'neſs of the wanton boy,
To roam from breaſt to breaſt to try his pow'r;
Regardleſs of the joys or pains, which he,
With his two diff'rent darts at random gives.
Wandesford's Fatal Love.

Where there's love—Who is't can bear ſuſpenſe?
Suſpenſe! 'tis almoſt equal to deſpair!
And yet I muſt love on, I muſt ſubmit:
Nature's firſt law was love—'twas Fate's decree,
And all the univerſe obeys the god. *Ibid.*

Love, I confeſs, in all theſe pleaſing forms
At firſt appears, the better to beguile;
But on the trial of the fancy'd bliſs,
Too oft we prove, how faithleſs are its joys,
So does a beauteous mead, with verdure ſpread,
Appear delightful to the diſtant view;

But when we come to tread the graſſy plain,
We ſometimes find the turf deceitful is,
And let's us ſink in dangers unforeſeen. *Ibid.*

Ha! not love her!
Witneſs, ye Heav'ns, if e'er was love like mine!
Witneſs, ye hours, that ſaw my joys and pains!
My joys and pains that were for her alone.
When I ſtood wond'ring at her awful beauties,
Gaz'd on her eyes, or languiſh'd on her lips,
Did ſhe e'er joy, but I was all in raptures,
Or ever grieve, but I was all in tears?
Barford's Virgin Queen.

O Love! imperious monarch of mankind!
What, tho' I ſpread my conqueſt o'er the world,
Yet is the victor vanquiſh'd in his turn:
In vain I try to rend this chain of adamant,
And like a lion taken in the toils,
Entangle more, the more I ſtrive to break 'em.
Tracy's Periander.

Love, like a wren upon the eagle's wing,
Shall perch ſuperior on Ambition's plume,
And mock the lordly paſſion in its flight.
Darcy's Love and Ambition.

What is this ſubtle ſearching flame of Love,
That penetrates the tender breaſt unmark'd,
And blaſts the heart of adamant within?
As the quick light'ning oft calcines the blade
Of temper'd ſteel, and leaves the ſheath unhurt.
Ibid.

How art thou, Love, ſo ſeated in the ſoul,
That not the din of battle drives thee hence?
Tho' round us various ſcenes of horror crowd,
And every other region of our thoughts
Lies wrapp'd in duſt and blood,
Thou canſt maintain ſome flow'ry eminence,
Free to thyſelf, on which, like hallow'd ground,
Thoſe

Thoſe fiends of war, Terror and frowning Rage,
Dare not intrude.

Beller's Injured Innocence.

What! does this Love, this peeviſh boy, convert
His vot'ries into children like himſelf?
That, fretfully, for baubles, they refuſe
The moſt ſubſtantial good. *Ibid.*

Love, to the future blind, each ſober thought,
Each conſequence deſpiſing, ſcorning all,
But what its own enchanting dreams ſuggeſt.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

No anger, no diſtaſte can dwell with Love;
With Love like ours, enobled into friendſhip,
That while it ſooths, invigorates the heart:
Union of wiſhes, harmony of wills,
Blended and loſt in one conſenting intereſt,
One undivided happineſs, beyond
The ſolitary, joyleſs pride of power
That dazzles, not delights.

Mallet's Muſtapha.

Love is a paſſion whoſe effects are various,
It ever brings ſome charge upon the ſoul,
Some Virtue, or ſome Vice, till then unknown,
Degrades the hero, and makes cowards valiant.
——When it pours upon a youthful temper,
Open and apt to take the torrent in,
It owns no limits, no reſtraint it knows,
But ſweeps down all tho' Heav'n and Hell oppoſe:
Ev'n Virtue rears in vain her ſacred mound,
Ras'd in its rage, or in its ſwellings drown'd.

Brooke's Guſtavus Vaſa.

Almighty Love! what wonders are not thine!
Soon as thy influence breathes upon the ſoul,
By thee, the haughty bend the ſuppliant knee,
By thee, the hand of Avarice is open'd
Into Profuſion; by thy power the heart

Of Cruelty is melted into ſoftneſs:
The rude grow tender, and the fearful bold.
Paterson's Arminius.

He praiſes Love, as if he were a lover.
He blames the falſe purſuit of vagrant youth,
Calls the gay Folly, a miſtaken ſtruggle
Againſt beſt-judging Nature. Heav'n, he ſays,
In laviſh bounty form'd the heart for love;
In love included all the finer ſeeds
Of Honour, Virtue, Friendſhip, pureſt Bliſs.
Thomson's Tancred and Sigiſmunda.

——————Love, that diſturbs
The ſchemes of Wiſdom ſtill; that wing'd with paſſion,
Blind and impetuous in its fond purſuits,
Leaves the grey-headed Reaſon far behind. *Ibid.*

——————Learn all my frailty, then——
My life's a combat, keen Auſterity
Subjects my nature to abſtemious bearings.
I've baniſh'd from my lips that trait'rous liquor
That either works to practices of outrage,
Or melts the manly breaſt, to woman's weakneſs;
Or on the burning ſands, or deſert rocks,
With thee I bear th' inclemency of climates,
Freeze at the Pole, or ſcorch beneath the Line.
For all theſe toils Love only can retaliate,
The only conſolation or reward!
Fruit of my labours, idol of my incenſe,
And ſole divinity that I adore.
Miller's Mahomet.

——————Can love be weakneſs call'd
That charms the ſtrongeſt conqueſts of the mind?
That ſubjects Reaſon to the tie of Senſe,
And pulls Ambition from its high-fix'd ſeat?
Havard's Regulus.

Know'ſt thou not yet, when Love invades the ſoul,
That all her faculties receive his chains?

That

That Reaſon gives her ſceptre to his hand,
Or only ſtruggles to be more enſlav'd.
S. Johnson's Irene.

Let not the flow'ry ſcenes of Joy and Peace,
That faithleſs paſſion to the view preſents,
Enſnare thee into woe—Thou little know'ſt
What miſchiefs lurk in each deceitful charm;
What griefs attend on Love.
Smollet's Regicide.

——————O gilded curſe!
More fair than roſy morn when firſt ſhe ſmiles
O'er the dew-brighten'd verdure of the ſpring!
But more deceitful, tyrannous, and fell,
Than ſyrens, tempeſts, and devouring flames! *Ibid.*

As Love alone can exquiſitely bleſs,
Love only feels the marvellous of pain;
Opens new veins of torture in the ſoul,
And wakes the nerve where agonies are born. *Ibid.*

——————There is in Love a power,
There is a ſoft divinity that draws,
Ev'n from diſtreſs, theſe tranſports that delight
The breaſt they pain, and its beſt powers exalt
Above all taſte of joys from vulgar life.
Mallet's Alfred.

Love, like Honeſty, appears generally moſt beautiful in hypocrites. In painting the mind, as well as the face, Art generally goes beyond Nature.
Fielding's Wedding-Day.

If Love, my lord, is choice, who loves in vain
Should blame himſelf alone, but if 'tis fate,
'Tis fate in all.
Young's Brothers.

Love ne'er ſhould die:
'Tis the ſoul's cordial: 'Tis the fount of life;
Therefore ſhould ſpring eternal in the breaſt.

One

One object loſt, another ſhould ſucceed;
And all our life be love.

Brown's Barbaroſſa.

——————The fond man
Whom Love tranſports beyond ſtrict Virtue's bounds,
If he is brought by Love to Miſery,
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,
Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms
Which on ſuch beggars freely is beſtowed:
For mortals know that Love is ſtill their lord,
And o'er their vain reſolves advances ſtill:
As fire, when kindled by our ſhepherds, moves
Thro' the dry heath before the fanning wind.

Hume's Douglas.

LOVE, IMPURE.

Short is the courſe of every lawleſs pleaſure;
Grief, like a ſhade, on all its footſteps waits,
Scarce viſible in Joy's meridian height;
But downwards as its blaze declining ſpeeds,
The dwarfiſh ſhadow to a giant ſpreads.

Milton's Comus.

——————May Scorn purſue her wanton arts,
And all the painted charms that Vice can wear.
Yet oft o'er cred'lous youth ſuch ſyrens triumph,
And lead their captive ſenſe in chains as ſtrong
As links of adamant. *Ibid.*

Let Virtue dictate to the ſtoic mind
Self-ſtrivings, Patience, Abſtinence, and Pain,
I cannot brook the taſteleſs, ſtarving precept;
I burn, and muſt allay the raging flame:
Let Sin be fatal, and be Love a Sin,
It is a glorious way of ſinning ſure,
So ſtrong, ſo rich the motive and reward.

Buckingham's Henry IV. of France.

Are

Are theſe the pleaſures of unlawful love?
Are theſe the promis'd joys, ſo ill exchang'd
For thoſe that Innocence alone can give?
How ſtrong is the deluſion of our fancy!
That with falſe colours dreſſes up a dream
Of empty joys and viſionary bliſs.

Frowde's Philotas.

——Servile inclinations and groſs love
The guilty bent of vicious appetite;
At firſt a ſin, a horror ev'n in bliſs
Deprave the ſenſes, and lay waſte the man:
Paſſions irregular, and next a loathing,
Quickly ſucceeds to daſh the wild deſire.

Havard's Scanderbeg.

——Am I then ſo vile,
So loſt to Reaſon, Honour, common Honour,
As without Love, that all compelling fury,
Without debaſing, thoughtleſs, blind, blind Love,
To bow me from the height of happy life
To this low fearful ſtate of coward ſhame?

Thomson's Agamemnon.

Go, Caſtor, range thro' all the wanton world;
There are a thouſand beauties to enſnare,
Who will with equal warmth receive your flame,
They take neglect as kindly as your love.
There are of women, or report is falſe,
Who like your ſex prove paſſion in extreme;
Whoſe raging raptures do, like flaming ſpirits,
Exhauſt themſelves, and burn away to nothing.

Shirley's Perviciil.

LOVE, VIRTUOUS

Where ſtricteſt Virtue, ſofteſt Love unite,
How fierce the rapture, and the blaze how bright!

True

True joys proceed from Innocence and Love,
Th' unſteady by this leſſon may improve,
Diſclaim their vices, and forget to rove.

Havard's Scanderbeg.

I know a paſſion ſtill more deeply charming
Than fever'd youth e'er felt; and that is Love,
By long experience melted into Friendſhip.
How far beyond that froward child of Fancy?
With Beauty pleas'd a while, anon diſguſted,
Seeking ſome other toy: how far more noble
Is that bright offſpring of unchanging Reaſon,
That fonder grows with age, and charms for ever.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

——————————Ye libertines,
Ye lawleſs rovers, who, to fate Deſire,
Ravage thro' all Love's province? can ye find
Ev'n in that vaſt variety you prove,
A charm like Virtue!—'Tis the only good,
An emanation of that ſource of light,
Whoſe all creating word, from darkneſs rais'd
Yon lucid firmament, and bid it ſhine
With never-ceaſing luſtre.

Marsh's Amaſis.

'Tis Love combin'd with Guilt alone, that melts
The ſoften'd ſoul to Cowardice and Sloth;
But virtuous paſſion prompts the great reſolve,
And fans the ſlumbering ſpark of heav'nly fire.

S. Johnson's Irene.

——————————Keen are the pangs
Of hapleſs Love, and paſſion unapprov'd:
But where conſenting wiſhes meet, and vows
Reciprocally breath'd, confirm the tie;
Joy rolls on joy, an unexhauſted ſtream!
And Virtue crowns the ſacred ſcene with peace.

Smollett's Regicide.

FALLING *in* LOVE.

——————O Heavens!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart,
Making it both unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
And even ſo
The general ſubjects, to a well-wiſh'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs,
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence.

Shakespeare's Meaſure for Meaſure.

Oh! I am wounded——Not without:
But angry Cupid, bolting from her eyes,
Hath ſhot himſelf into me like a flame;
Where now he flings about his burning heat,
As in a furnace ſome ambitious fire,
Whoſe vent is ſtopt.

B. Johnson's Volpone.

——————O Love! O curſed boy!
Where art thou that torment'ſt me thus unſeen,
And rageſt with thy fires within my breaſt,
With idle purpoſe to inflame my heart,
Which is as inacceſſible and cold
As the proud tops of thoſe aſpiring hills,
Whoſe heads are wrapt in everlaſting ſnow,
Tho' the hot ſun roll o'er them every day:
And as his beams, which only ſhine above,
Scorch and conſume in regions round below:
So Love, which throws ſuch brightneſs through her eyes,
Leaves her cold heart, and burns me at her feet.
My tyrant, but her flattering ſlave thou art;
A glory round her lovely face, a fire within my heart.

Rochester's Valentinian.

How

How faſt I languiſh, and how ſoon I love!
Armies, when they begin to diſobey,
And fearful grow, melt not ſo faſt away
Before the foe, who puſhes on the day.

Davenant's Circe.

I am pleas'd and pain'd, ſince firſt her eyes I ſaw,
As I were ſtung with ſome tarantula:
Arms, and the duſty field I leſs admire,
And ſoften ſtrangely in ſome new deſire;
Honour burns in me, not ſo fiercly bright,
But pale as fires when maſter'd by the light.
Ev'n while I ſpeak and look I change the more,
And now am nothing that I was before.
I'm numb'd and fix'd, and ſcarce my eye-balls move;
I fear it is the lethargy of Love!
'Tis he! I feel him now in every part,
Like a new lord he vaunts about my heart,
Surveys in ſtate each corner of my breaſt:
And now I'm all o'er Love!

Dryden's Conqueſt of Granada.

——————I'm all o'er Love:
Nay, I am Love: Love ſhot, and ſhot ſo faſt,
He ſhot himſelf into my breaſt at laſt. *Ibid.*

Caſtalio! Oh, Caſtalio! thou haſt caught
My fooliſh heart, and like a tender child
That truſts his play-thing to another hand,
I fear its harm and fain would have it back.

Otway's Orphan.

I look'd and gaz'd, and never miſs'd my heart,
It fled ſo pleaſingly away: But now my ſoul
Is all Lavinia's: now ſhe is fix'd
Firm in my heart; by ſecret vows made there,
The indelible records of faithful Love!

Otway's Caius Marius.

A change ſo ſwift, what heart did ever feel!
It ruſh'd upon me like a mighty ſtream,

And

And bore me in a moment far from ſhore;
I've lov'd away myſelf in one ſhort hour:
Already am I gone an age in paſſion.
Was it his youth, his valour, or ſucceſs,
Theſe might be found perhaps in other men:
'Twas that reſpect, that awful homage paid me,
That fearful Love which trembled in his eyes,
And with a ſilent earthquake ſhook his ſoul.

Dryden's Spaniſh Friar.

I am not what I was; ſince yeſterday,
My food forſakes me, and my needful reſt;
I pine, I languiſh, love to be alone;
Think much, ſpeak little, and in ſpeaking, ſigh:
When I ſee Torriſmond, I am unquiet;
And when I ſee him not, I am in pain.
They brought a paper to be ſign'd,
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my name,
And writ for Leonora, Torriſmond.
I went to bed, and to myſelf I thought
That I would think on Torriſmond no more;
Then ſhut my eyes, but could not ſhut out him:
I turn'd and try'd each corner of my bed,
To find if ſleep was there, but ſleep was loſt:
Feveriſh for want of reſt I roſe, and walk'd,
And by the moonſhine to the windows went,
There thinking to exclude him from my thoughts.
I caſt my eyes upon the neighbouring fields,
And e'er I was aware, ſigh'd to myſelf,
There ſought my Torriſmond. *Ibid.*

Would I had been a man;
With honour then I might have ſought his friendſhip:
Perhaps from long experience of my faith,
He might have lov'd me better than the reſt:
Amidſt the dangers of the horrid war,
Still I had been the neareſt to his ſide;
In courts and triumphs ſtill had ſhar'd his joys:
Or when the ſportful chaſe had call'd us forth,
Together we had chear'd our foaming ſteeds;

Together

Together preſs'd the ſavage o'er the plain;
And when o'er labour'd with the pleaſing toil,
Stretch'd on the verdant ſoil had ſlept together.
Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

I am preſumptuous, and too rudely preſs
Upon your privacy: But, Oh! your charms
Have taken ample vengeance on my folly,
By cauſing more confuſion in my ſoul,
Than my intruding boldneſs can in your's.
What, not a look! O turn thoſe beauteous eyes,
And with another glance confirm me dead.
If yet I live, for I have drank ſo deep
Of love, that it already has o'erwhelm'd
My reaſon, rais'd a tempeſt in my breaſt,
Which racks my ſoul; but, Oh! the mighty pleaſure
Riſes in juſt proportion to the torment,
And had you pain'd me leſs, you leſs had pleas'd me.
Trap's Abramule.

You ſtrive to cloud your brightneſs, and reſtrain
The lightning of your eyes, leſt on the ſpot
Its force ſhould daſh me dead: But 'tis in vain,
You cannot check the killing darts of Love,
Spight of yourſelf you pleaſe, and in one moment,
The glory of your conqueſt is completed. *Ibid.*

Prodigious change! that a licentious monarch,
Who many years, with boundleſs luxury,
Has rioted on beauty, ſhould at laſt
Become a very ſighing whining lover,
As e'er romance or poetry could form:
Till now I knew not what it was to love;
My looſe deſires deſerv'd a fouler name,
But this fair charmer has refin'd my paſſions,
And with her Virtue taught me to admire
The beauties of the mind: Therefore for her,
I will endure the tedious toil of courtſhip. *Ibid.*

What was my tranſport when I firſt ſaw thee
Trembling, and in confuſion, pale and redd'ning,

By

By turns, when all thy charms were in a hurry,
And the retreating and returning blood,
Surpriz'd me with viciſſitude of beauty.
How did my heart—But 'tis unutterable,
No words of rapture can expreſs my paſſion,
Nor how I ſince have lov'd; and yet 'tis pleaſant
To think and recollect our paſt delights. *Ibid.*

How he look'd and mov'd when he approach'd me!
Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely;
His kindling cheeks with purple beauties glow'd:
His lovely ſparkling eyes ſhot martial fires:
O godlike form! O extaſy of tranſports!
My breath grew ſhort! my beating heart ſprung upward,
And leap'd and bounded in my heaving boſom:
Gods, how I ſhook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breaſt! That night with love I ſicken'd:
Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming viſits;
Then would he talk with ſuch a heavenly grace,
Look with ſuch dear compaſſion on my pains,
That I could wiſh to be ſo ſick for ever:
My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirſty ſoul,
Drunk, gorging in the dear delicious poiſon;
Till I was loſt, quite loſt in impious love,
The god of Love, ev'n the whole god poſſeſs'd me.
Smith's Phædra and Hippolitus.

Can I forget him? Drive him from my ſoul?
Oh! he will ſtill be preſent to my eyes;
His words will ever echo in my ears;
Still will he be the torture of my days,
Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.
——His fatal form
Reigns in my heart, and dwells before my eyes:
If to the gods I pray, the very vows
I make to Heaven, are by erring tongue
Spoke to Hippolitus: If I try to ſleep,

Strait

Strait in my drowſy eyes, my reſtleſs fancy
Brings back his fatal form, and curſes all my ſlumbers.
Ibid.

——————'Tis Love, almighty Love!
Returning on me with a ſtronger tide.
Come to my breaſt thou roſy ſmiling god!
Come unconfin'd! bring all thy joys along,
All thy ſoft cares, and mix them copious here.
Quick, let me fly to her; and there forget
The tedious abſence, war, ambition, noiſe,
Friendſhip itſelf, the vanity of Fame,
And all but Love, for Love is more than all.
Thomson's Sophoniſba.

When firſt I ſaw him, I with pleaſure gaz'd;
And as I look'd, and thought him more than man,
Inſenſibly th' infection on me ſeiz'd,
And ſwift as lightning thro' my blood it ſhot,
While conſcious bluſhes dy'd my baſhful cheeks.
Windsford's Fatal Love.

Oh! I remember well the day, the hour:
I ſaw her then, the daughter of the king,
Amidſt her virgins eminently fair,
Blazing in jewels, and magnific veſtments,
Proceed to ſacrifice; the holy path
Cover'd with roſes; vocal harmony
And ſolemn inſtruments proclaim'd the march;
She look'd and walk'd a goddeſs. Oh, that day!
C. Johnson's Medea.

——————Yet while inexpert of years,
I heard of bloody ſpoils, the waſte of war,
And dire conflicting man; Guſtavus' name
Superior roſe, ſtill dreadful in the tale:
Then firſt he ſeiz'd my infancy of ſoul,
As ſomewhat fabled of gigantic fierceneſs,
Too huge for any form; he ſcar'd my ſleep,
And fill'd my young idea. Not the boaſt

Of

Of all his virtues, graces only known
To him, and heav'nly Natures! could eraſe
The ſtrong impreſſion; till that wond'rous day
In which he met my eyes. But O! O Heav'n!
O Love! and all ye cordial pow'rs of paſſion!
What then was my amazement? he was chain'd,
Was chain'd, my Mariana! Like the robes
Of coronation, worn by youthful kings,
He drew his ſhackles. The Herculean nerve
Brac'd his young arm; and ſoften'd in his cheek
Liv'd more than woman's ſweetneſs! Then his eye!
His mien! his native dignity! He look'd
As tho' he led Captivity in chains
And all were ſlaves around. * * *
* * * As I trembl'd, look'd and ſigh'd,
His eyes met mine; he fix'd their glories on me.
Confuſion thrill'd me then, and ſecret joy,
Faſt throbbing, ſtole its treaſures from my heart,
And mantling upward, turn'd my face to crimſon.

Brooke's Guſtavus Vaſa.

——————— ——One fatal morn,
As I was ſeated on my throne of judgement,
In th' open forum, the attendant crowd
Awaiting my decrees, my eyes were ſtruck
With a young damſel that paſs'd ſlowly by me,
Attended only by one female ſlave.
Oh, Venus! what a grace! What heavenly ſweetneſs!
What looks! On th' inſtant, troubled and diſorder'd,
Trembling all o'er, I felt a pain unuſual,
Yet mix'd with ſtrange delight, ſhoot nimbly thro' me,
And thrill in ev'ry vein!—Quite fix'd and motionleſs
Sometime I ſat, nor heard the noiſy orator
Haranguing long and loud—My ſenſes all
Seal'd up, except theſe eyes, which ſtill purſu'd her:
When ſuddenly I roſe from my tribunal,
Diſmiſs'd the crowd, and gathering up my robe
In haſte, I follow'd her. * * * * *
* * * * * Before I quite had reach'd her

She

She enter'd, with her ſlave, the public ſchools
By cuſtom deſtin'd to our Roman maids;
Here ſuddenly I ſtopt—here I ſtood rooted—
My eyes devouring her!
Thus I remain'd entranc'd; and at my eyes
Drank in her beauties, and with them deep draughts
Of poiſon, how delicious!—If ſhe mov'd
What grace!—Or if ſhe mingled in the dance
Among the blooming virgins, Dian's ſelf,
Amidſt her woodland nymphs ſhe ſeem'd!—At length
The exerciſes o'er, a lyre ſhe took,
A deep-ſtrung lyre, and to harmonious chords
Pour'd out ſuch melting ſtrains, as would have ſtaid
Th' uplifted arm of angry Jove, in act
To deal his thunder on a guilty world!
* * * At laſt, the ſports being ended
She iſſued forth—When ſtrait the eyes of all
Were turn'd on her alone—Surpriz'd, abaſh'd,
Her lovely face o'erſpread with roſy bluſhes,
That witneſs'd ſome confuſion, ſhe let drop
Her veil, and homeward mov'd with decent pace,
Timid and ſilent!—Ever ſince that day,
That fatal day, my ſoul has known no reſt!
The venom'd ſhaft ſtill rankles in my boſom.

Crisp's Virginia.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.